I ain’t got no use for your red rocking chair
I ain’t got no sugar baby now
No I ain’t got no honey baby now

And it’s who’ll rock the cradle, and who’ll sing this song
Who’ll be your honey when I’m gone
Who’ll be your honey when I’m gone

I’ll rock the cradle, and I’ll sing this song
I’ll rock the cradle when you’re gone
yes I’ll rock the cradle when you’re gone

Laid her in the shade, gave her every dime I made
What more could a poor boy do
What more could a poor boy do

I’ve done all I can do, said all I can say
I’ll sing it to your mama next payday
I’ll sing it to your mama next payday

Some old rounder come along, took my sugar babe and gone
And I ain’t got no sugar baby now
No I ain’t got no honey baby now

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