



Sweet Georgia Brown



Baritone

D7

No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown

G7

Two left feet, but oh, so neat is Sweet Georgia Brown

C7

They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown

C+ F C+ F A7

I'll tell you just why, you know I don't 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 cool's 'em down

Dm

A7

Dm

A7

Fellas that she can't get.....must be fellas that she ain't met

F

D7

G7

C7

F

Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her, Sweet Georgia Brown

D7

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D7

All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown

G7

They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down

Dm

A7

Dm

A7

Oh boy, won'tcha tip your hats oh joy, ain't she the cats?

F

D7

G7

C7

F

Who's that mister, tain't her sister, it's Sweet Georgia Brown

