

A Good Man Is Hard to Find

Bessie Smith

Once in the backyard
She was once like me, she was once like me
Twice when I killed them
They were once at peace, they were once like me
Hold to your gunman and put off all your peace
Put off all the beast
Paid a full of these, I wait for it, but someone's once like me
She was once like me I once was better
I put off all my grief, I put off all my grief
And so I go to hell, I wait for it
But someone's left me creased and someone's left me creased

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