

Bessie Smith

"Jailhouse 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, to
the wall
Thirty days in jail, with my back turned to the wall
Look here, mister jail keeper, put another gal in my
stall
I don't mind being in jail, but I got to stay there so long,
so long
I don't mind being in jail, but I got to stay there so long,
so long
Well, every friend I had is done shook hands and gone
You better stop your man from ticklin' me under my
chin, under my chin
You better stop your man from ticklin' me under my
chin
'Cause if he keeps on ticklin', 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?
Well, I just come here to have a few words with you

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