

Hey little mama, the world is going astray
I've got a bad luck deal, give me trouble every day

An' I'm going I'm going, put black crepe on your door Tell 'er your man ain't dead, don't come to your house no more

An' I'm going downtown, goin' down there till dawn hey hey little mama, I'm about to carry on

Well look out baby now mama when I get back Don't want to find no monkey man linin' my track

I don't like whiskey, but I'm crazy about my beer I feel so good must be a brand new year

I got a girl in the country, (got two that stay in), got two that stay in town The reason I treat'm so nice, cause one might trow me down