

Bessie! The Life of Bessie Smith

BESSIE: I see an awful lotta of mens in tonight's house. Good looking, hot black men. But I ain't singing for you all tonight. No sirree. I'm singing for them ladies to your side. All dressed up, looking purty in their fancy getups. I'm singing for them women, about how a man can tear you every which way but loose, then look you in the eye and smile and say "I'm sorriry". And what do you do? You take him back! Arms open so wide. You let him back in your bed. Mmm. Legs open so wide.

Ladies, this is for you. I'm singing for you. Cause that no good handsome – I mean handsome - man gonna do you wrong again and again. And you gonna let him. Why" Cause he's your man. You loooove him. How do I know? Cause I had me that man too. And I still love him. I'm singing the Tell- it- like- it –is- blues. It's a story now – my story now, cause we women, tonight, we gotta pick up the pieces of our sorry-ass life and move on. We ladies, we together in our doggone man-omine blues.