

## Dyin' by the Hour

Bessie Smith

It's an old story, every time it's a doggone man!  
It's an old story, every time it's a doggone man!  
But when that thing is gone you,  
you just drift from hand to hand!  
I'd drink up all this acid, if it wouldn't burn me so,  
I'd drink up all this acid, if it wouldn't burn me so,  
Then telephone the devil, that's the only place I'd go!  
Once I weighed two hundred, I'm nothin' but skin and bone,

Once I weighed two hundred, I'm nothin' but skin and bone,  
I would always laugh, but it's nothin' but a moan and a groan!  
Lord, I'm dyin' by the hour about that doggone man of mine,  
I'm dyin' by the hour 'bout that doggone man of mine,  
He said he didn't love me, that is why I'm dyin' an' losin' my  
mind!