

## Rosa Henderson

### "The Basement Blues"

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The man I love  
Got lowdown ways, for true!  
The man I love  
Got lowdown ways, for true!  
Well, I am hincty, and I'm lowdown, too!

He don't, he can't  
Hang round with dicty cats,  
Don't go gay-cattin'  
'Round in Buffet Flats,  
We like our basement, and our basement rats!

He ain't no honky,  
Gee, I ain't tryin' to be.  
He ain't no honky,  
I ain't tryin' to be.  
So you can't make no honky out of me!

For I was goin' lowdown 'way  
Down in the low ground.  
Everyday I get low as a toad;  
My home ain't here; it's farther down the road.

Down in dear old Mississippi,  
All my folks is there,  
And colored folks can't come much lower than that.  
My pappy's name is Low, Mr. B. Low if you please,  
And he can kiss my mammy without bending his knees!

So you keep your attic.  
Take the roof or the air if you choose,  
Just keep your attic,  
Take the air if you choose.  
But my mind is out for  
Raising with the basement blues!

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