

Sweet Georgia Brown

Words by A. Ken Casey, Music by Maceo Pinkard 1925

[D7]No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.

[G7]Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.

[C7]They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,

I'll tell you just [F]why,

You know I don't [A7]lie (not much!).

[D7]It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town.

[G7]Since she came why it's a shame how she's cooled 'em down.

[Dm]Fellas [A7]she can't get

Must be [Dm]fellas [A7]she ain't met.

[F]Georgia claimed her,

[D7]Georgia named her,

[G7]Sweet [C7]Georgia [F]Brown.

[D7]No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.

[G7]Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.

[C7]They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,

I'll tell you just [F]why,

You know I don't [A7]lie (not much!).

[D7]All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown

[G7]They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.

[Dm]Fellas, [A7]tip your hats.

[Dm]Oh boy, ain't [A7]she the cats?

[F]Who's that mister,

[D7]t'ain't her sister,

It's [G7]Sweet [C7]Georgia [F]Brown.

