

Ella Fitzgerald

"Sweet Georgia Brown"

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No gal made, has got a shade on sweet Georgia Brown
Two left feet but oh so neat, has sweet Georgia Brown
They all sigh and wanna cry for sweet Georgia Brown
I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie, not much

'Cause it's been said that she knocks 'em dead
When she lands in town
What a shame, what a shame
How she cools 'em down

Fellers she can't get are fellers, she ain't met
Georgia named her
Georgia claimed her
Sweet Georgia Brown

No gal made has got a shade on sweet Georgia Brown
Two left feet but oh so neat, has sweet Georgia Brown
They all sigh, wanna cry for sweet Georgia Brown
I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie, not much

'Cause it's been said, she knocks 'em dead
When she lands in town
What a shame, what a shame
How she cools 'em down!

Fellers she can't get are fellers she ain't met
Georgia named her
Georgia claimed her
Sweet Georgia Brown

No gal, not a gal got a shade on Georgia Brown
Two feet, so neat, that Georgia Brown
They all wanna sigh and wanna cry
For Georgia Brown

Listen while I tell ya
You know, you know, you know, you know, you know I
don't lie
No tips the [Incomprehensible] strips for sweet Georgia
Brown
They like clothes at fashion with one dollar down

Fellers, she can't get are fellers, she ain't met
Well, oh boy, tiff you had to row joy, she's a catch
She's no cow got a shade on sweet
She got two left feet but oh so neat

She got money and clothes and diamonds too
There's just nothing that gal can't do
She's got the guys all hangin' around
How she really cools 'em down!

Georgia named her
Georgia claimed her
Sweet Georgia
Sweet Georgia Brown

Georgia named her
Georgia claimed her
That old gal called
Georgia Brown

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