

Cab Calloway, Sweet Georgia Brown

(Louis Armstrong)

No gal made has got a shade
On sweet georgia brown,
Two left feet, oh, so neat,
Has sweet georgia brown!
They all sigh, and want to die,
For sweet georgia brown!
I'll tell you just why,
You know i don't lie, not much:
It's been said she knocks 'em dead,
When she lands in town!
Since she came, why it's a shame,
How she cools them down!
Fellas she can't get
Must be fellas she ain't met!
Georgia claimed her, georgia named her,
Sweet georgia brown!
No gal made has got a shade
On sweet georgia brown,
Two left feet, oh, so neat,
Has sweet georgia brown!
They all sigh, and want to die,
For sweet georgia brown!
I'll tell you just why,
You know i don't lie; not much:
All those gifts those courters give,
To sweet georgia brown,
They buy clothes at fashion shows,
With one dollar down,
Oh, boy! tip your hat!
Oh, joy! she's the cat!
Who's that, mister? 'tain't a sister!
Sweet georgia brown!