St. Louis Blues

W. C. Handy

I hate to see, that evenin' sun go down
I hate to see, that evenin' sun go down
'Cause my baby, gone and left this town
Feelin' tomorrow, just like I feel today
If I'm feelin' tomorrow, just like I feel today
I'll pack my trunk, and make my get away
I went to the Gypsy, to get my fortune told
Yes, I went to the Gypsy, to get my fortune told
I asked the Gypsy, "What does the future hold?"
Gypsy told me, "Don't you wear no black"
The Gypsy told me, "Don't you wear no black"
(No black)
Go to St. Louis, and you can win her back
St. Louis woman, with her diamond rings
Pulls this man around by her apron strings
If it wasn't for powder and for store-bought hair
That gal I love wouldn't I've gone nowhere, nowhere
I got the St. Louis Blues, just as blue as I can be
'Cause that gal's got a heart, like a rock cast in the sea
Or else she wouldn't have gone so far from me
I love that gal like a school boy loves his pie
Like a Kentucky Colonel loves his mint an' his rye
I love that gal, yes I love that gal
Yes, I love that gal until the day I die

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