

Billies Blues

Billie Holiday

I love my man
I'm a liar if I say I don't
I love my man
I'm a liar if I say I don't
But I'll quit my man
I'm a liar if I say I won't I've been your slave, baby
Ever since I've been your babe
I've been your slave
Ever since I've been your babe
But before I'll be your dog
I'll see you in your grave My man wouldn't give me no breakfast
Wouldn't give me no dinner
Squawked about my supper then he put me outdoors
Had the nerve to lay a matchbox on my clothes
I didn't have so many
But I had a long, long ways to go I ain't good looking
And my hair ain't curled
I ain't good looking
And my hair ain't curled
But my mother, she gave me something
It's going to carry me through this world Some men like me 'cause I'm happy
Some 'cause I'm snappy
Some call me honey
Others think I've got money Some say me Billie
Baby, you're built for speed
Now, if you put that all together
Makes me everything a good man needs

Songwriters

BILLIE HOLIDAY Published by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., CARLIN AMERICA INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>