

## Walter Davis "That Stuff You Sell"

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That stuff you sell, ain't no good  
Smells just like  
Old rotten burnt wood

Now, that stuff you sell  
Stuff you sell  
Oughta be a law, to kill your kind  
Mama, 'bout the stuff you sell

That stuff you sell, ain't no wine  
One thing about it  
You serve it so kind

Now that stuff you sell  
Stuff you sell  
Oughta be a law, to kill your kind  
Mama, 'bout the stuff you sell

Stuff you sell, ain't no booze  
One thing about it, mama  
Give you the blues

Stuff you sell  
Stuff you sell  
Oughta be a law, to kill your kind  
Mama, 'bout the stuff you sell

Stuff you sell, in a jug  
If you don't give me some  
I'm gonna raise above

Now that stuff you sell  
Stuff you sell  
Oughta be a law, to kill your kind  
Mama, 'bout the stuff you sell

(piano)

I know you sick, can't get well  
When you sell any mo'  
It'd take God, to tell

Now that stuff you sell  
Stuff you sell  
Oughta be a law, to kill your kind  
Mama, 'bout the stuff you sell

You can go down on the corner, Market and Tenth  
Get that stuff for fifteen cents

Now that stuff you sell  
Stuff you sell  
Oughta be a law, to kill your kind  
Mama, 'bout the stuff you sell

(piano)

That stuff you sell, ain't so good  
I wouldn't buy none of it  
Even if I could

Now that stuff you sell  
Stuff you sell  
Oughta be a law, to kill your kind  
Mama, 'bout the stuff you sell.

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