

Robert Wilkins**"That's No Way To Get Along"**

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I'm goin' home, friends, sit down and tell my, my
mama
Friends, sit down and tell my mama
I'm goin' home, sit down and tell my mama
I'm goin' home, sit down and tell my mama
That that's no way to get along

These low-down women, mama, they treated your,
ahw, poor son wrong
Mama, treated me wrong
These low-down women, mama, treated your poor son
wrong
These low-down women, mama, treated your poor son
wrong
And that's no way for him to get along

They treated me like my poor heart was made of a rock
or stone
Mama, made of a rock or stone
Treated me like my poor heart was made of a rock or
stone
Treated me like my poor heart was made of a rock or
stone
And that's no way for me to get along

You know, that was enough, mama, to make your son
wished he's dead and gone
Mama, wished I's dead and gone
That is enough to make your son, mama, wished he's
dead and gone
That is enough to make your son, mama, wished he's
dead and gone
'Cause that's no way for him to get along

I stood on the roadside, I cried alone, all by myself
I cried alone by myself
I stood on the roadside and cried alone by myself
I stood on the roadside and cried alone by myself
Cryin', "That's no way for me to get along"

I's wantin' some train to come along and take me away

from here
Friends, take me away from here
Some train to come along and take me away from here
Some train to come along and take me away from here
And that's no way for me to get along

Note: the 1929 "That's No Way to Get Along", the most famous of Wilkins prewar 78's, was covered by the Rolling Stones as "Prodigal Son".

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