

# Moanin' Low

## Spike Jones And The City Slickers

I feel too bad  
I'm feeling mighty sick and sore  
So bad I feel  
I said I'm feeling sick and sore

And so afraid  
My man don't love me no more  
Moanin' low  
My sweet man I love him so

Though he's mean as can be  
He's the kind of man  
Who needs the kind of woman like me  
I wanna die

If sweet man should pass me by  
If I doubt where he'd be  
He's the kind of man  
Who needs the kind of woman like me

Don't know any reason why he treats me so poorly  
What have I gone and done  
Makes my trouble double  
With these worries when surely

I ain't deservin' it none  
Moanin' low  
My sweet man is gonna go  
When he goes oh lordy

He's the kind of man  
Who needs the kind of woman like me  
Don't know any reason why he treats me so coolly  
What have I gone and done

He makes my trouble double  
With these worries when surely  
I ain't deserving enough  
Moanin' low

My sweet man is gonna go  
When he goes oh lordy  
He's the kind of man  
Who needs the kind of a woman like me.

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