

Billie Holiday

"You're Just a No Account"

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You're just a no account
You never will amount to nothin' at all

When there is work to do and someone yells for you
You don't hear them call
The good Lord set aside his Sundays for folks to rest

More than one day's rest is wrong
You start restin' Sunday and rest so hard
You're tired the whole week long

You're just a no account
You never will amount to nothin' at all

I just can't figure how each time you milk the cow
The tit gets so small
We got machines to do your work for you
But you won't press the button on the wall

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