

Bessie Smith

"Frosty Morning"

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How come I'm blue as can be, how come I need
sympathy
I know what's troubling me, listen and you'll see
Because the good man that I got, left me all alone
Woke up this morning at four, when I heard him
slamming my door

Did you ever wake up on a frosty morning and discover
your good man gone
Did you ever wake up on a frosty morning and discover
your good man gone
If you did you'll understand, why I'm singing sad
moanful songs

Well, he didn't provide and he wasn't handsome, so he
might not appeal to you
Well, he didn't provide and he wasn't handsome, so he
might not appeal to you
But he gave me plenty loving and I never had to beg
him too

Now my damper¹ is down and my fire ain't burning and
a chill's all around my bed
My damper is down and my fire ain't burning and a
chill's all around my bed
When you lose the man you love, then a gal is just as
good as dead

Note 1: damper, a device that damps as a valve or
plate (as in the flue of a furnace) for regulating the
draft.

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