

Hustlin' Woman Blues

Memphis Minnie

I stood on the corner all night long, counting the stars one by one
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I didn't make me no money, Bob, and I can't go back home

(spoken: I've got a bad man)

My man sits in the window with his .45 in his hand
My man sits in the window with his .45 in his hand
Every now and then he gets to hollering at me and tells me, "You better not miss that man"

(spoken: I've got him, baby)

My daddy ain't got no shoes, Bob, now it done got cold
My daddy ain't got no shoes, Bob, now it done got cold
I'm gonna grab me somebody if I don't make myself some dough

(spoken:

I'm going to the Quarter Bowl
Bob, can you gamble?
No, it's rough when you can't do nothin'
I just want to know can you shoot dice?
No?
Can't shoot no dice?
I can't gamble myself
Well, I can't do nothin' but I bet a man I can)

I'm going to the Quarter Bowl, see what I can Find
I'm going to the Quarter Bowl, see what I can Find
And if I make a hundred dollars, I'm gonna bring my daddy ninety-nine