

Young Woman's Blues

Bessie Smith

Woke up this mornin' when chickens was crowin' for day
Felt on the right side of my pilla', my man had gone away
By his pilla' he left a note, readin' "I'm sorry, Jane,
you got my goat,
No time to marry, no time to settle down"

I'm a young woman and ain't done runnin' 'round
I'm a young woman and ain't done runnin' 'round
Some people call me a hobo, some call me a bum

Nobody knows my name, nobody knows what I've done
I'm as good as any woman in your town
I ain't no high yeller, I'm a deep killer of brown
I ain't gonna marry, ain't gonna settle down

I'm gonna drink good moonshine and rub these browns down
See that long lonesome road
Lawd, you know it's gotta and I'm a good woman and I can
get plenty men