Ain't Nobody's Business But My Own

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, nobody's business but my own!

ELLA:
All night long you're playin' poker. Tell me, what's the name of that joker?
LOUIS:
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, 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.
ELLA:
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, 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, nobody's business but my own!