

Peetie Wheatstraw

"Don't Hang My Clothes On No Barb Wire Line"

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I don't want my clothes
Hung on no barb wire line
I don't want my clothes
Hung on no barb wire line
Well-well-well, I won't go crazy
But baby, I'll gradually lose my mind

Well-well-well, I want none-a the sugar
Mama, sprinkled in my tea
Well-well I don't want no sugar
Mama, sprinkled in my tea
Well, I pass all the business womens
They're all sweet enough for me

Well-well-well, I can't use no gravy
Mixed up in my rice
Well-well-well, I can't use no gravy, mama
Mixed up in my rice
Well-well-well, now the one I love, I b'lieve
She can mix it for me so nice
(piano)

Wee-mm, little girl got boggied
She throwed all a-my clothes outdo's
Well, now little girl got boggied
She throwed all a-my clothes outdo's
Well-well, right now, how I wonder
Mama, will a shoppin' bag hold my clothes?

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