Ain't Nobody's Business But My Own

Words & Music: Irving Taylor

I know the Ella Fitzgerald-Louis Jordan 1950 version of this duet. Great tune!

ELLA:

You got a gal you love on Sunday, then you get another for Monday.

LOUIS:

Ain't nobody's business but my own.

LOUIS:

You say you're always home alone. How come I can't get you on the phone?

ELLA:

Well, that ain't nobody's business but my own.

BOTH:

Nobody's business, nobody's business, nobody's business but my own! Nobody's business, nobody's business but my own!

ELLA:

All night long you're playin' poker. Tell me, what's the name of that joker?

Ain't nobody's business but my own.

LOUIS:

I come over, say "Here I am!" Then, I hear your back door slam.

ELLA:

Well, that ain't nobody's business but my own.

BOTH:

Nobody's business, nobody's business, nobody's business but my own! Nobody's business, nobody's business but my own!

(Instrumental Break)

LOUIS:

You tell me you're in bed by seven. But your light's on past eleven.

FIΙΔ·

Well, that ain't nobody's business but my own.

ELLA:

Now, you ain't so smart and you ain't good lookin'.

How come you got so much cookin'?

LOUIS:

Ain't nobody's business but my own.

BOTH:

Nobody's business, nobody's business, nobody's business but my own! Nobody's business, nobody's business but my own!

ELLA:

And you wear the prettiest ties and collars.

Whereabouts do you get those dollars?

LOUIS:

Ain't nobody's business but my own.

LOUIS:

You always talk about settlin' down. When I bring a ring, you're not around.

ELLA:

Well, I'll be there the next time that you call.

ELLA:

Well let's not fuss and let's not fight.

LOUIS:

I'm sick and tired of sayin' "Goodnight."

ELLA:

Well, let's make up and hold each other tight.

BOTH:

We both know we're birds of a feather.

Let's go into business together.

We can start a business of our own.

Nobody's business, nobody's business, nobody's business but my own! Nobody's business, nobody's business but my own!