

Billie Holiday "My Sweet Hunk O' Trash"

Visit "[My Sweet Hunk O' Trash](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

You don't act up too much
Ain't got that glamor touch
You're trifling lazy
Ain't worth a cigarette ash

Look out here Mamma
Look out here
You carry me too fast
Watch it, baby

You're just my good for nothin'
My sweet hunk o' trash
My, my how you sound

You're very short on looks
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Dumb, when it comes to books
Look out, baby, watch it, honey
And you stay full of corn just like succotash
What you want me to do in my idle moments?

You're just a good for nothin'
But my sweet hunk o' trash
Let me get a word in there honey, you running your
mouth

You said I've worried you for years
I'm just a barfly moochin' beers
While you sweat over a hot stove slinging hash
Work my fingers right down to the elbows

Yes I may be good for nothin'
But I'm still your sweet hunk o' trash
First to admit it baby

You said I spread my love all around
And with the chicks all over town
But, how can I when you keep me broke?
So I can't spend no cash

Yes I may be good for nothin'
But I'm still your sweet hunk o' trash

Listen here pops
You know you lie about your youth
I don't lie baby
I'm just careless with the truth, that's all
How careless can you be?

Oh, no
With all your chicks
You try to make a flash
Now baby, it ain't like that, no

But you're still my good for nothin'
My sweet hunk o' trash

Now when you stay out very late
It sure makes me mad to wait
How come, baby?
'Cause, you come home too tired
To raise just one eyelash
Watch it baby, watch it

You're just good for nothin'
But you're my sweet hunk o' trash
Yes indeed

Visit [Billie Holiday](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.