

You Rascal, You

Louis Armstrong With Louis Jordan And His Tympany

Now I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you, uh-huh
I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you, oh yeah
Well, I let you into my home; you gonna leave my woman alone
I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you Now I'll be glad when you die, you rascal, you, uh-huh
I'll be glad, oh, I'll be tickled to death when you leave this earth--it's true, oh yeah
When you're lyin' down six feet deep, no more fried chicken will you eat
I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you, oh yeah Ah, you just ain't no good, oh, you dog Now listen here:
I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you, uh-huh
I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you, oh yeah
I'll be standin' on the corner high when they drag your body by
I'll be glad when you're dead; you know I'm gonna be so happy when you're gone, you dog
I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you

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