

Maybe Not At All

Ethel Waters

Jim Johnson took me home last night,
'Twas the first time that we'd met,
He claimed to be a small-town sheik,
And all his jive he bet,
He rest his hat and coat and said, "Here I'll stay."
But his feathers fell when he heard me say:

Not on the first night, baby!
Ain't knowed you long enough!
Don't you think you're kind of hasty
To pull that kind of stuff!
Don't slam my front door, please, when you go out,
Just because there was nothin' doin' what you was thinkin' about,
Not on the first night, baby!
or maybe not at all!
Maybe not at all!

Now, if Miss Clara Smith would sing the same song:

Not on the first night, baby!
Sweet Mama Clara ain't knowed you long enough!
Why, don't you think you're kind of hasty,
Just to pull that kind of stuff!
Run round the block, hot papa, and get yourself some air,
This ain't no seaport, daddy, don't you try to anchor in here!
Because not on the first night, baby!
Or maybe not at all!
I say, maybe not at all!

I'm gettin' ready for the Empress, Miss Bessie Smith, lord!

Not on the first night, babe!
Ain't knowed you long enough!
Don't you think you kind of hasty
To pull that kind of stuff!
Be yourself, kind mister, that's no way to act,
Let my doorknob hit you in the middle of your back!
Not on the first night, baby!
Or maybe not at all!
I said, maybe not at all!