

Mr. Smith

Nina Simone

Don't you realize, Mr. Smith?
Don't you realize what thirty dollars buy today?
Just some stockings, and that's it.

I came from Havanah
My mother was wild as you are
She often said to me
My child, don't sell yourself
For just a dollar or two
If you end up like me
God bless you, child
So think it over
For that little money
You give to me, Mr. Smith