

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Cocaine Blues (4)

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(Luke Jordan)

Oh go on, gal, don't you take me for no fool
I'm not gonna quit you, pretty mama, while the weather's cool
Around your back door, oh honey, I'm gonna creep
As long as you make those two and a half a week

Now I got a girl, she works in the white folk's yard
She brings me meal, I can swear she brings me lard
She brings me meat, she brings me lard
She brings me everything, I swear, that she can steal

Now Barn and Beale's (?) circus came to town,
They had an elephant looking good and brown
They did not know it was against the law
For the monk(ey) to stop at a five drugstore
Just around the corner, just a minute too late,
Another one's standin' at the big back gate
I'm simply wild about my good cocaine

I called my Cora, hey hey
She come on sniffin' with her nose all sore,
The doctor swore (she's) gonna smell no more
Sayin', run doctor, ring the bell - the women in the alley
I'm simply wild about my good cocaine

Now the furniture man came to my house, it was last Sunday morn
He asked me was my wife at home and I told him she had long gone
He backed his wagon up to my door, took everything I had
He carried it back to the furniture store and I swear I did feel sad

What in the world has anyone got for dealing with the furniture man
If you got no dough, you stand no show, it's certain he'll back you back
He'll take everything from an earthly plant, from a skillet to a frying pan
If ever there was a devil born without any horns,
It must have been a furniture man

I called my Cora, hey hey
She come on sniffin' with her nose all sore,
Doctor swore (she's) gonna smell no more
Sayin' coke's for horses, not women nor men
The doctor said it will kill you, but he didn't say when
I'm simply wild about my good cocaine

Now the baby's in the cradle in New Orleans, it kept a-whippin' till it got so
mean

It kept a-whippin' had to fix it so (indecipherable)
Saying, run doctor, ring the bell - the women in the alley
I'm simply wild about my good cocaine

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She come on sniffin' with her nose all sore,
The doctor swore (she's) gonna smell no more
Sayin', run doctor, ring the bell - the women in the alley
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SOURCE: Luke Jordan 'Cocaine Blues' Vi 20176. Recorded Tuesday 16 August
1927 in Charlotte NC. Reissued on Various Artists 'The Roots of Rap' Yazoo CD
20218. Dick Justice recorded 'Cocaine Blues' on 20 May 1930 in Chicago Ill. It
is
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