

Dead Cats On The Line

Tampa Red

You Chicago women run hand in hand
You run around with one another's man
There's a dead cat on the line
There's a dead cat on the line
I ain't lyin', you're the cheatin' kind
There's a dead cat on the line

You come home at night talkin' out your head
You have to take a bath before you go to bed

You're in such a sniffer gettin' mighty strung
When you shake hands you got to hold it so long

She as standin' in church with her own man
I saw you when you tickled her in her hand
(Play it now!)

You're brownskin, your husband ain't fair
Your children all yellin' got curly hair

Early this mornin' 'bout half past four
I seen Bill Johnson comin' out your door

There's one thing I can't understand
You broke up your home and quit your reg'lar man