

Possession

Whose little lady is you, chile,

Whose little gal is you?

What's de use o' kiver'n up yo' face?

Chile, dat ain't de way to do.

Lemme see yo' little eyes,

Tek yo' little han's down nice,

Lawd, you wuff a million bills,

Huh uh, chile, dat ain't yo' price.

Honey, de money ain't been made

Dat dey could pay fu' you;

'T ain't no use a-biddin'; you too high

Fu' de riches' Jap er Jew.

Lemme see you smilin' now,

How dem teef o' yo'n do shine,

An' de t'ing dat meks me laff

Is dat all o' you is mine.

How's I gwine to tell you how I feel,

How's I gwine to weigh yo' wuff?

Oh, you sholy is de sweetes' t'ing

Walkin' on dis blessed earf.

Possum is de sweetes' meat,

Cidah is de nices' drink,

But my little lady-bird

Is de bes' of all, I t'ink.

Talk erbout 'uligion he'pin' folks

All thoo de way o' life,

Gin de res' 'uligion, des' gin me

You, my little lady-wife.

Den de days kin come all ha'd,

Den de nights kin come all black,

Des' you tek me by de han',

An' I'll stumble on de track.

Stumble on de way to Gawd, my chile,

Stumble on, an' mebbe fall;

But I'll keep a-trottin', while you lead on,

Pickin' an' a-trottin', dat's all.

Hol' me mighty tight, dough, chile,

Fu' hit's rough an' rocky lan',

Heaben's at de en', I know,

So I's leanin' on yo' han'.