

Bessie Smith

"Young Woman's Blues"

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Woke up this mornin' when chickens was crowin' for
day
Felt on the right side of my pilla', my man gad gone
away
By this pilla' he left a note readin', "I'm sorry, Jane, you
got my goat
No time to marry, no time to settle down"

I'm a young woman and ain't done runnin' 'round
I'm a young woman and ain't done runnin' 'round
Some people call me a hobo, some call me a bum

Nobody knows my name, nobody knows what I've done
I'm as good as any woman in your town
I ain't no high yeller, I'm a deep killer of brown
I ain't gonna marry, ain't gonna settle down

I'm gonna drink good moonshine and rub these browns
down
See that long lonesome road
Lawd, you know it's gotta and I'm a good woman and I
can get plenty men

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