

It Won't Be Long — Charlie Patton (1929)

I believe sweet mama, (won't) do like she says, baby. (2)
Gonna cook my supper, lord put me in her bed.

You ever to Memphis, stop by Minglewood, baby. (2)
You Memphis women, don't mean no man no good.

She's got a man or her man, got a kid on her kid, baby. (2)
Done got so bold, lord she won't keep it hid.

A, a rider, she ain't gonna be here long, baby.
I got a rider, she ain't gonna be here long, baby.
(Well all around) daddy'll be here long.

I believe sweet mama, sure was kind to me, baby. (2)
She's up at night like a police on his beat.

I'll tell you something, keep it to yourself, baby.
I'm gonna tell you something, keep it to yourself, baby.
You don't tell your husband, lord and no one else.

She's a long tall woman, tall like a cherry tree, baby.
Got a long tall woman, tall like a cherry tree, baby.
She gets up 'fore day and she put the thing on me.