

Little Bittie Gal's Blues

Big Joe Turner

I wake up every morning
Honey, with the risin' sun
I wake up every morning
Baby, with the risin' sun
Thinkin' about my honey dripper
And all the wrong she's done

When you see my baby
Tell her I said, hurry home
If you see my baby
Tell her I said, hurry home
I ain't had no real good lovin'
Since my gal been gone

She's a little bitty girl
And they call her Vita Lee
She's a little bitty girl
And they call her Vita Lee
Well, the poor girl's gone
But she sure was good to me

I don't mind cryin', baby
But I hate to sleep all by myself
Don't mind cryin', baby
But I hate to sleep all by myself
Well, the little girl I'm in love with
She's lovin' somebody else