

# Sweet Georgia Brown

## The Scandanavian Half-Breeds

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

Lyrics provided by

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