

Jailhouse Blues

Bessie Smith

Lord, this house is goin' to get raided, yes, sir

Thirty days in jail with my back turned to the wall, turned to the wall

Thirty days in jail with my back turned to the wall

Look here, Mr. Jail-keeper, put another gal in my stall

I don't mind bein' in jail, but I got to stay there so long, so long

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When every friend I have is done shook hands and gone

You better stop your man from tickling me under my chin, under my chin

You better stop your man from tickling me under my chin

'Cause if he keeps on tickling, I'm sure gonna take him on in

Good morning, blues, blues, how do you do? How do you do?

Good morning, blues, blues, how do you do?

Say, I just come here to have a few words with you