

THE BARREL-HOUSE BLUES OF SPECKLED RED

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FG 3555

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

ORIGINALLY RECORDED BY DANSK



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S742
B272
1961

MUSIC LP

SIDE 1

Band 1: AIN'T NOBODY'S BIZ:NESS IF I DO
Band 2: UNCLE SAM'S BLUES
Band 3: COW COW BLUES
Band 4: IF I COULD BE WITH YOU
Band 5: IT FEELS SO GOOD
Band 6: WHY DON'T YOU PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH

SIDE II

Band 1: PINETOP'S BOOGIE WOOGIE
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Band 3: HOW LONG BLUES
Band 4: BABY WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?
Band 5: IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS
Band 6: YOU AIN'T NO GOOD

THE BARREL-HOUSE BLUES OF SPECKLED RED

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The Barrel-House Blues of SPECKLED RED

SIDE ONE

| | | |
|---------|---|-------|
| Band 1. | <u>T'AIN'T NOBODY'S BIZ-NESS IF I DO</u> | 2'45" |
| Band 2. | <u>UNCLE SAM'S BLUES</u> | 3'15" |
| Band 3. | <u>COW COW BLUES</u> | 3'30" |
| Band 4. | <u>IF I COULD BE WITH YOU</u> | 2'20" |
| Band 5. | <u>IT FEELS SO GOOD</u> | 3'10" |
| Band 6. | <u>WHY DON'T YOU PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH</u> | 3'10" |

Samuel B. Charters

"Yes, and if I should ever take me a notion,
Baby, to jump right into the deep blue ocean,
Ain't nobody's business if I do . . ."

In the winter of 1951, when I was serving in the United States Army in Alaska, one of the few pleasures to be had in the dreary winter nights was the music on the jukebox in the area service club. The club itself was a cramped and grimy quonset hut, with a few boards for a bar and some folding tables and chairs, but it was warm and noisy. The vast silence and space of the birch forest where we were stationed was almost overwhelming in the long hours of darkness and we used to hurry through the snow toward the club with our faces buried in our parkas. There was even beer, brought in from Seattle, and occasionally somebody would bring some whiskey in from Anchorage. I remember sitting down one night and suddenly becoming aware of a raucous voice coming from the juke box, with a piano accompaniment that would have been considered primitive even in some of the country places I'd been in in Louisiana. The singer, someone named "Piano Red", was shouting,

"You got the right string, baby, but the wrong yo-yo,
Hear me knockin' on yo' do' . . ."

Three or four years later, when I picked up my first Speckled Red record in a Tennessee junk shop the voice in that Alaskan quonset hut came back to me. Speckled Red and Piano Red sounded so much alike that

SIDE TWO

| | | |
|---------|---|-------|
| Band 1. | <u>PINETOP'S BOOGIE WOOGIE</u> | 3'20" |
| Band 2. | <u>I GOT A FEELING THAT I'M FALLING</u> | 3'45" |
| Band 3. | <u>HOW LONG BLUES</u> | 3'00" |
| Band 4. | <u>BABY WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME</u> | 3'30" |
| Band 5. | <u>IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS</u> | 4'45" |
| Band 6. | <u>YOU AIN'T NO GOOD</u> | 3'20" |

Piano and Voice by Speckled Red (Rufus Perryman)
Recorded by Dansk, Denmark.

I thought at first that they must be the same man. It was only after asking around that I found out that they were brothers, both singers and pianists, and both with an irresistible energy and determination to their music. Probably because of my first early encounter of Piano Red in a noisy, crowded hut in Alaska I still sometimes confuse the two of them.

Speckled Red took his nickname from the light tone of his skin and his freckled face. He was born Rufus Perryman on December 4, 1892 in Hampton, Georgia. Hampton is a small place in northern Georgia, not far from Atlanta and the family moved into Atlanta when he was still a child. He began playing the piano when he was in his teens, picking up the styles of the itinerant players that drifted in and out of Houston. By the first World War he'd become one of these itinerant players himself, playing and singing in dance halls and honky tonks any place he could get a job. Usually the piano player had to work in a din of shouting voices, stamping feet, and clinking bottles so the music was loud, percussive piano playing, hitting the keys with the hands open to get some weight into the notes and simple repetitive bass patterns to keep the rhythm going even if the melody was lost in the noise. From the eastern players he picked up the ragtime figures he still uses in the treble, and from the western players he picked up the steady rumble of the "Fast Texas" or "Galveston" styles that were later given the name "boogie-woogie". He still remembers hearing pianists like Will Ezell in Chicago,

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Charlie Spand in Detroit, and Count Basie in Kansas City. In Detroit he became almost a legend himself, where he was known as "Detroit Red". As much as anything else it was his years of playing in the roughest clubs and halls that gave his playing its indestructible quality.

The recording career of Speckled Red began in the late Twenties, when he was working in the Memphis area. Brunswick recorded his playing and singing of an expurgated version of the famous "Dirty Dozens" and the record caught on. It was enough of a success that Brunswick brought him to Chicago the next year, reddid part of the "Dozens", and released it with an instrumental number, "Wilkins Street Stomp". For a year or so it seemed that he was on his way to a successful recording career; then came the lean days of 1930 and 1931 and he found himself, with many other singers and musicians, scuffling for any kind of a job. In 1938 the Victor and Bluebird singer Walter Davis heard him and got him a Bluebird date. Red still remembers that he got \$125 for one day's work. In his book *Shining Trumpets* Rudi Blesh described the sound of one of the Bluebird releases from a session about this same time. The record was a version of "St. Louis Stomp" with two string players joining him.

" . . . Through the musical din, Speckled Red's falsetto humming can be heard; in the midst of rhythms that tumble headlong he plays on the highest treble keys, trilled ostinati that crackle with a whirring, high sibilance over stinging arpeggios . . ."

In 1941 Red settled in St. Louis, working odd jobs and playing whenever he had a chance. Within a few years he had almost dropped out of sight in the St. Louis Market Street district. St. Louis was very alive musically during this time, with the blues singers Charlie Jordan and Big Joe Williams, most of the musicians from the old Charlie Creath and Fate Marable bands, and pianists and singers from the Twenties like Edith Johnson and Henry Brown playing around the district, but there was very little recording activity in the city and most of the music was never preserved. It was during this period that Red's brother was beginning his career as a singer and entertainer for Victor records under the name "Piano Red."

Most of the old Market Street district is being cleared away now as part of a slum clearance program. The rows of smoke grimed red brick houses stare vacantly into the littered street, the windows smashed and doors boarded shut. Tom Turpin's old Rosebud Saloon on Chestnut Street, where Tom and his friend Scott Joplin developed a new piano style called "ragtime" in the 1890's, is still standing, but when I went past it last, in the winter of 1959, the fixtures were up for sale and there was a discouraged, down at the heels feeling about it. The dance halls on Market Street where Charlie Creath led his hot, swinging bands in the early Twenties, are already gone. With the end of the Market Street district came the end of many of the jobs for the St. Louis musicians. Red got a steady job as a porter and played only occasional jobs as a pianist and entertainer. By the mid-Fifties, however, there was a new interest in his music. There were younger collectors in St. Louis who had heard of him, and following up a lead from Little Brother Montgomery a number of St. Louis jazz

fans, among them the owner of Delmar Records, Bob Koester, took an interest in his career. A young Chicago enthusiast, Erwin Helfer, recorded Red again, and issued three titles by him on his L.P. "Primitive Piano". Since that time the career of Speckled Red has almost begun where it had been interrupted in 1930. He has become a concert performer for the young traditional jazz audience in Europe, and is playing regularly whenever he's in St. Louis.

Like his brother Red hasn't paid much attention to the changing fortunes of his musical career. He still shouts the blues with the same unabashed enthusiasm and plays with the same rough abandon he had when he first began recording thirty years ago. He's learned a few new songs, but he still uses the same chords he started with when he was a boy in Atlanta. He is, consciously or unconsciously, an exuberant example of one of the first principles of the successful artist. He is always himself. Fashions change and styles change, but the entertainer who is simply himself will always find an audience. His shouted cry has almost a triumphant ring to it.

"Yes, and if I should ever take me a notion, Baby, to jump right into the deep blue ocean, Ain't nobody's business if I do . . ."

Speckled Red is one of the most irrepressible players who ever sat down at a piano. His left hand thumps out a ragged bass line, while his right hand reaches out to grab hurried clusters of notes at the top of the keyboard. As his voice rushes on with the shouted words the discordant clusters of notes jangle with an insistence that forces the listener to listen to Red's complaints or exultant cries. His enthusiasm carries the music with him. In a momentary delight with a new chord or phrase he sometimes loses the rhythm, sometimes he forgets the words, on the newer pop tunes his chords are sometimes as often wrong as they are right, but none of this ever gets in the way of his music. When he sits down at the piano, his shoulders hunch over the keys, and he turns to the audience to sing he seems to fill the room with his presence. He is an entertainer, expressing himself and his personality through his music. It's this personality, almost overwhelming when Red is in full cry, that sweeps his playing and singing past the occasional moments of erratic technique.

When Red first began his recording career in the late Twenties Pine Top Smith had just recorded his successful "boogie-woogie" numbers for Brunswick-Vocalion and the company was looking for other pianists who could play the same style music. In Pinetop's record, when he refers to "boogie-woogie", he's talking about the dance that people were doing to his music, not the music itself, but the name almost immediately was used to describe the new style, which most pianists had always called "fast Texas" or "Galveston". Red's "Dirty Dozens" was an infectious performance of the old street corner game of exchanging insults, with a ragged accompaniment, and "Wilkins Street" was a roaring solo in Red's own boogie style. Because of this Red was for years thought of as a boogie player, but his natural style is a barrel house style, even though there are harmonic elements from boogie in everything he plays. His boogie pieces are more or less set pieces with him, like the excellent performance of "Pinetop's Boogie Woogie" which opens the

second side of this recording, or the "Cow Cow Blues" of Cow Cow Davenport which he plays on the first side. "Uncle Sam's Blues" is in a slower boogie style, using a walking bass. The other nine performances are more or less in a barrel house style, though sometimes, as in "You Ain't No Good", there is an odd chorus played against a walking bass.

Like many other styles in Afro-American music the barrel house piano style is difficult to define. It differs essentially from the boogie in its bass patterns and in the use of extended melodic lines. Instead of the reiterated, tightly developed bass patterns of boogie woogie, often retaining the root and fifth of the chord through every reiteration of the harmony, with only the third varying from minor to major in the rhythmic pattern, the barrel house player uses a more conventional bass pattern. Usually the first and third beats of the measure are played as a note of the triad of the harmony, with the second and fourth beats played as the full chord in a higher inversion. Often, too, boogie melodic patterns become a series of rhythmic ostinati rather than a developed line, while barrel house usually emphasises a song-like melody. Red's performances of standards like "Baby Won't You Please Come Home" or "If I Could Be With You" have many of the rhythmic and harmonic concepts of the less sophisticated Negro styles but retain the basic structure of the published sheet music. It would not be too much of an over-simplification to say that this is the essence of the barrel house style.

Much of Red's personality is expressed in his short introductions to his songs. He feels such a personal interest in all of them that he remembers some personal reason for adding the song to his repertoire. Even if his reason is only an imagined one his own introduction is a part of the performance itself, warm and engaging. He suggests that he might be responsible for writing something like the old Lonnie Johnson favorite "It Feels So Good" and he probably did learn Leroy Carr's "How Long Blues" from Walter Davis, but this is part of his performance. He has a reason for playing everything that he does. One of his interesting interpretations is the Charlie Warfield - Clarence Williams tune, "Baby Won't You Please Come Home." The words to the verse are as published,

I Got the Blues, I feel so lonely,
I'd give the world if I could only,
Make you understand . . .

but his melody and harmonies are almost completely altered. The verse is difficult harmonically; so Red simply revised it to suit his own tastes. Once past the verse, which he has turned into an excited shout, he treats the old blues as a boisterous ragtime composition, even throwing in Bessie Smith's old variation on the melody.

In many ways it's difficult to put Speckled Red into any category. In his playing, his singing, in his comments on his music, his thundering rhythms, there is something very personal. He emphasises major thirds in his treble patterns, rather than the darker minor harmonies. In a piece like "Cow Cow Blues" he gives a rhythmic propulsion to the first line by singing the minor seventh of the harmony against a descending pattern of the root triad. The ear anticipates the resolution to the subdominant of the second line, even though he has only suggested the change. There is generally a brightness in his

harmonies that suggests that the carefree tone to his spoken introductions is an important part of his attitude toward life. His playing is rough, but his early recording have this same roughness. Like his brother, who resembles him so much musically, he doesn't seem to be concerned with the fine points of performance.

For Speckled Red it is the spirit of the music that is important, and it is his spirit that gives his music its vitality and interest.

SIDE I, Band 1: AIN'T NOBODY'S BIZ-NESS IF I DO

"Yup, I believe I'm goin' to do something different. I'm goin' to play you a little song, Ain't Nobody's Biz-ness If I Do. I don't care what I do. It ain't nobody else's business. I do anything I want in the world. That's my business, if it hurt me, that's all right. If it don't hurt me, that's all right. Whatever happens, that happens to me, you see.

"If I go to church on Sunday,
Go to the cabaret, baby, on Monday,
Now ain't nobody's biz-ness if I do.
You know I'd rather my good girl would hit me,
Oh then jump right up and quit me,
Now ain't nobody's biz-ness if I do.

If I give my gal my last penny,
Just because she haven't got any,
Then it ain't nobody's biz-ness if I do.
If I give my gal my last nickle,
Oh Lord, leave me right in a pickle,
Ain't nobody's biz-ness if I do.

Oh yes, if I should ever take up a notion,
Baby to jump right into the deep blue ocean,
Ain't nobody's biz-ness if I do.
Do, do, do, baby do, do,
Ain't nobody's biz-ness if I do."

SIDE I, Band 2: UNCLE SAM'S BLUES

"Wait, now, wait, wait, wait, wait. Like I was saying, Uncle Sam is a bad man. He get all the young folks and everything, keep up a lot of noise and can put you in a hole or something, every time there is a war goin' on. Got the help out of everybody but I. Uncle Sam carried me. He didn't carry me but he carried my uncles because I couldn't see how to go no how. So he left me at home taking care of the women. So I'm doing all right, anyhow, but I helped taking care of the women. But I done a whole lot of hard heavy thing. I worked so hard it's a crying shame. But after the War was over, he stopped me from working. But he's all right, but I want to tell you what the women say about what he done to her. Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam's Blues, here.

"Now let me tell you folks, what Uncle Sam have done to me,

"Now let me tell you folks, what Uncle Sam have done to me,

He took my husband and my good man, come back and got my used to be.

You know Uncle Sam he think that, yeah, that he is so
dog gone cute,
You know Uncle Sam he think that, yeah, that he is so
dog gone cute,
He took my husband out of his good clothes, and put
him in one of his khaki suits.
You know baby, before I go I'm bound to break the
county law,
You know baby, before I go I'm bound to break the
county law,
You know now, baby, mama I'm bound to break the law.
Because I'm bound to buy me a pistol as long as my
right arm,
Because I'm bound to buy me a pistol as long as my
right arm,
I'm going to kill everybody that I ever thought had
done me any harm,
Bye bye baby, bye bye mama, I've got to go,
Bye bye baby, bye bye mama, I've got to go,
I see you today mama, and mama maybe I never see
you no more.
You know, I'm drafted into the army, baby, I cannot
help myself.
You know, I'm drafted into the army, baby, I cannot
help myself.
If I can't help you now, mama, you know I don't want
to help nobody else.
I'm fighting for my country, fighting for my country,
baby, fighting for my country 'cause I love,
Yes, fighting for my country, fighting 'cause I love.
I want you to help me, pretty mama, pray to the Lord
above."

SIDE I, Band 3: COW COW BLUES

"Well now, first thing I want to play, people, you
know what I'm talking about. I don't know how to
explain myself, but anyway, whatever it is, it's that,
you know, it's got to be that. So I think I start
out here. Oh let's see, Cow Cow Blues. That's by
Cow Cow Davenport.

"I got up this morning, my good girl was gone,
Got up out by my bedside, hung my head and moaned,
Coming down the streets, I can't be satisfied,
Got the Rail Road blues, just too mean to cry.

Some say it was the Seaboard, some the W & A,
Don't care what train it was, took my gal away,
Starch my jumper, iron my over-alls,
I want to get that train, they call Cannonball.

Now my mama she told me, yeah when I was quite a child,
Seeing a good time now, boys, seeing till after while,
Come in here, baby, oh where you been so long,
Been to Cincinnati, baby, doing the Saturday long.

Now give you all my money, you leave me cold in hand,
You take my money and give it to another man,
Tell me now, baby, why you treat me so mean?
Treat me like a strange man you ain't never seen."

SIDE I, Band 4: IF I COULD BE WITH YOU

"If I could be with you one hour tonight. That's
great. When I was in Georgia, I wished I could be
with anybody one hour tonight. I was running all
the time. They had me goin' from place to place,
I couldn't stop nowhere. So I just talk to the

girls there. "If I could be with you one hour to-
night," yeah, that's it, that's it.

"If I could be with you one hour tonight,
Free to do the things you know that I might,
I want you to know, that I wouldn't go,
Baby, till I keep telling you why I love you so,
Be with you and keep loving you so,
Love you baby the whole night long,
Telling you true I'd be everything
If I could be with you one hour, ah, if I could be
with you."

(REPEATS TWO MORE TIMES.)

SIDE I, Band 5: IT FEELS SO GOOD

"Ah well, let me tell you, what ever you say, well I
don't care what you think or how you feel about it,
but you know, ha, whenever you are playing with your
baby and your sweetheart or something or other, that
feels so good, you know. So, one time I was playing
so hard, so when I thought I was playing so hard, I
decided I'd make a song about it, It Feels So Good.
So I told my mama, I say, I'm going to write a song
about that, about It Feels So Good.

"Mama, mama, you looked right at sis,
She's cut in the backyard doing like this,
Cause it feels so good, yeah it feels so good,
Don't you hear me talking to ya, baby, it feels so
good.

Now you come in here, sis, you come in here right now,
Trying to be a woman but you don't know how,
Well, it feels so good, yeah, it feels so good,
Don't you hear me talking to ya, baby, it feels so
good.

Tell me you love me baby, give me a party,
But soon my back is turned you're loving just who you
please,
Well, it feels so good,
Don't you hear me talking to ya, baby, it feels so
good.

You know when there ain't no love there ain't no
getting along,
Have to do the best you can, feel sick you're doing
it wrong,
But it feels so good, yeah it feels so good,
Don't you hear me talking to ya, baby, it feels so
good.

Long time baby, short time worries me,
If you can't go long time, please let me be,
Oh it feels so good, yeah it feels so good,
Don't you hear me talking to ya, baby, it feels so
good.

Now let me tell all you people how to make your good
girl smile,
Hold down the shimmy, take your time and rest awhile,
Yes it feels so good, yeah it feels so good,
Don't you hear me talking to ya, baby, it feels so
good.

You know when there ain't no love there ain't no
getting along,
Have to do the best you can, feel sick you're doing
it wrong,
But it feels so good, yeah it feels so good,
Don't you hear me talking to ya, baby, it feels so
good."

SIDE I, Band 6: WHY DON'T YOU PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH?

"Baby, I'm goin tell you something else new. Something you don't know. Now, you should practice what you preach, you know. If you tell me something, do that. If you don't tell me nothing, don't do that. Now, when ever you tell me something, you preach all you want to, but do what you preach, practice what you preach.

"Gotta, gotta be, gotta be,
You're always telling me what I do
You says you look at somebody that's new,
You tell me, my mama telling you,
Why don't you practice what you preach?

You tell me, the way to take all,
The way you done call call call,
You call me and I'm calling,
Why don't you practice what you preach?

Baby don't you cry, yeah,
You say you'll never lie, yeah,
You know you'll die, yeah,
Why do you say it with your fingers crossed?

You hollared at me name some day,
Change everything, okay,
Yes, I'm asking you,
Why don't you practice what you preach?

You're always telling me to wait till you call,
I wait and wait and you don't call at all,
You call, I'm calling you,
Why don't you practice what you preach?
You're always telling me,
You want to set the day,
Oh mama, you know mama, oh name the day,
Why don't you practice what you preach?

You say you're my sugar pie, yes,
You say you never tell a lie, yes,
You know you'll die, yes,
Why are you saying it with your fingers crossed?
You're always asking me to name some day,
You say everything's okay,
You're asking me and I'm asking you,
Why don't you practice what you preach?

You're always telling me to wait till you call,
I wait and wait and wait and then you don't call
at all,
You calling me and I'm calling you,
Why don't you practice what you preach?
You're always telling me

You say you're my little sugar pie, yes,
You say you'll never tell a lie, yes,
You say you even hope to die, yes,
Why do you say it with your fingers crossed?

"Always after me to name some day,
Change and say everything's okay,
You're asking me and I'm asking you,
Why don't you practice what you preach?"

SIDE II, Band 1: PINETOP'S BOOGIE WOOGIE

"Now I want all you folks to know Pinetop's Boogie Woogie. I want everybody to do it just like I say. When I say, I want you to get ready to stop.

When I say "stop", I mean don't you move pegs, you know exactly how it's done. When I say "get it", I want you to do a boogie woogie. Now hold yourself -- stop! Now boogie woogie. That's what I'm talking about. Now when I say hold yourself this time, I want everybody to stop again, you understand what I'm talking about? When I say "stop", I mean don't you move pegs, you know exactly how it's done. When I say "get it", I want you to do a suzie cue. Now hold yourself -- stop! Now suzie cue. That's what I'm talking about.

Say, you girl with the red dress on. Bring it right over by the piano where Pinetop is. I want you to do that like I say. When I say hold yourself once, you hear it -- stop! You know exactly what I'm talking about. You know exactly how it's done. When I say stop, I mean don't even move a peg. Well you know exactly how that's done too. But when I say get it, I want you to shake that thing. Now hold yourself -- stop! Now shake that thing. That's what I'm talking about. Now I'm going to play the piano a little bit for you all."

SIDE II, Band 2: I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT I'M FALLING

"Yeah, yeah, you know in life you has a whole lot of different feelings. Ah, you feel like you're uplifted, you feel like you're a big king or something. You know, but when I met a girl the other, oh, last week or something, maybe last month, somewhere in England, ah, I had a feeling I was falling, I was falling for that girl. So I'm going to play that song. I've Got a Feeling That I'm Falling.

Yeah, I'm falying high, but I've got a feeling,
baby, that I'm falling,
Falling for no one else but you.

You caught my eye, but I've got a feeling, baby,
that I'm falling,
Show me the ring, baby, and I'll jump right through."

(THESE LINES ARE REPEATED SEVERAL TIMES BY SPECKLED RED.)

SIDE II, Band 3: HOW LONG BLUES

"Say, I think I'll play another little piece called HOW LONG. That's one of Walter Davis's pieces. I'm goin' try him out awhile. See how he do. He's doin' very well, I guess. He's a preacher now, he quit playing. He ain't pla .ng, he's a preacher, he's preaching now.

"Now how long, baby, how long, has that evening train
been gone,
How long, baby, how long.
You know I went down to the station, see my baby
leavin' town,
I was so disgusted, tears came rolling down.

Now how long, yeah, how long baby, how long.
You know I can hear the whistle blowing, I can't
see no train,
But deep down in my heart there lies an aching pain,
Now how long, yeah, how long baby, how long.

Yeah, you know my mind keeps rambling, see I feel
so bad,
Thinking of the bad luck that I have had,

Now how long, yeah, how long baby how long.

You know if I could holler, just like a mountain
jack,
I'd go way up on the mountain and call my baby
back,
Now how long, yeah, how long baby, how long.

Yeah now some day you're going to be sorry, that
you done me wrong,
It will be too late, mama, I'll be gone,
Yes so long, so long, baby so long."

SIDE II, Band 4: BABY WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?

"Oh yeah, oh yeah, well, see, my baby left home
too. I got sick and stayed sick so long till she
run off. And I commenced writing letters and
sending word asking her baby, baby, won't you
please come home? So I decided, I said, well,
I'll make a song and put it on the radio, maybe
she hear that and she'll understand what I mean.
So I made a song -- well, I didn't make it, some-
body else made it and I liked it, so I wrote it.
I'll play it my way. Baby Won't You Please Come
Home."

"Got the blues, baby, and I feel so lost,
I'd give the world if I could make you understand,
That it sure would be grand.
Now I'm going to tell now, to go to my baby,
Asking won't you please come home.
But when you go, I'm just all alone,
Baby won't you please come home,
Baby won't you please come home,
I am sad and blue, and never more to call your
name.

Now when you left me you broke my heart,
That'll never meant to make us part.
Any hour in the day you can hear me say,

Baby won't you please come home,
Here's some money,
Baby won't you please come home.
For your papa's all alone,
I'm sad and blue,
Never more to call your name,
Now when you left me you broke my heart,
That'll never meant to make us part.
Any hour in the day you can hear me say,
Baby won't you please come home,
Here's some money,
Baby won't you please come home.

Baby won't you please come home,
Baby won't you please come home,
I am sad and blue,
Never more to call your name,
Now when you left me you broke my heart,
That'll never meant to make us part.
Any hour in the day you can hear me say,
Baby won't you please come home.
Here's some money,
Baby won't you please come home."

SIDE II, Band 5: IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS

"Well, you know, I'm going to play you a little
number here called If I Had a Million Dollars.
'Cause I don't know what I'd do myself, but I'll

sing a song that somebody else made about If I
Had a Million Dollars I'd know what I'd do. But
I'm going to play that song because I like it.
'Cause I ain't going to try to tell what I'd do,
'cause I'd like to do everything. But I'm going
to play If I Had a Million Dollars.

"Now if I had me a million dollars,
I know just what I would do,
I'd tie a string around the world,
And I would give it all to you.

Those little things you prayed for,
Whatever they may be,
I'd have enough to pay for them all C.O.D.

And if I had my million dollars,
I'll never, never care,
For if it's enough to make you mine,
I'd still be a millionaire.

Then what I'm always dreaming,
Dreaming of just what I would do,
If I had a million dollars, and you.

(THESE LINES ARE REPEATED BY SPECKLED RED.)

SIDE II, Band 6: YOU AIN'T NO GOOD

"Yeah, I'm going to play another good number, called
It Ain't No Good, something there.

"Oh you baby, you don't mean me no good,
I believe I'd be the same way if I could,
You ain't no good, yeah, you ain't no good,
I don't blame you much, I'd be the same way if I could.

I believe my soul you got a black cat ball,
'Cause every time you leave you have to go back home,
But you ain't no good, you just ain't no good,
Hear me talking to you, you just ain't no good.

Now you has your Chevrolet, your apartment suite,
Something below your neighbors keeps a worrying me,
But you ain't no good, yeah, you ain't no good,
Hear me talking to you, you just ain't no good.

Use all my brain, hurt my tum tum, work for you babe
but
It hurts my feet to walk,
But you ain't no good, yeah, you ain't no good,
Don't you hear me talking to you, you just ain't
no good.

Ma she told me, told papa too,
Don't you let the women be in debt to you,
But you ain't no good, yeah, you ain't no good,
Don't you hear me talking to you, you just ain't
no good.

Give ya my money, let you have your way,
But the way you been keeping me baby, will come on
you some day,
But you ain't no good, yeah, you ain't no good,
Don't you hear me talking to you, you just ain't
no good.

Now let me tell ya how to make your good gal smile,