

## Mr. Smith

Nina Simone

Don't you realize, Mr. Smith?  
Don't you realize what thirty dollars buy today?  
Just some stockings, and that's it.

I came from Havanah  
My mother was wild as you are  
She often said to me  
My child, don't sell yourself  
For just a dollar or two  
If you end up like me  
God bless you, child  
So think it over  
For that little money  
You give to me, Mr. Smith