

The Choirboys

"No Money, No Love"

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Ivy pack up she clothes to leave
Because John was down and out
All alone he was left to grieve
She had a next man in South
She said openly
I really love you Johnny
But you ain't have no money
So what will my future be
Even though you love me?

We can't love without money
We can't make love on hungry belly
Johnny you'll be the only one I'm dreaming of
You're my turtle dove
But no money no love

If you hear how he plead with she to get she to
understand
Listen, mister, she tell Johnny
Leggo me blasted hand
And make up your mind
We got to break up this lime
She said poverty is a crime
You got no money
Still you tanglin' me all the blinkin' time

Gentleman let me tell you plain
She say I don't want to make a scene
But if you only touch me again
The police will intervene
You ain't got a cent
I couldn't even pay me rent
I had to give up me apartment
You give me nothing to eat
Now you want me to sleep on the pavement?

Johnny nearly killed she with blows
Poor Ivy bawl like a cow
Rip up she wig and he tear down she clothes
The South man ain't want she now
Oh, Lord, what a fight

They roll until broad daylight
Charlotte street was hot that night
She get some good lick but she let go kick and some
bite

- singing -

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