

Billie's Blues

Tuba Skinny

I love my man
I'm a liar if I say I don't
I love my man
I'm a liar if I say I don't
But I'll quit my man
I'm a liar if I say I won't I've been your slave, baby
Ever since I've been your babe
I've been your slave
Ever since I've been your babe
But before I'll be your dog
I'll see you in your grave My man wouldn't give me no breakfast
Wouldn't give me no dinner
Squawked about my supper then he put me outdoors
Had the nerve to lay a matchbox on my clothes
I didn't have so many
But I had a long, long ways to go I ain't good-looking
And my hair ain't curled
I ain't good-looking
And my hair ain't curled
But my mother, she gave me something
It's gonna tear me through this world Some men like me 'cause I'm happy
Some 'cause I'm snappy
Some call me honey
Others think I've got money Some tell me "Billie,
Baby, you're built for speed"
Now, if you put that all together
It makes me everything a good man needs

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