

Papa Was Too

Joe Tex

Tramp!
All right, baby, you can call me that
My Papa was
'Cause I never dug working
From morning 'till night
And my money didn't seem to ever come out right
No no

Papa was a tramp
But he was a lover too
So why can't I do like Papa do?
A-like a-Papa do, yeah
A-like a-Papa do, now
'Cause I'm his son
Why can't I be like my daddy?

Low down and nasty
All right, if you want to call me that, go ahead
I guess Papa was too
Just 'cause he don't take
Nobody's mess
I get mad in a minute
And jump in your chest

Lowdown, alright?
Papa was too
But he was a lover too, now
So why can't I do like a-Papa do?
Alright
A-like a-Papa do, now
A-like Papa do
'Cause I'm his son
I wanna be like daddy
Be like my daddy

Ho!
Alright, call me for two
'Cause Papa was
Why, yes he was

Just 'cause he got a holes in both of my shoes
And I cover the holes with the daily news
Papa was pro
He was a lover too
So why can't I do like my Papa do?
Alright
A-like a-Papa do, now
Like my Papa do
'Cause I'm his son
Can't you understand?
I wanna be like my daddy
Be like my daddy
Oh, I'm his son, now
A-don't you miss m-me now
Just call me wanna hang around and do nothing
But newspaper in my shoes
I just cover them holes, yeah