

## Beale Street Mama

Bessie Smith

Jenny Neale  
Down in Beale  
Gave her papa the air  
Left him cold  
Got him told  
Said she didn't care  
Old Joe, her beau  
Looked just like he would die  
If you was near him  
You would hear him  
Sob his mournful cry

Beale Street Papa  
Why don't you come back home?  
It isn't proper to leave your mama all alone!  
Sometimes I was cruel, that was true  
But Papa, you know Mama never two-timed you!  
Boo-hoo, I'm blue  
So how come you do me like you do?  
I'm cryin'!  
Beale Street Papa, don't mess around with me!  
There's plenty pettin' that I can get in Tennessee  
I'll still get my sweet cooking, constantly  
But not the kind you served to me  
So Beale Street Papa, come back home!

So how come you do me like you do?  
I'm cryin'!  
Beale Street Papa, don't mess around with me!  
There's plenty pettin' that I can get in Tennessee  
I bought a rifle, razor and a knife  
A full support [?] can't save my life  
So Beale Street Papa, come back home!