

## Ida Cox

### "Pink Slip Blues"

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One day every week, I prop myself at my front door  
One day every week, I prop myself at my front door  
And the police force couldn't move me 'fore that mail  
man blow

'Twas a little white paper Uncle Sam had done  
addressed to me  
'Twas a little white paper Uncle Sam had done  
addressed to me  
It meant one more week, one week of sweet prosperity

But bad news got to spreading, and my poor hair  
started turning grey  
But bad news got to spreading, and my poor hair  
started turning grey  
Cause Uncle Sam started chopping, cutting thousands  
off the W.P.A.

Just a little pink slip, in a long white envelope  
Just a little pink slip, in a long white envelope  
Was the end of my road, was the last ray of my only  
hope

After four long years, Uncle Sam done put me on the  
shelf  
After four long years, Uncle Sam done put me on the  
shelf  
Cause that little pink slip means you got to go for  
yourself

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