Cause my baby,
Cause I'm most wile-
He'd make a cross-eyed

he done left dis
town
'bout ma Jel-ly
Roll
o' man go stone
blind

Feel-in' to-mor-row
Gyp-sy done tole-me,
Black-er than mid-night,

lak—Ah feel to-day
"don't—you wear no black!"
teeth—lak flags of truce

Feel to-mor-row
Yes she done tole me
Black-est man in-de whole St.

lak—Ah feel to-day
"don't—you wear no black!"
in-de whole St.
Louis

I'll pack my trunk—
Go to St. Louis—
Black-er de ber-ry—

Make ma get a-way
You can win him back
Sweet-er. is the juice

St. Lou-is
Help me to
A-bout a

St. Louis Blues 4
wo - man-    Wid her dia - mon' rings- Pulls dat
Cai - ro- make St. Louis by ma - self- Git to
crap game- he knows a pow'ful lot- But when

man roun' - by her a - pron strings "Twant for
Cai - ro- find ma ole friend Jeff, Gwine to
work-time comes he's on de dot- Gwine to

pow - der- an' for store bought hair De
pin ma self close to - his side If ah
ask him for a cold - ten spot What it

man I love- would not gone no - where.
flag his train- I sho' can ride.
takes to git it- he's cer - thly got.

St. Louis Blues 4
Chorus

Got de St. Lou-i-s Blues jes as blue as—Ah—can be
I—loves dat man lak a school boy—loves—his pie
A—black head-ed gal make a freigh-train—jump—the track
Laud a blonde head-ed wom-an makes a good—man—leave the town
Oh ashes to ashes and dust to dust

Dat man got a heart lak a rook cast in the sea.
Lak a Ken-tuck-y Col’nel—loves his mint an rye.
Said a black head-ed gal make a freigh-train jump the track.
I said blonde head-ed wom-an makes a good man leave the town.
I said ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

Or else he wouldn’t have gone—so far—from town.
Ill love ma ba-by—till—the day.
But a long tall gal makes a preach-er—hull the must.
But a red head wom-an makes a boyslap his pa—pa.
If my blues don’t get you—my—jazz—ing.

Spoken

Dog-gone-it! me. die.
Jack. down.
must.

St. Louis Blues 4
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