

"Sweet Georgia Brown"

D

No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown

G7

Two left feet, oh so neat, has Sweet Georgia Brown

C

They all sigh and want to die for Sweet Georgia Brown

F

E7

I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie not much

D

It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town

G

Since she came why it's a shame how she cools them down

Dm Am Dm Am

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

F

D

G

C

F

Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her Sweet Georgia Brown

D

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D

All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown

G

They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.

Dm Am Dm Am

Fellas, won'tcha tip your hats. Oh boy, ain't she the cats?

F

D

G

C

F

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

F

D

G

C

F (2 meas) C F

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