

You Can't Make the Grade

Washboard Sam

Well, your woman's actin' funny
When you start to gettin' old
This is a story
Never been told Too late, old man
Yo' debts have been paid
Yes, your race is done ruined
Man, you can't make the grade She works like an ox
Come home tired as a mule
When you get sixty years old
Befo' you know you's a fool Too late, old man
Yo' debts have been paid
Yes, your race is done ruined
Man, you can't make the grade At midnight she shake you
She knows that's a joke
She know it will be early in the mo'nin
Befo' she get you woke Too late, old man
Yo' debts have been paid
Yes, your race is done ruined
Man, you can't make the grade 'Alrighty now, I'm up, play one' (instrumental & sax) 'Yes, yas' On Monday, you
feel like playin'
She says she don't like yo' game
Tuesday, come
It's about the same Wednesday, she 'cussed you of
Some other chick
Thursday, when you touch her
She says she's sick Friday, come
She kiss you on yo' cheek
She know you should have enough money
To last her all the week Too late, old man
Yo' debts have been paid
Yes, your race is done ruined
Man, you can't make the grade.~

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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