

## **Bessie Smith**

### **"Baby Doll"**

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Honey, there's a funny feeling 'round my heart,  
And it's bound to drive your mama wild  
It must be something they call the Cuban Doll,  
It weren't your mama's angel child

I went to see the doctor the other day, he said I's well  
as well could be  
But I said, "Doctor, you don't know really what's  
worrying me"  
I want to be somebody's baby doll so I can get my  
loving all the time  
I want to be somebody's baby doll to ease my mind

He can be ugly, he can be black, so long as he can  
eagle rock and ball the  
Jack  
I want to be somebody's baby doll so I can get my lovin'  
all the time,  
I mean to get my lovin' all the time

Lord, I went to the gypsy to get my fortune told,  
She said you in hard luck, Bessie, doggone your bad  
luck soul  
I want to be somebody's baby doll so I can get my lovin'  
all the time,  
I mean to get my lovin' all the time

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