

Billie's Blues

Carmen McRae

Hey, hey, I love my man, Tell the world I do.
Yeah, I love my man, Tell the world I do.
But the way he mistreats me Makes me feet so blue.
Yeah, yeah, I love that man, I'm a liar if I say I don't.
Yes, I love that man, I'm a liar if I say I don't.
But I'll quit that man, I'm a liar if I say I won't.
I've been your slave,
Ever since I've been your babe. I'm talkin' 'bout being
your slave,
Ever since I've been your babe. But before I'll be your
dog,
I'll see you laying in your grave.

If you don't like my peaches, Why do you shake my tree?
I said, if you don't dig the peaches, baby, Stand back
from the tree.
You'd better get out of my orchard, And let my peach tree
be.
Hey, I ain't good-lookin', And my hair ain't hangin' down
in curls.
I ain't good-lookin' and my hair ain't curls.
But you can believe my mame she give me something,
It's gonna carry me through this world. Some men like me
'cause I'm happy,
Some'cause I'm snappy, Some call me honey,
Those of 'em think I got money. Some say, "McRae, you are
truly built for speed
So if you wrap it all together,
Makes me everything a good man needs . . . Good man needs.