St Louis Blues

Cab Calloway

I hate to see de evenin' sun go down,
Hate to see de evenin' sun go down
'Cause ma baby, he done lef' dis town.
Feelin' tomorrow like I feel today,
Feel tomorrow like I feel today,
I'll pack my trunk, make ma git away.

Saint Louis woman wid her diamon' rings
Pulls dat man 'roun' by her apron strings.
'Twant for powder an' for store-bought hair,
De man ah love would not gone nowhere, nowhere.
Got de Saint Louis Blues jes as blue as ah can be.
That man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea.

Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me. Doggone it!
I loves day man lak a schoolboy loves his pie,
Lak a Kentucky Col'nel loves his mint an' rye.
I'll love ma baby till the day ah die.

Been to de gypsy to get ma fortune tole,
To de gypsy, done got ma fortune tole,
Cause I'm most wile 'bout ma Jelly Roll.
Gypsy done tole me, "Don't you wear no black."
Yes, she done told me, "Don't you wear no black.

Go to Saint Louis, you can win him back."
Help me to Cairo, make Saint Louis by maself,
Git to Cairo, find ma old friend Jeff,
Gwine to pin maself close to his side;
If ah flag his train, I sho' can ride.
Got de Saint Louis Blues jes as blue as ah can be.
That man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea.

Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me. Doggone it!
I loves day man lak a schoolboy loves his pie,
Lak a Kentucky Colonel loves his mint an' rye.
I'll love ma baby till the day I die.

You ought to see dat stovepipe brown of mine,
Lak he owns de Dimon' Joseph line,

He'd make a cross-eyed o'man go stone blin'.
Blacker than midnight, teeth lak flags of truce,
Blackest man in de whole of Saint Louis,
Blacker de berry, sweeter am de juice.
About a crap game, he knows a pow'ful lot,
But when worktime comes, he's on de dot.
Gwine to ask him for a cold ten-spot,
What it takes to git it, he's cert'nly got.

Got de Saint Louis Blues jes as blue as ah can be.
Dat man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea.
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me. Doggone it!
I loves day man lak a schoolboy loves his pie,
Lak a Kentucky Col'nel loves his mint an' rye.
I'll love ma baby till the day ah die.

A black-headed gal makes a freight train jump the track, said a black-headed
Gal makes a freight train jump the track,
But a long tall gal makes a preacher ball the jack.

Lawd, a blonde-headed woman makes a good man leave the town, I said
Blonde-headed woman makes a good man leave the town,
But a red-headed woman makes a boy slap his papa down.

Oh, ashes to ashes and dust to dust, I said ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If my blues don't get you, my jazzing must.

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