

NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT

Once I lived the life of a millionaire,
Spent all my money, I just did not care.
Took all my friends out for a good time,
Bought bootleg whiskey, champagne and wine.

Then I began to fall so low,
Lost all my good friends, I did not have nowhere to go.
I get my hands on a dollar again,
I'm gonna hang on to it till that eagle grins.
'Cause no, no, nobody knows you
When you're down and out.
In your pocket, not one penny,
And as for friends, you don't have any.

When you finally get back up on your feet again,
Everybody wants to be your old long-lost friend.
Said it's mighty strange, without a doubt,
Nobody knows you when you're down and out.

When you finally get back upon your feet again,
Everybody wants to be your good old long-lost friend.
Said it's mighty strange,
Nobody knows you,
Nobody knows you,
Nobody knows you when you're down and out.

Words & Music by Jimmy Cox (1923)

Eric Clapton's 1992 version from his "Unplugged" album is merely one of the more recent of a long string of successes for this song. Long associated with her, it was Bessie Smith's last hit, recorded in 1929. It was also recorded in the 1930s by Eddie Condon and Count Basie; by Lavern Baker in the 1950s; by Sam Cooke, by Dave Guard, by Jose Feliciano, by Odetta and by Nina Simone, all in the 1960s; by Tim Hardin in the 1970s, and by Rod Stewart in the 1980s.

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