

# St. Louis Blues March

## W.C. Handy

I hate to see that evening sun go down  
I hate to see that evening sun go down  
Cause my baby, he's gone left this town

    Feelin' tomorrow like I feel today  
    If I'm feelin' tomorrow like I feel today  
    I'll pack my truck and make my give-a-way

    St. Louis woman with her diamond ring  
Pulls that man around by her, if it wasn't for her and her  
    That man I love would have gone nowhere, nowhere

    I got the St. Louis blues, blues as I can be  
That man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea  
    Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me

    I love my baby like a school boy loves his pie  
Like a Kentucky colonel loves his mint 'n rye  
    I love my man till the day I die

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