

## Victoria Spivey

### "Detroit Moan"

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Detroit's a cold, cold place, and I ain't got a dime to my name

Detroit's a cold, hard place, and I ain't got a dime to my name

I would go the poorhouse, but Lord you know I'm ashamed

I been walkin' Hastings Street, nobody seems to treat me right

I've been walkin' Hastings Street, nobody seems to treat me right

I can make it in the daytime, but Lord these cold cold nights

Well I'm tired of eatin' chili, and I can't eat beans no more

Yes I'm tired of eatin' chili, and I can't eat beans no more

People'll hurt my feelings, Lord from door to door

I got to leave Detroit, if I have to flag number ninety-four

I'm gonna leave Detroit, if I have to flag number ninety-four

And if I ever get back home, I ain't never comin' to Detroit no more

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