

Bessie Smith

"Mistreating Daddy"

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Daddy, mama's got the blues
The kind of blues that's hard to lose
'Cause you mistreated me
And drove me from your door
Daddy, you ain't heard the news
There's another papa in your shoes
You ain't even got a chance with me no more
So be on your p's and q's¹

Mistreating daddy, mistreating mama all the time
Just because she wouldn't let you
Mistreating daddy, mama's drew the danger line
Yes, you'll cross it, I'll get you
If you see me setting on another daddy's knee
Don't bother me, I'm as mean as can be
I'm like the butcher right down the street
I can cut you all apieces like I would a piece of meat
Mistreating daddy, you used to knock your mama down
When you knew I fell for you
Had me so nervous, I would start dogging 'round
Yes, every time I saw you
But now I've got you off of my mind
And found another daddy who's just my kind
Mistreating daddy, I've got another papa now

I've got a tip for people talking about
I will grab my daddy and turn him wrong side out
Mistreating daddy, I've got a good papa now

Note 1: p's and q's, something (as one's manners) that one should be mindful of or being on one's best behavior. From the phrase "mind one's p's and q's", alluding to the difficulty a child learning to write has in distinguishing between p and q.

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