

# Tramp

Buddy Guy

Tramp  
What you call me?  
Tramp  
Oh you didn't  
You don't wear continental clothes or Stetson hats  
Well I tell you one doggone thing  
It makes me feel good to know one thing

I know I'm a lover  
Matter of opinion, baby  
That's all right, Mama was  
So  
Papa too  
And I'm the only child  
Lovin' is all I know to do

You know what, Otis?  
What?  
You're country  
That's all right  
You straight from the Georgia woods  
That's good  
You know what? You wear overalls  
And big old brogan shoes  
And you need a haircut, tramp

Haircut? Woman, you foolin'  
Ooh, I'm a lover  
Mama was, Grandmama, Papa too  
They'll make you one  
Oh, that's alright

And I'm the only son of a gun, yeah, this side of the sun  
Tramp  
That's right, that's what you are

You know what? I'm no tramp

You know what, Otis?  
I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp  
What?  
That's right  
You haven't even got a fat bankroll in your pocket  
You probably haven't even got twenty-five cents

I got six Cadillacs, five Lincolns  
Four Fords, six Mercuries, three T-Birds, Mustang  
Ooh, I'm a lover  
You're true about me  
My Mama was, my Papa too

I tell you one thing  
Well tell me

I'm the only son of a gun, yeah this side of the sun  
Alright  
You're a tramp, Otis

No I'm not  
I don't care what you say, you're still a tramp  
Don't call me that

Look here you ain't got no money  
I got everything  
You can't buy me all those minks and sables and all that stuff I want  
I can buy you minks, rats, frogs, squirrels, rabbits  
Anything you want, woman

Look, you can go out in the Georgia woods catch them, baby  
Oh, you foolin'  
You're still a tramp  
That's alright  
You a tramp, Otis, you just a tramp  
That's alright

You wear overalls, you need a haircut, baby

Cut off some of that hair off your head  
You think you a lover, huh?