

Houston Grand Opera

"Act II, Scene 1: I Hates Yo' Struttin' Style"

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Frien' wid you low-life? Hell no!
I hates yo' struttin' style,
Yes sir, and yo' god damn silly smile
an' yo' ten cent di'mons an' yo' fi'cent butts.
Oh, I hates yo' guts.

Somebody's got to carve you up to set these people
free
An' de writin' on the wall says it's a goin' to be me.
Some night when you is full of gin an'don't know I's
about,
I'm go?n' to take you by de tail an' turn you inside out.

Frien wid you, low-life! hell, no!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I's figgerin to break yo' bones
Yes sir, one by one.
An' then I's goin' to carve you up an' hang you in de
sun.
I'll feed yo' meat to buzzards an' give'em belly aches.
An' take yo' bones to Kittiwah to pizen rattlesnakes,

Frien's wid you, low-life?
I fears I mus' decline!
I sooner cuts mah own throat 'fore I calls you a frien' of
mine!

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