

# Whoopee Mama

## Tampa Red

I've got a whoopee mama  
She makes whoopee all the time  
I've got a whoopee mama  
She makes whoopee all the time  
She stays full of dope and liquor  
And clowns all over town  
Whoopee mama  
I sho' been good to you  
Whoopee mama  
I sho' been good to you  
But I've done got tired  
Of the dirty way you do  
My whoopee mama  
Treats me like a slave  
My whoopee mama  
Treats me like a slave  
I goin' to buy me an army special  
And put my baby in her grave  
I work all the summer  
An' I work all the fall  
But even spend the winter  
In a dank of overhauls  
Whoopee mama  
You so unkind to me  
But I'm sho' goin' to get you, baby  
Yes, you wait and see  
You told me that you loved me  
An' I caught you in a lie  
Smile the day you quit me, mama  
That's the day you'll die  
Whoopee mama  
I'm goin' to mow you down  
I'm gonna send your beautiful body  
To some lonesome buryin' ground

Songwriters

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