

Ethel Waters

"Make Me a Pallet on the Floor"

Visit "[Make Me a Pallet on the Floor](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Knock, knock, knock]

[Spoken:]

Who's there?

It's me, honey!

Get away from that door, get away from there!

Cruel daddy, please let me in.

Say, broad, you got any money?

I ain't got a cent to my name.

Get away from there! Get away from there!

Daddy, I'm so hungry I been out in the front yard eatin'
that short grass.

Well, broad, that's too bad, really too bad you been out
in the front yard eatin' that short grass. Go in the back
yard where it's longer.

Um-hmm, that's all right. Remember, I knew you when
you couldn't eat, and you wasn't sick. So won't you
listen to what I've got to say?

Well, hurry up, broad, I ain't got but a few minutes!

I've roamed this town

Till my feet are sore;

I'm out and down,

That's why I'm at your door.

Won't you take me back, please, honey, do.

But if you don't want me no more,

Here's all I ask of you:

Don't drive me, honey, from your door,

Just make me a pallet on the floor;

Why, any kind of bed, so I can rest my weary head;

Oh, please take me in your arms once more.

I'm just a lonesome rollin' stone,

So tired of being all alone,

If it's for only one night, please, I ask you on my knees,

To make me a pallet on the floor

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