

## **Bessie Smith**

# **"Jail-House Blues"**

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Lord, this house is goin' to get raided, yes, sir

Thirty days in jail with my back turned to the wall,  
turned to the wall

Thirty days in jail with my back turned to the wall  
Look here, Mr. Jail-keeper, put another gal in my stall

I don't mind bein' in jail, but I got to stay there so long,  
so long

I don't mind bein' in jail, but I got to stay there so long,  
so long

When every friend I have is done shook hands and  
gone

You better stop your man from tickling me under my  
chin, under my chin

You better stop your man from tickling me under my  
chin

'Cause if he keeps on tickling, I'm sure gonna take him  
on in

Good morning, blues, blues, how do you do? How do  
you do?

Good morning, blues, blues, how do you do?

Say, I just come here to have a few words with you

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