

Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man

Billie Holiday

Oh, listen, sister, I love my Mister man;
I can't tell yo' why
Dere ain't no reason why I should love dat man
It must be sumpin' dat de angels done plan
De chimhley's smokin', de roof is leakin' in,
But he don't seem to care;
He can be happy with jes' a sip of gin.
I even loves him when his kisses got gin.

Fish got to swim and birds got to fly,
I got to love one man till I die,
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine.
Tell me he's lazy, tell me he's slow,
Tell me I'm crazy maybe, I know.
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine.

When he goes away, dat's a rainy day,
And when he comes back, dat day is fine, the sun will shine.

He can come home as late as can be;
Home without him ain't no home to me
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine.