

Goin' To Lose Yer Baby In De Mornin' - song lyrics

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Done gone an' told my feller, I'se sorry, 'deed I am;
I'se got anoder honey boy-a reg'lar sporty man;
Of course, he ain't no nigger, but dat don't cut no figure;
He is black, apd dal am what a nigger ought to be.

Chorus.

So what yer goin' to do when yer lose yer little honey, oh?
What yer goin' ter do when she stops yer spending money f
'Deed I'se got to quit yer, let anoder nigger get yer.
An' yer goin' to lose yer baby in de morniin'

My new man am a corker, de hottest thing around;
He wears de swellest diamonds too of any coon in town;
A reg'lar cake-walk winner, an' lives on chicken dinner:
Love yer man, And den he said, you will be in it loo.-Chorus.

I hate to tole my feller I has to turn him down,
I'se got to be a Trilby for my new man Billie Brown.
An' change my name to Sadie, wear diamonds like a lady,
Den I'll do de Boulevard when Sunday comes around.- Chorus.