

That'll Be All Right, Baby - song lyrics

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THAT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, BABY.
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Words and Music by Will M. Cook.

Late last night, about eleven o'clock,
Went to see my Lula gal, the door was locked,
I peeped in the window, a-meaning no harm,
And yonder sat my Lula in another nigger's arm;
My mind was agitated and my heart was sore,
Got myself together and I busted in the door,
My Lula gal's a black gal, but I gave her such a fright,
I hope I'll never leave here if she didn't turn white.

Chorus.
That'll be all a-right, baby! That'll be all a-right, baby!
That'll be all a-right, baby, but you've done me a wrong.

Such queer foolin', now I never could stand,
Didn't want my Lula loving no nigger man,
I then grabbed that woman, just to scare her a bit;
The way that wench did holler, well you'd thought she had a fit;
Up jumped the other nigger and I grabbed at his arm;
When he drew his steel I knew he meant to do me harm;
I felt myself a-going and I didn't know no more,
'Till I found myself a-bleeding just outside my Lula's door.- Cho.