

## De Way T'ings Come

De way t'ings come, hit seems to me,

Is des' one monst'ous mystery;

De way hit seem to strike a man,

Dey ain't no sense, dey ain't no plan;

Ef trouble sta'ts a pilin' down,

It ain't no use to rage er frown,

It ain't no use to strive er pray,

Hit's mortal boun' to come dat way.

Now, ef you's hongry, an' yo' plate

Des' keep on sayin' to you, "Wait,"

Don't mek no diffunce how you feel,

'T won't do no good to hunt a meal,

Fu' dat ah meal des' boun' to hide

Ontwell de devil's satisfied,

An' 'twell dey's some'p'n by to cyave

You's got to ease yo'se'f an' sta've.

But ef dey's co'n meal on de she'f  
You need n't bothah 'roun' yo'se'f,  
Somebody's boun' to amble in  
An' 'vite you to dey co'n meal bin;  
An' ef you's stuffed up to de froat  
Wid co'n er middlin', fowl er shoat,  
Des' look out an' you'll see fu' sho  
A 'possum faint befo' yo' do'.

De way t'ings happen, huhuh, chile,  
Dis worl' 's done puzzled me one w'ile;  
I's mighty skeered I'll fall in doubt,  
I des' won't try to reason out  
De reason why folks strive an' plan  
A dinnah fu' a full-fed man,  
An' shet de do' an' cross de street  
F'om one dat raaly needs to eat.