

Cab Calloway **"St. Louis Blues"**

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I hate to see that evening sun go down,
I hate to see that evening sun go down,
'Cause my lovin' baby done left this town.

If I feel tomorrow, like I feel today,
If I feel tomorrow, like I feel today,
I'm gonna pack my trunk and make my getaway.

Oh, that St. Louis woman, with her diamond rings,
She pulls my man around by her apron strings.
And if it wasn't for powder and her store-bought hair,
Oh, that man of mine wouldn't go nowhere.

I got those St. Louis blues, just as blue as I can be,
Oh, my man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea,
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

I love my man like a schoolboy loves his pie,
Like a Kentucky colonel loves his rocker and rye
I'll love my man until the day I die, Lord, Lord.

I got the St. Louis blues, just as blue as I can be, Lord,
Lord!
That man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea,
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

I got those St. Louis blues, I got the blues, I got the
blues, I got the blues,
My man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea,
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me, Lord,
Lord!

Another version

A
Got St. Louis blues.....blue as I can be;

B
There's two people in this world I just can't stand;
There's two people in this world I just can't stand;
That's a two-faced woman and a lyin' man;

B

I'm gonna leave this town walkin', talkin' to myself;
I'm gonna leave this town walkin', talkin' to myself;
Because the sweet woman I love, she belongs to
somebody else.

C (The following verse is so heavily scatted that it is
virtually incomprehensible.)

[Oh, I say, look here, sweet mama, someday your
papa's...
When that big old hound comes around...
And when that big old piece of hound comes..
He's sure gonna leave this town.]

B

I'm goin' back to Chicago to have my hambone boiled;
I'm goin' way back to Chicago to have my hambone
boiled;
Because these women in New York City let my good
hambone spoil.

D

I got the St.Louis blues, sweet mama, got St. Louis
blues, just blue,
Blue as I can be, St. Louis blues; baby,
Aw, your daddy got St. Louis blues, sweet mama,
All those blues, I'm blue as I can be.

Version 3

I hate to see that evenin' sun go down,
I hate to see that evenin' sun go down,
'Cause my baby has left this town.

If I'm feelin' tomorrow, just like I feel today,
If I'm feelin' tomorrow, like I feel today,
I'll pack my trunk and make my get-away.

St. Louis woman, with all her diamond rings,
Stole that man of mine, by her apron strings;
If it wasn't for powder, and her store-bought hair,
That man I love wouldn't've gone nowhere!
Nowhere!

I've got the St. Louis blues, just as blue as I can be;
Lord, that man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea,
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me!

Gee, I love that man like a school boy loves his pie,
Just like an old Kentucky colonel loves his rock and rye,
I guess I'll love that man until the day I die.

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