

Barbecue Blues

Barbecue Bob

Woke up this morning gal
'Twixt midnight and day
With my hand around my pillow
Where my brownie used to lay I know I ain't good looking
Teeth don't shine like pearls
So glad, good looks
Don't take you through this world Going to starch my jumper mama
Iron my overalls
My brown done quit me
God knows she had it all
I'm going to tell you now gal
Like gypsy told the Jew
If you don't want me
It's a cinch I don't want you Did you ever dream lucky
Wake up cold in hand
That's a mighty true sign
Your brown got some other man
My mama told me
Papa told me too
Some brown skin woman
Going to be the death of you

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

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