

## Just Like You

©Vera Johnson

September 13, 1968 SOCAN

Vera Johnson sent us this item after we published her "Women's Liberation Blues" in 32.3, September 1998. She wrote: "You say you don't recall another blues in my repertoire, but don't forget that I've written at least 275 songs, so you may have missed a few. I remember at the Winnipeg Folk Festival one year, one of the performers was Blind So-and-so.... I think it was Colin [Linden] who introduced me to him. It seems he had heard me singing and liked what I was doing and wondered if I had any songs he could use. I had one I thought he would

appreciate, called 'Just Like You.'... Anyway, Blind ... liked it and spent half an hour going over it with me, but I don't know if he ever actually used it."

Vera's songbook is still available (and recommended!) from the Society's Mail Order Service. She's giving a presentation at this year's Folk Alliance meeting in Vancouver in February this year: *An Oral History with Vera Johnson*. It's nice to see her getting the attention she deserves.

syncopated

I saw a lit - tle green liz - ard thing a - creep - in' on the ground,  
 And while I was watch - ing it, it changed from green to brown,  
 And then it switched it - self back a - gain be - fore I could turn a -  
 round, just like you, babe Just - like you.

I saw a little green lizard thing  
 a-creepin' on the ground,  
 And while I was watching it, it changed  
 from green to brown,  
 And then it switched itself back again  
 before I could turn around,  
 Just like you, babe, just like you.

I heard your voice on the telephone, it  
 makes me laugh and sing,  
 I tried to call yesterday, but the phone  
 it wouldn't ring,  
 It gobbled up my dimes, ev'ry one, and  
 didn't give me a thing,  
 Just like you, babe, just like you.

Sometimes I sit here and wonder why  
 persimmons look so sweet,  
 You'd think that to bite on one would  
 really be a treat,  
 But when you get inside, sweetness gone,  
 so sour that you can't eat,  
 Just like you, babe, just like you.

I had a squirrel once, years ago, I  
 bought him at a fair,  
 He stayed right beside my bed, his cage  
 upon a chair,  
 And all the night he kept running hard  
 but he never got nowhere,  
 Just like you, babe, just like you.

I had a neighbour who beat his dog, then  
 kicked it out the door,  
 The puppy was whimpering, his little  
 sides were sore,  
 And then he'd turn and crawl back again,  
 as if he was craving more,  
 Just like me, babe, just like me.