

Lonnie Johnson**"What More Can A Man Do?"**

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Listen here baby, I ain't gonna be your dog all my life.
You called your other man to tell him, take my life.
So what more, can a man do?
I give up my job, laid down my money to you.

Listen here baby, you ain't treatin' me right.
You don't do nothin' but clown and fight.
You know I love you, I don't care what you do.
I'm gettin' tired of clownin' with you.
What more, can a man do?
Give up my job, laid down my money to you.

You go out tonight gal, no tellin' what I'll do.
I'm getting' tired of worryin' over you.
What more, can a man do?
I give up my job, laid down my money to you.

Now play it, let's hear it. [spoken words - Peetie
Wheatstraw]

Now you know mama, I'm gettin' tired, gettin' tired,
gettin' tired.
Here in St. Louis, all disguised.
Cried last night, and night before.
I believe it this time I won't have to cry no more.
What more, can a man do?
I give up my job, laid down my money to you.

So, bye-bye baby, I'm leavin' you now.
I no you don't mean no good no how.
You did everything a woman could do.
You know about that so I am through with you.
What more, can a man do?
I give up my job, laid down my money to you.

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