

Lou Rawls**"Street Corner Hustler's Blues/World Of Trouble"**

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We'd like to sorta change things up just a little bit for ya here.

Now here's a song - It's about a young man - that is, uh, widely known, throughout the world (heh heh) .. especially in my "ex" hometown.

(Where I used to live.) See, this young man, 'svery popular young man

and he was standing on a very well known corner on the South Side of,

uh, my hometown, Chicago. This young man was standing on the corner of

47th and South Parkway, Northeast corner. Now there stands a building

that houses a Walgreens drugstore, a few of a little miscellaneous

shops here and there (that's a commercial), um, and every Friday evening

as the people would pass there, they couldn't help but notice this

young man. Every Friday around four-thirty this young man would be seen

standing on the corner of 47th and South Parkway in front of Walgreens.

The young man was standing there because his girlfriend worked at

Walgreens, and, as you all know, Friday the Eagle Flies.. This young

man was standing there and as the people passed him, as always they

couldn't help but notice him because he was wearing the very popular

silk mohair-wool-worsted-continental-to-the-bone-two-hundred-and-fifty-

dollar, hustler's suit: fresh 'out the pawnshop. He would also be

wearing a pair of highly-shined alligator hustler shoes with the very

popular white-on-white tab-collar shirt, very thin silk hustler's

necktie tied around his neck.. Very large artificial

diamond stickpin
in place. Now as they noticed even closer at this young
man they
couldn't help but notice around the sides of his hat that
he was..
heavily caulked to the bone. He was quite Patent-
leatherish about
the hair, they call it "The Hustler's Hairdo." A Process:
Many pleats,
'lotta creases, and all that greasy kid stuff. Sitting
pressed upon
this very lightly so as not to mess up his hairdo was his
very stingy-
brimmed.. hustler's hat. His hustler-shades on,
cigarette in hand, very
broad smile on his face. As you looked around to see
what this young
man was staring at so hard and why he was so elated
at what he saw, You
couldn't help but notice his automobile parked at the
curb. His
automobile: white-on-white -in- whites. The Hustlers call
'em "Hogs";
the trade name is Cadillac, thatsa' hustler's sure longs'
th'finance
company can't find out where he keeps it parked at
night. All of a
sudden this young man notices people passing him but
glancing over
their shoulders as they walk down the street. There was
some great
commotion coming down the street behind him, so he
thought he would
take a peek and see for himself what all this
commotion was. This is what he saw when
he looked down the street: With pin-curlers and rollers
in her hair, head-
rag tied very tight, very large razor in her left hand, big
butcher
knife in her right hand, housecoat, houseshoes. His
wife. And she was
steppin' fast, fast, fast, comin' after him, callin' him all
sorts of dirty
names and other things I can't mention up here or
they'll close the
place. He made a break for his automobile, 'fore he
could get in the
car 'n' get the motor started she was there cuttin'up the
top-kickin'
dents in the door.. You jive Maryland Farmer! Out here
jivin' around,

the rent ain't paid, the baby's hungry-need-shoes, and
you out actn'
call' yoself pimpinin,' hustlin,' can on... and all them
other good
things. He jumped out the car 'n' threw the keys over to
her, said
baby listen, you can have this car, and anything else
you want. Just
don't cut my new suit. I just got it out' the pawn shop,
and I got to
have my front so I can keep on makin' my game. As he
turned to walk
away, the young man bowed his head slightly. He lifted
his stingy brim
from his patent leather 'do and shook it lightly; he
wouldn't shake it
too hard, ya see, 'cause when you wear a process you
have to go to the
barbershop ev'ry day n get a comb-out: that costs two
dollars, and he
hadn't got his money from the lady yet. He began to
mumble something,
as he walked down the street, and as you listened
closely you heard the
young man saying these words. You could tell he was
really troubled, he
was saying these words is thisf.. in this manner... he
was saying:

I'm.... in a world of trouble
I don't know what to do
I'm supposed to be one woman's man
But I am in love with two!
One is my treasure
And one is my treat
They are both such a pleasure
'Cause they're both so sweet
I can't put either of 'em down
That's 'awhy I'm slippin' round
'Cause I'm livin' double
I'm in a world of trouble

Yes it's a world of trouble
That I inhabit now
'Cause I've got one more woman
Then the legal laws allow!
Now judges would jail me..
And preachers would shout..
Bad talk would nail me
If the truth got out
Polite society would frown

They would claim that I'm just a clown
Living double. In a world of trouble..
Well now.. I do not dare reveal
This need that I eagerly feel
'Cause to my proper friends..
It would.. scare them.

Don't you know they would
Chalk it up to greed
Oh but what I truly need
Is a new kind of two woman harem!
Now let me tell you I got a
great big world of trouble, yes..
I've got a woman and a wife
And that's the kind of situation
..it could cost somebody's life

Ohh, but I'm gonna bear it
Just as long as I can
No I don't want to share it
with a' no other man
Oh Lord and my future is in a fog
And they call me a dirty dog!
Because I'm a' livin' double
In a world... they got me
peepin' and hidin'.. slippin and slidin'..
duckin and dodgin'..
runnin' down alleys-hidin' in doorways-behind
papers standin' in streetcars- n L Tracks-
and buses and down in manholes and
anywheres I can find em

'cause I'm SCARED TO DEATH!

'Cause I'm in a great big world...

Fellas, don't ya'll feel bad.
Cause we're not the only ones livin' in trouble,double..
The ladies is livin' double.. Some of em livin' triple
Some of em livin'.. quadtriplets.
Some of em livin' quintetted.
And octetted. And a few other "tets."

But we ALL got a great big world...
We're living in a world of trouble... A-All.

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