

Wine Headed (Wo)man

Will Shade (1962)

verse:	chorus:
E, Eb	A, A, E, E
E, E	B7, A7, E, E

Look here, Mr. Brown, where'd you stay last night?
Your hair's all rumped, you ain't treating me right

I'm tired of your low-down, dirty ways
You won't get me a half-gallon of wine, you just got me one little lousy quart today

I know when you had your money, you had friends for miles around
Money done run low, now none of your friends can be found

I'm tired, Mr. Brown, of your low-down, dirty ways
You won't get me a half-gallon of wine, I wish you'd go back to Atlanta and stay

Before you came up here and met me you were very fine and kind
Man, you bought me all kinds of wine

I'm tired, Mr. Brown, of your low-down, dirty ways
You won't buy me enough wine, Mr. Brown, just one more lousy quart today

I woke up this morning, I was thinking good and cool
I said, I know Mr. Brown knows Son Brimmer ain't no fool

He said, look here, Son, do you think you're treating me right?
I've been buying you wine, Son, day and night!

I said, look here, Mr. Brown, could you tell me one thing, what's the matter,
what you got on your mind?
He said, look here, Son Brimmer, I can't buy you wine all the time

I said, look here, Mr. Brown, I don't want to get mad
But I'm gonna make you get me some wine, or I'll whoop your yeah yeah yeah

He said, look here, Son, don't you get too smart
Cause I heard you, *boy when you did that, last night*

I said, look here, Mr. Brown, I don't want to argue with you
Would you mind getting me one of those old, good old, Golden Harvests too?

He said, well yes, Son, excuse me for being so bold
You know, I'm gonna buy you one more quart of wine and I got to bottle it up and go

I said I'm tired of your low-down, dirty ways
Just get me one more half-gallon, and I won't bother you no more today