

Peter Cincotti

"St. Louis Blues"

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(Music & Lyrics by William C. Handy)

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

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

St. Louis woman, with her diamond rings,
She pulls her man around, by her apron strings;
She wants for powder, and for store-bought hair,
The man she loves he wouldn't go nowhere

St. Louis woman, with her diamond rings,
She pulls her man around, by her apron strings;
She wants for powder, and for store-bought hair,
The man she loves he wouldn't go nowhere
Wouldn't go nowhere
Wouldn't go nowhere
He wouldn't go nowhere
He wouldn't go nowhere

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