

Humble Me

Sharon Jones and the Dap-Kings

Humble me, humble me
Dont let me forget who I am
Humble me, humble me
Dont let me forget who I am When I start talkin down
Like Im hoverin above, oh yeah
Like a man of some thin matter
Or them what youre made of And when you hear me askin
For all kinds of fancy things
Things you never had, no
And things you know you cant bring
Dont be afraid to Humble me, humble me
Dont let me forget who I am, oh
Humble me, humble little of me
Dont let me forget who I am When I start demandin
More than the rest, oh yeah
And when I start mournin
I didnt get the best, no Just remind me of the man, oh
Ooh, with nothin to eat
And remind me of the other man
Oh, with no shoes on his feet, yeah Now, ooh, let me be grateful, oh
For all that Ive seen
And all that I have here
And theyll be around me, ooh yeah, now Ooh, make me grateful for my voice, oh
That I might lift you up, yeah, yeah
Ooh, now grateful for these old legs, oh yeah
That I might jump and come and shout, yeah oh Grateful for the music
That puts my soul on high, oh
Ooh, Im grateful for you people
Who comes out to hear me each and every night
Oh, please, oh, let me be Humble, humble me
Dont let me forget who I am
Humble me, humble little of me
Dont let me forget who I am
Humble me

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