

Dust My Broom

Play Me The Blues

I'm goin' get up in the mornin',
I believe I'll dust my broom
I'm goin' get up in the mornin',
I believe I'll dust my broom

Girlfriend, the black man you been lovin', girlfriend, can't get my room

I'm gon' write a letter, telephone every town I know
I'm gon' write a letter, telephone every town I know
If I can't find her in West Helena, she must be in East Monroe I know

I don't want no woman, wants every downtown man she meet
I don't want no woman, wants every downtown man she meet
She's a no good doney, they shouldn't 'low her on the street

I believe, I believe I'll go back home
I believe, I believe I'll go back home
You can mistreat me here, babe, but you can't when I go home

And I'm gettin' up in the mornin', I believe I'll dust my broom
I'm gettin' up in the mornin', I believe I'll dust my broom
Girlfriend, the black man you been lovin', girlfriend, can't get my room

I'm 'on' call up Chiney, see is my good gal over there
I'm 'on' call up Chiney, see is my good gal over there
If I can't find her on Philippine's Island, she must be in Ethiopia somewhere

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by BIHARI, JOE / JAMES, ELMORE
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>