

My Sweet Hunk O' Trash (With Louis Armstrong)

Billie Holiday

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
Watch it, baby You're just my good for nothin'
My sweet hunk o' trash
(My, my how you sound) You're very short on looks
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Dumb, when it comes to books
(Look out, baby, watch it, honey)
And you stay full of corn just like 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 here 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)
'Cause, 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)

Songwriters

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