

## Bessie Jackson

### "Down In Boogie Alley"

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Way down in Boogie Alley1 ain't nothin' but scaws and  
bums

Way down in Boogie Alley ain't nothin' but scaws and  
bums

And when I get drunk who's goin' to take me home?

I'm goin' to stop my man from runnin' around

I'm goin' to stop my man from runnin' around

'Cause down in Boogie Alley is where he can be found

He goes down in Boogie Alley, house number three

He goes down in Boogie Alley, house number three

And when he gets down there the womens won't let him  
come to see me

I went down in Boogie Alley with my razor in my hand

I went down in Boogie Alley with my razor in my hand

And the blues struck me, I brought back my man

If you go in Boogie Alley you better take your .442

If you go in Boogie Alley you better take your .44

The womens a get your man down there and they won't  
let him go

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Note 1: Boogie Alley, the red light district. Boogie,  
syphilis;

Note 2: .44, the caliber of a handgun.

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