

Struttin' With Some Barbecue

Emmett Berry

I hate to see de ev'nin' sun go down
Hate to see de ev'nin' sun go down
'Cause ma baby, he done lef' dis town
 Feelin' tomorrow lak ah feel today
 Feel tomorrow lak ah feel today
I'll pack my trunk, make ma git away

Saint Louis woman wid her diamon' rings
Pulls dat man 'roun' by her apron strings
'Twant for powder an' for store bought hair
De man ah love would not gone nowhere, nowhere
Got de Saint Louis Blues jes as blue as ah can be
 Dat man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea

Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me, doggone it
 I loves day man lak a schoolboy loves his pie
 Lak a Kentucky Col'nel loves his mint an' rye
 I'll love ma baby till the day ah die

Been to de gypsy to get ma fortune tole
To de gypsy, done got ma fortune tole
'Cause I'm most wile 'bout ma Jelly Roll
Gypsy done tole me, don't you wear no black
Yes, she done told me, don't you wear no black

Go to Saint Louis, you can win him back
Help me to Cairo, make Saint Louis by maself
 Git to Cairo, find ma old friend Jeff
 Gwine to pin maself close to his side
 If ah flag his train, I sho' can ride
Got de Saint Louis Blues jes as blue as ah can be
 Dat man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea

Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me, doggone it
 I loves day man lak a schoolboy loves his pie
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You ought to see dat stovepipe brown of mine
 Lak he owns de Dimon' Joseph line

He'd make a cross eyed O'man go stone blin'
Blacker than midnight, teeth lak flags of truce
 Blackest man in de whole of Saint Louis
 Blacker de berry, sweeter am de juice

About a crap game, he knows a pow'ful lot
But when work time comes, he's on de dot
 Gwine to ask him for a cold ten spot
 What it takes to git it, he's cert'nly got
Got de Saint Louis Blues jes as blue as ah can be
 Dat man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea

Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me, doggone it
 I loves day man lak a schoolboy loves his pie
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A black headed gal makes a freight train jump the track, said
A black headed gal makes a freight train jump the track
 But a long tall gal makes a preacher ball the jack

Lawd, a blonde headed woman makes a good man leave the town
I said, "Blonde headed woman makes a good man leave the town
 But a red headed woman makes a boy slap his papa down"

 Oh, ashes to ashes and dust to dust
 I said, "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
 If my blues don't get you, my jazzing must"

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