

## **Bessie Jackson**

### **"Pot Hound Blues"**

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You must bring me a job or money from anywhere  
You must bring me a job or money from anywhere  
'Cause I can get your kind of lovin' in the street just  
anywhere

You come home every day lookin' for your stew and  
beans  
You come home every day lookin' for your stew and  
beans  
And you have got more nerve than any pot hound I've  
ever seen

Now you take your money, you have your fun  
You don't have nothin', when house rent come  
And I'm thru, cookin' your stew and beans  
And you can eat more neck bones than any man I've  
ever seen

Now if you want me baby, you got to make your purse  
show down  
If you want me baby make your purse show down  
And you got to put your money down where I got mine

Now you're layin' up in my bed, between my two white  
sheets  
I can't see and smell nothin', but your doggone feet  
And I'm thru, tryin' to make a man of you  
And if you can't bring a job, don't you look for your  
daily stew

I worked hard from Monday until late Saturday night  
And you're a dirty mistreater, you ain't treatin' me right  
And I'm thru, cookin' your stew and beans  
And you's a dirty pot hound, dirty as any man I've seen

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Note 1: pot hound, .

