Peter Cincotti, St. Louis Blues

I hate to see the evenin' sun go down I hate to see the evenin' sun go down Cause my baby, she left this town Feelin' tomorrow just like I feel today Feelin' tomorrow just like I feel today I'll pack my trunk and make my getaway St. Louis woman, with her diamond rings She pulls her man around, by her apron strings She wants for powder, and for store-bought hair The man she loves; he wouldn't go nowhere (Instrumental Solos) St. Louis woman, with her diamond rings She pulls her man around, by her apron strings She wants for powder, and for store-bought hair The man she loves; he wouldn't go nowhere Wouldn't go nowhere Wouldn't go nowhere He wouldn't go nowhere