

Sweet Georgia Brown

Bill Henderson

No gal made has got a shade on sweet Georgia brown
Two left feet but oh-so neat has sweet Georgia brown
They all sigh and want to die for sweet Georgia brown

I'll tell you why; you know I don't lie muchIt's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town
Since she came, why it's a shame how she coos 'em down
Fellers she can't get are fellers she ain't met
Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her
Sweet Georgia brown

Songwriters

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