

Wasted Life Blues

Bessie Smith

I've lived a life but nothin' I've gained
Each day I'm full of sorrow and pain
No one seems to care enough for poor me,
To give me a word of sympathy
Oh, me! Oh, me! Wonder what will become of poor me?

No father to guide me, no mother to care
Must bear my troubles alone
Not even a brother to help me share
This burden I must bear alone
Oh, me! Oh, me! Wonder what will become of poor me?

I'm settin' and thinkin' of the days gone by
They filled my heart with pain
I'm too weak to stand and too strong to cry
But I'm forgittin' it all in vain
Oh, me! Oh, me! Wonder what will become of poor me?

I've traveled and wandered almost everywhere
To git a little joy from life
Still I've gained nothin' but wars and despairs
Still strugglin' in this world of strife
Oh, me! Oh, me! Wonder what will become of poor me?