

Sonny Boy Williamson

"Your Funeral My Trial"

Visit "[Your Funeral My Trial](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Please come home to your daddy, and explain yourself
to me

Because I and you are man and wife, tryin' to start a
family

I'm beggin' you baby, cut out that off the wall jive
If you can't treat me no better, it gotta be your funeral
and my trial

When I and you first got together, 't was on one Friday
night

We spent two lovely hours together, and the world
knows allright

I'm just beggin' you baby, please cut out that off the
wall jive

You know you gotta treat me better, if you don't it gotta
be your funeral and my trial

Alright... (solo)

The good Lord made the world and everything was in it
The way my baby love is some solid sentiment
She can love to heal the sick and she can love to raise
the dead

You think I'm jokin' but you better be- lieve what I say

I'm beggin' you baby, cut out that off the wall jive

Yeh you gotta treat me better, or it gotta be your
funeral and my trial

Visit [Sonny Boy Williamson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.