

## You Can't Do What My Last Man Did

Ethel Waters

Listen, daddy mine, what do you want of me?  
I've been just as good as can be;  
Now the love I had for you has turned to hate;  
You don't appreciate,  
So, Daddy, there's the gate.

You can't do what my last man did.  
Boss me 'round, and treat me like he did,  
I'm wise to what you'd like to do,  
So from now on, let me miss you,  
I weep and pine all the time,  
While you show off with friends of mine!

My last man tried to drag me down,  
But he was one good man to have around;  
But when the clock on the wall strikes half past three,  
I want all the things you took from me,  
'Cause you can't do what my last man did.

Early this morning, you wanted to fight,  
'Cause you heard I cabareted last night,  
Tried to take my money, and pawn my flat,  
Now you've worn the welcome clean off my mat.

'Cause you can't do what my last man did:  
Hold me tight, treat me right, every night;  
I'd love you if you only did,  
Every night, treat me right, hold me tight,  
You're mighty old to be so bold,  
And I can't stand a man that's cold,  
Why you can't love me sufficiently,  
To make me forget my used-to-be.

He could love like a lover should,  
Always could, when he would, he was good,  
You've lost your nest, go east or west, but go, just go  
Now that last cruel papa, he blacked my eye,  
Then left me alone to sigh and cry,  
But you can't do what that last man did.