

# St. Louis Blues

## Bessie Smith with Louis Armstrong

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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