

Esther Bigeou

"Beale Street Mama"

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Mamie Neale, down in Beale,
Gave her papa the air,
Left him cold, got him told,
Like she didn't care;
Poor Joe, her beau,
Looked just like he would die;
If you would see her, you would hear her, sob this
mournful cry:

Beale Street Papa, why don't you come back home?
It isn't proper to leave your mama all alone.
Sometimes I was cruel, that's true,
But your sweet mama never did two-time you;
Ah, ooh, I'm blue!
So how come you do me like you do?
I'm cryin'!

Beale Street Papa, I mean, don't you mess around with
me;
There's plenty petting I can get in Tennessee,
I get my lovin' constantly, but not the kind you served
to me,
So please, sweet papa, come back home!

Beale Street Papa, I mean, don't you mess around with
me;
There's plenty petting I can get in Tennessee,
I bought a razor, rifle, rope and knife,
But if the police comes for you, baby, gonna save my
life,
So Beale Street Papa, come back home!

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