St. Louis Blues Blues trad.



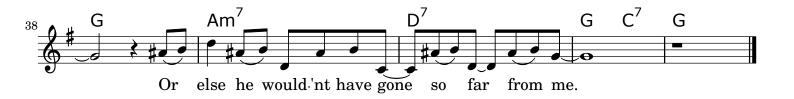












I hate to see that evening sun go down. I hate to see that evening sun go down. 'Cause, my baby, he's gone left this town. Feelin' tomorrow like I feel today. Feel tomorrow like I feel today. I'll pack my trunk and make my get-a-way. St. Louis woman with her diamond ring Pulls that man around by her apron string 'Twas'nt for powder, and for store bought hair, The man I love would not go nowhere, nowhere, Got the St Louis Blues, just as blue as I can be. That man got a heart like a rock cast in the sea.

Or else he would'nt have gone so far from me.