

Was
"You Can't Make The Grade"

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Well, your woman's actin' funny
When you start to gettin' old
This is a story
Never been told

Too late, old man
Yo' debts have been paid
Yes, your race is done ruined
Man, you can't make the grade

She works like an ox
Come home tired as a mule
When you get sixty years old
Befo' you know you's a fool

Too late, old man
Yo' debts have been paid
Yes, your race is done ruined
Man, you can't make the grade

At midnight she shake you
She knows that's a joke
She know it will be early in the mo'nin
Befo' she get you woke

Too late, old man
Yo' debts have been paid
Yes, your race is done ruined
Man, you can't make the grade

'Alrighty now, I'm up, play one'

(instrumental & sax)

'Yes, yas'

On Monday, you feel like playin'
She says she don't like yo' game
Tuesday, come
It's about the same

Wednesday, she 'cussed you of
Some other chick
Thursday, when you touch her
She says she's sick

Friday, come
She kiss you on yo' cheek
She know you should have enough money
To last her all the week

Too late, old man
Yo' debts have been paid
Yes, your race is done ruined
Man, you can't make the grade.

~

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