

Millie Jackson "Leftovers"

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Phillip, I know you said you're leaving
But can't we discuss this at all
Look, baby, there ain't nothing to discuss
I mean, you know, we been
Through this a thousand times
Everything's been said

You be leaving because
Of your son, right (that's right)
And because of your son
That's the reason you had your wife
Laying up here in my bed last week, right
The neighbors told me when I
Went to Philadelphia, she was
Here the whole weekend

Just tell me something
You been married to her
Been shacking with me
Who you feel you're cheating on

Well, I don't feel like
I'm cheating on nobody
You know, I'm just
Going on home, that's all

Wait a minute, the doorbell's ringing
Lemme get the bell

Well, do say, right on time
Mrs. Jody again, what do you want
(My husband) well
You're not getting him
(Oh, I'll take him with me)
I know what you're gonna take
You're gonna take a good A-kicking
If you don't get outta my house

(Well, I bought some
And I'm ready for yours)
I guess you brought the kid too, huh
(Yes, I did) well, listen

Let me tell you something
I want the both y'all out my house
I don't wanna see none of you no more

And I wanna tell you something
Further this time, you understand me
I wanna ask you something

Tell me how do you feel
Knowing he's my man
And the love he's giving you
Is weak and second hand

Tell me, tell me, tell me now
How could you lay there
Stretched out in my bed
With my brand new nighty on
My rollers in your nappy head

Some girls, they
Got no pride at all, no
Some are just downright dirty
Some are just dogs

All you're getting is my leftovers
You're digging out a love
I done picked over
You oughta leave my man alone
Find one of your own
Stop making the dog, girl
Scraping the bone, ow

It don't bother me if the man
Give you a little bit of loving sometime
Cause, you see, I know
I he makes it good to you
It's me that's on his mind

But tell me, tell me
Tell me, tell me now
How could you forget, girl
The man left you for me and if
He ever decides to do it to you
It's out of responsibility

I don't see how some
Folks can be so dumb, no
You got the nerve to
Think you're living good
But all you're getting is crumbs

All you're getting is my leftovers
You're digging out a love
I done picked over
You oughta leave my man alone
Find one of your own
Stop making the dog, girl
Scraping the bone, ow

Leave him alone, now
Go and find a man of your own
Cause there ain't nothing
Left of the man to see

You see, I done
Took everything you had
All you're getting is my leftovers
You're digging out of surplus garbage

Hey, leave him alone now
Go and find a man of
Your own this evening, girl
I know you look kinda bad but
There must be somebody
That wants you anyway

You oughta leave the man alone...

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