

My Sweet Hunk O' Trash

Billie Holiday & Louis Armstrong

James p. johnson / flournoy e. miller You don't act up too much

Ain't got that glamour touch

You're trifling lazy

Ain't worth a cigarette ash

Look out here mamma

Look out here

You carry me too fast

You're just my good for nothin'

My sweet hunk o' trash

My, my how you sound

You're very short on looks

Dumb, when it comes to books

Look out, baby

Watch it, honey

And you stay full of corn

Just like a succotash

What you want me to do in my idle moments

You're just a good-for-nothin'

But my sweet hunk o' trash

Let me get a word in there honey, you running your mouth

You said I've worried you for years

I'm just a barfly moochin' beers

While you sweat over a hot stove slinging hash

Work my fingers right down to the elbows

Yes I may be good-for-nothin'

But I'm still your sweet hunk o' trash

First to admit it baby

You said I spread my love all around

And with the chicks all over town

But, how can I when you keep me broke

So I can't spend no cash

Yes I may be good-for-nothin'

But I'm still your sweet hunk o' trash

Listen hear pops,

You know you lie about your youth

I don't lie baby

I'm just careless with the truth, that's all

How careless can you be

Oh, no

With all your chicks
You try to make a flash
Now baby
It ain't like that, no
But you're still my good-for-nothin'
My sweet hunk o' trash
Now when you stay out very late
It sure makes me mad to wait how come, baby?
Cus, you come home too tired
To raise just one eyelash
Watch it baby
Watch it
You're just good-for-nothin'
But you're my sweet hunk o' trash
Yes indeed!

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

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