

Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man

Oscar Peterson

Oh listen, sister,
I love my mister man,
And I can't tell yo' why,
There ain't no reason
Why I should love that man.
It must be something that the angels done plan. Fish got to swim, birds got to fly,
I got to love one man till I die.
Can't help loving that man of mine.
Tell me he's lazy, tell me he's slow,
Tell me I'm crazy (maybe I know).
Can't help loving that man of mine.
When he goes away
That's a rainy day,
But when he comes back that day is fine,
The sun will shine!
He kin come home as late as kin be,
Home without him ain't no home to me.
Can't help loving that man of mine. My man is shiftless
An' good for nothing too
(He's my man just the same) He's never round here
When there is work to do.
He's never round here when there's working to do.
The chimbley's smoking,
The roof is leaking in,
But he don't seem to care.
He kin be happy
With just a sip of gin.
Ah even love him when his kisses got gin!

Songwriters

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