

Danny Kaye

"East St. Louis Blues"

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I walked all the way from East Saint Louis
I never had but that one, one thin dime

I laid my head in a New York woman's lap
She laid her little cute head in mine

She tried to make me bleed by the rattlings of her
tongue
The sun would never, never shine

I pawned my sword and I pawned my chain
Well I pawned myself but I fell to shame

I tried to see you in the fall
When you didn't have no man at all

I'd love to meet you in the spring when the bluebird's
almost ready to sing
Faree, honey, faree well

You can shake like a cannon ball, get out and learn that
old Georgia crawl
Faree, honey, faree well

(play it boy...)

And I laid my head in a barroom door
And I can't get drunk, drunk no more

Now if you can't do the sugary get yourself on out of
this house to me
Faree, baby, faree well

I tried to see you in the spring when the bluebird's
almost ready to sing
Faree, honey, faree well

And I walked on back to East Saint Louis
Never had but that one, one thin dime

