Sweet Georgia Brown

Bob Helm

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? It ain't a sister, Sweet Georgia Brown

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