

Get Up Off Your Knees

Ethel Waters

A trifling man came home one night
And tiptoed to his door
To his despair, his little wifie was there
Waitin' to lay down the law

Said she, "I'm through, I'm really sick of you
Get out, stay out, and be on your way"
Well he dropped down on his knees
Cried "oh, please",
But this is all she had to say:

Get up, get up, off your knees papa
You can't win me back that way
Turn in, turn in all your keys papa
You really goin' this time to stay

I discovered that you're the worst man in this town
Looks like you're fond of keepin' on going lower down
Get up, get up, off your knees papa
You can't win me back that way

Get right up off your knees papa
I'm tellin' you, you can't win me back that way
Turn in all your keys papa
'Cause I put you out this time to stay

You're so blamed crooked, here are blades
Looks like it's a hard matter for you to keep your head up straight
So get up off your knees papa
You can't win me back that way

Anyhow. Stand up when you're makin' your pleas
No use you wearin' out your knees
I heard someone say right next door
Look mighty strange down there on all fours

Stop it, down like that
What in the devil anyhow can you be drivin' at?
So get up and stay up off your knees papa
You can't win me back that way

Besides it looks suspicious
And you can't win me back that way.