

# Cab Calloway, Aint No Gal In This Town

Poor me, I ain't got a gal in this town,  
All of them turned me down,  
'Cause I ain't got a gal in this town.

Eee-eee-eee...  
All yellows and browns,  
All of them turned me down,  
'Cause I ain't got a gal in this town.

Boo-hoo, you hear my mournful wail,  
I even looked in jail,  
For a familiar frail.

Oooh-doo, you, you, you got me down,  
Stop your dragging me 'round,  
'Cause I ain't got a gal in this town.

I've got a million gals in Memphis,  
I've got a gal way out in Saint Paul,  
I took my hat and left them flat  
'Cause they couldn't kick the gong.

[Repeats first four verses]