

Bessie Smith

"Sam Jones Blues"

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(Spoken:

Who's that knockin' on that door

Jones?

You better get away from that door

I don't know nobody named Jones

You're in the right church, brother, but the wrong pew)

Sam Jones left his lawful wife, just to step around

Came back home, 'bout a year

Took it for his high brown

Went to his accustomed shore

And he knocked his knuckles sore

His wife she came, but to his shame

She knew his face no more

Sam said, "I'm your husband, dear"

But she said, "Dear, that's strange to hear"

You ain't talkin' to Mrs. Jones

You speakin' to Miss Wilson now

I used to be your lawful mate

But the judge done changed my fate

Was a time you could-a' walked right in

And call this place your home sweet home

But now it's all mine, for all time

I'm free and livin' all alone

Don't need your clothes, don't need your rent

Don't need your ones and twos

Though I ain't rich, I know my stitch

I earned my strutting shoes

Say, hand me the key that unlocks my front door

Because that bell don't read Sam Jones no more, no

You ain't talkin' to Mrs. Jones

You speakin' to Miss Wilson now

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