

Sam Jones Blues

Bessie Smith

Who's that knockin' on that door
Jones?
You better get away from that door
I don't know nobody named Jones
You're in the right church, brother, but the wrong pew

Sam Jones left his lawful wife, just to step around
Came back home, 'bout a year
Took it for his high brown
Went to his accustomed shore
And he knocked his knuckles sore
His wife she came, but to his shame
She knew his face no more
Sam said, "I'm your husband, dear"
But she said, "Dear, that's strange to hear"

You ain't talkin' to Mrs. Jones
You speakin' to Miss Wilson now
I used to be your lawful mate
But the judge done changed my fate
Was a time you could-a' walked right in
And call this place your home sweet home
But now it's all mine, for all time
I'm free and livin' all alone
Don't need your clothes, don't need your rent
Don't need your ones and twos
Though I ain't rich, I know my stitch
I earned my strutting shoes
Say, hand me the key that unlocks my front door
Because that bell don't read Sam Jones no more, no
You ain't talkin' to Mrs. Jones
You speakin' to Miss Wilson now