

## Ethel Waters

### "Throw Dirt In Your Face"

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There's a gal in town named Liza Jones,  
And every now and then,  
She says her daily occupation  
Is stealin' other women's men!

I ain't no bobbed-haired bandit,  
I'm just a good gal from the South,  
And if she fools with my man,  
She might as well stick her head in the lion's mouth!

'Cause what it takes to black her eyes,  
Sweet mama's got it!  
What it takes to make her bid this world good-bye,  
I've got that, too!

If I ever catch her arms around my man's neck,  
As sure as there's a sun,  
Next time she goes to buy new gloves,  
She'll only have to buy just one!

I don't believe in that old two-time stuff,  
I'm a one-time mama myself,  
So she better leave my sweet man alone,  
While she's enjoyin' good health!

'Cause the undertaker man and me  
Has found a found a beautiful place,  
To park the body of the gal that steals my man,  
And throw sand in her face!

Why, I'll lend you my coat, I'll lend you my hat,  
I'll lend you my dough no matter where I'm at,  
Why, I'll lend you 'most anything I can,  
But please don't ask me for my man!

If you take my man from me,  
Prepare yourself for a long journey,  
'Cause no druggist ever kept a pill,  
That will cure you any quicker than I will!

So, please don't mess 'round with my man,

If you do, all I've got to say,  
They'll know exactly where to find you at,  
On every Decoration Day

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