

Lonnie Johnson

"Man Killing Broad"

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You've got a hatchet under your pillow, baby, you've
got'n ice pick in your hand.
You've got a hatchet under your pillow, baby, ice pick in
your hand.
The best thing you better do, is find you another man.

You've got a shotgun in the corner, blackjack under
your bed.
You've got a shotgun in the corner, blackjack under
your bed.
But you will never catch me sleep, I know you wants to
whip my head.

You put lye salt in my gravy, black potash in my tea.
You put lye salt in my gravy, black potash in my tea.
But I fed it to your man, baby, instead of me.

That's the very reason why you've been so mean to me.
That's the very reason why you've been so mean to me.
Tryin' to steal my life to have your ol' "used to be."

Baby, I give you my money, I even let you run aroun'.
Even give you my money, still let you to mess around.
But you undoubtedly is the roughest little broad in
town.

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