

I hate to see that eve-nin' sun go down, Hate to see
 Fee-lin' to-morrow like -- I feel to - day. feel to-morrow

that evenin' sun go down, 'cause my ba-by, he done left this town.
 like -- I feel to - day. I'll pack my trunk, make my get- a-

-way. St. Louis woman, with her diamond rings, pulls that

man round by her apron strings. 'Twas'nt for powder, and for storebought hair,

The man I love would not go nowhere, no-where, 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.

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.