Yes, Indeed He Do!

Bessie Smith

I don't know what makes it rain
Can't tell what makes it snow
While I don't claim to know it all
But there's some things I do know

There's one thing in particular
That I never have to guess
I ask myself this question
And I had to tell me, yeah

Oh, do my sweet, sweet daddy love me?
Yes, indeed he do
Is he true as stars above me?
What kind of fool is you?

He don't stay from home all night
More than six times a week
Oh, I know that I'm his Sheba
And I know that he's my Sheik

And when I ask him where he's been
He grabs a rocking chair
Then he knocks me down
And says, â€œItâ€™s just a little love lick, dearâ€•

But if some woman looks at him
Iâ€™ll tear her half in two
Oh, do my sweet, sweet daddy love me?
Yes, indeed he do

Of course, my sweet daddy loves me
Yes, indeed he do
If he beats me or mistreats me
What is that to you?

I donâ€™t have to do no work
Except to wash his clothes
And darn his socks and press his pants
And scrub the kitchen floor

I wouldnâ€™t take a million
For my sweet, sweet daddy Jim
And I wouldn't give a quarter
For another man like him

Gee, ain't it great to have a man
That's crazy over you
Oh, do my sweet, sweet daddy love me?
Yes, indeed he do

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