

# Tramp

## Buddy Guy

Tramp!

What you call me?

Tramp.

You didn't!

You don't wear continental clothes, or Stetson hats.

Well I tell you one dog-gone thing. It makes me feel good to know one thing. I know I'm a lover.

Matter of opinion.

That's all right, Mama was. Papa too. And I'm the only child. Lovin' is all I know to do.

You know what, Otis?

What?

You're country.

That's all right.

You straight from the Georgia woods.

That's good.

You know what? You wear overalls, and big old brogan shoes, and you need a haircut, Tramp.

Haircut? Woman, you foolin', ooh, I'm a lover. Mama was. Grandmama, Papa too. Boogaloo.

All that stuff. And I'm the only son-of-a-gun this side of the Sun. Tramp!

You know what, Otis? I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp.

What?

That's right. You haven't even got a fat bankroll in your pocket.

You probably haven't even got twenty-five cents.

I got six Cadillacs, five Lincolns, four Fords, six Mercuries, three T-Birds, Mustang,

Ooooooohhh, I'm a lover. Mama was. Papa too. I tell you one thing.

Well tell me.

I'm the only son-of-a-gun this side of the sun.

You're a tramp, Otis.

No I'm not.

I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp.

What's wrong with that?

Look here. You ain't got no money.

I got everything.

You can't buy me all those minks and sables and all that stuff I want.

I can buy you minks, rats, frogs, squirrels, rabbits, anything you want, woman.

Look, you can go out in the Georgia woods and find them, Baby.

Oh, you foolin'.

You're still a tramp.

That's all right.

You a tramp, Otis. You just a tramp.

That's all right.

You wear overalls. You need a haircut, baby.

Cut off some of that hair off your head.

You think you a lover, huh?

Songwriters

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