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, aww, 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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