

Bessie Smith

"Beale Street Mama"

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Jenny Neale,
Down in Beale,
Gave her papa the air;
Left him cold,
Got him told,
Said she didn't care.
Old Joe, her beau,
Looked just like he would die;
If you was near him,
You would hear him
Sob his mournful cry:
Beale Street Papa,
Why don't you come back home?
It isn't proper to leave your mama all alone!
Sometimes I was cruel, that was true,
But Papa, you know Mama never two-timed you!
Boo-hoo, I'm blue;
So how come you do me like you do?
I'm cryin'!
Beale Street Papa, don't mess around with me!
There's plenty pettin' that I can get in Tennessee,
I'll still get my sweet cooking, constantly,
But not the kind you served to me,
So Beale Street Papa, come back home!
So how come you do me like you do?
I'm cryin'!
Beale Street Papa, don't mess around with me!
There's plenty pettin' that I can get in Tennessee,
I bought a rifle, razor and a knife,
A full support [?] can't save my life;
So Beale Street Papa, come back home!

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