

## Put It Right Here (or Keep It Out There)

Bessie Smith

I had a man for fifteen years  
Give him his room and board  
Once he was like a Cadillac  
Now he's like an old worn out Ford  
He never brought me a lousy dime  
And put it in my hand  
So there'll be some changes from now on  
According to my plan  
He's got to get it, bring it, and put it right here  
Or else he's gonna keep it out there  
If he must steal it, beg it, or borrow it somewhere  
Long as he gets it, I don't care  
I'm tired of fryin' pork chops  
To grease his fat lips  
And he has to find another place  
For to park his old hips  
He must get it, and bring it, and put it right here  
Or else he's gonna keep it out there  
The bee gets the honey, and brings it to the corn  
Else he's kicked out of his home sweet home  
To show you that they brings it, watch the dog and the cat  
Everything even brings it, from a mule to a mare  
The rooster gets the worm, and brings it to the hen  
That oughta be a tip to all you no-good men  
The groundhog even brings it and puts it in his hole  
So my man has got to bring it, doggone his soul  
He's got to get it, bring it, and put it right here  
Or else he's gonna keep it out there  
If he must steal it, beg it, or borr' it somewhere  
Long as he gets it child, I don't care  
I'm gonna tell him like the Chinaman: when you don't bring 'em  
check  
You don't get 'em laundry, if you break 'em down neck  
You got to get it, bring it, and put it right here  
Or else you gonna keep it out there