

Crosby Bing

"There Ain't No Sweet Man That's Worth The Salt of"

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Shakin' like a leaf on a tree,
That's coming loose from the stem;
Shakin' like a leaf on a tree,
Because I'm coming loose from my man!

I'm like a weeping willow,
Weeping on my pillow,
For years and years,
There ain't no sweet man that's worth the salt of my
Ba-ba-da-doo, wah da da da do, wah da da ba do, wha
da-oh!

Down and down he dragged me,
Like a fiend he nagged me,
For years and years,
There ain't no sweet man that's worth the salt of my
Ba da da da da da do!

Although I may be blue,
Still, I'm true,
I must tell him good-bye!
Rather than have that man,
Gonna lay me down and just die!
Da-oh!

Broken-hearted sisters,
Aggravating misters, lend me your ears!
There ain't no sweet man that's worth the salt of my
Ba-ba-da-doo, wah da da da do, wah da da ba do, wha
da-oh! Ba-da wah da-oh! Shh!

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