

Sweet Georgia Brown

No gal made has got a shade on sweet Geor-gia Brown__ Two left feet, oh.

__ so neat has sweet Geor-gia Brown__ They all sigh, and want to die for

Sweet Geor-gia Brown__ I'll tell you just why__ You know I don't lie__ Well

not much It's been said sheknocks 'em dead when she lands in town__
All those gifts those court - ers give to sweet Geor-gia Brown__

Since she came, why it's a shame how she cools them down__ well
They buy clothes at fash-ion shows with one dol - lar down,__ well

fel - las__ she can't get__ Must be fellas she ain't met__
oh boy,_ tip your hat__ Oh, joy__ she's the cat__

Geor - gia claimed her Geor - gia named her sweet Geor-gia Brown.
Who's that mis - ter 'Tain't__ a sis - ter Sweet Geor-gia Brown.