

# Sam Jones Blues

## Bessie Smith

Who's that knockin' on that door  
Jones?  
You better get away from that door  
I don't know nobody named Jones  
You're in the right church, brother, but the wrong pew

Sam Jones left his lawful wife, just to step around  
Came back home, 'bout a year  
Took it for his high brown  
Went to his accustomed shore  
And he knocked his knuckles sore  
His wife she came, but to his shame  
She knew his face no more  
Sam said, "I'm your husband, dear"  
But she said, "Dear, that's strange to hear"

You ain't talkin' to Mrs. Jones  
You speakin' to Miss Wilson now  
I used to be your lawful mate  
But the judge done changed my fate  
Was a time you could-a' walked right in  
And call this place your home sweet home  
But now it's all mine, for all time  
I'm free and livin' all alone  
Don't need your clothes, don't need your rent  
Don't need your ones and twos  
Though I ain't rich, I know my stitch  
I earned my strutting shoes  
Say, hand me the key that unlocks my front door  
Because that bell don't read Sam Jones no more, no  
You ain't talkin' to Mrs. Jones  
You speakin' to Miss Wilson now

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