

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