

That's No Way To Get Along

Robert Wilkins

I'm goin' home, friends, sit down and tell my, my mama

Friends, sit down and tell my mama

I'm goin' home, sit down and tell my mama

I'm goin' home, sit down and tell my mama

That that's no way to get along

These low-down women, mama, they treated your, ahw, poor son wrong

Mama, treated me wrong

These low-down women, mama, treated your poor son wrong

These low-down women, mama, treated your poor son wrong

And that's no way for him to get along

They treated me like my poor heart was made of a rock or stone

Mama, made of a rock or stone

Treated me like my poor heart was made of a rock or stone

Treated me like my poor heart was made of a rock or stone

And that's no way for me to get along

You know, that was enough, mama, to make your son wished he's dead and gone

Mama, wished I's dead and gone

That is enough to make your son, mama, wished he's dead and gone

That is enough to make your son, mama, wished he's dead and gone

'Cause that's no way for him to get along

I stood on the roadside, I cried alone, all by myself

I cried alone by myself

I stood on the roadside and cried alone by myself

I stood on the roadside and cried alone by myself

Cryin', "That's no way for me to get along"

I's wantin' some train to come along and take me away from here

Friends, take me away from here

Some train to come along and take me away from here

Some train to come along and take me away from here

And that's no way for me to get along

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