

Leftovers

Millie Jackson

MILLIE: Philip, now I know you said you're leaving, but can't we discuss this at all?

PHILIP: Look, baby, there ain't nothing to discuss. I mean, you know, we've been through this a thousand times. Everything has been said.

MILLIE: Oh, you believe me because of your son, right?

PHILIP: That's right.

MILLIE: And because of your son, that's the reason you had your wife laying up in my bed last week, right? The neighbors told me when I went to Philadelphia, she was here the whole weekend.

N-N-N-N-Now just tell me something, you've been married to her, but shacking with me. Who you feel you're cheating on?

PHILIP: Well, that don't feel like I'm cheating on nobody. Well, you know, I'm just going on home, that's all.
(Doorbell ringing)

MILLIE: Wait a minute, uh, the doorbell's ringing. Let me get the bell. Well, do say, right on time, Mrs. Jody again!

What do you want?

JODY: My husband.

MILLIE: Well, you're not getting him.

JODY: Oh, I'll take him with me.

MILLIE: I know what you're gonna take. You're gonna take a good a-kickin' if you don't get out my house!

JODY: Well, I brought some and I'm ready for yours.

MILLIE: I guess you brought the kid too, huh?

JODY: Yes I did.

MILLIE: Well, listen, let me tell you something, I want both of y'all out of my house. I don't ever wanna see none of you no more. And I wanna tell you something further this time, you understand me. I wanna ask you something, Tell me how to do you feel knowing he's my man
And the love he's giving you was weak and secondhand.

Tell me, tell me, tell me now,

How could you lay there stretched out in my bed

With my brand new nightie on,

My rollers in your nappy hair. Some girls ain't got no pride at all, no.

Some are just downright dirty.

Some are just don'ts.

All you're getting is my leftovers.

You're digging out love I done picked over.

You oughta leave my man alone.

Find one of your own.

Stop making a jaw, girl.

Scrape in the bone. Ow! It don't bother me if your man gives you a little bit of loving sometimes.

'Cause you see, I know, if it makes it any good to you,

Huh, it's me that's on his mind.

But tell me, tell me, tell me now,
How could you forget, girl, the man left you for me.
And if he ever decides to do it to you,
It's out of responsibility. I don't see how some folks can be so dumb, no.
You got the nerve to think you're living good,
But all you're getting is trounced.
All you're getting is my leftovers.
You're digging out of love I done picked over.
You oughta leave my man alone.
Find one of your own.
Stop making a jaw, girl.
Scrape in the bone. Ohaaow! Leave him alone now.
Go and find a man of your own,
'Cause there ain't nothing left here but a man this evening, girl.
You see, I done took everything he had.
All you're getting is my leftovers.
You're digging out of surplus garbage.
Hey, leave him alone now.
Go and find a man of your own this evening, girl.
I know you look kinda bad, but there must be somebody around here that wants you anyway.
You oughta leave the man alone now.
Hey, baby.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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