

Sweet Georgia Brown



T A B | 0 2 4 0 | 2 4 4 2 | 7 2 4 0 |

No gal made has got a shade on sweet Georgia Brown



T A B | 0 2 3 0 | 2 3 4 2 | 7 4 2 0 |

Two left feet but oh so neat has sweet Georgia Brown



T A B | 2 0 2 2 | 0 2 2 0 | 5 0 2 2 | 2 0 2 0 |

They all sigh and wanna die for sweet Georgia Brown. I'll tell you just



T A B | 2 2 0 2 0 | 2 2 0 2 0 | 2 2 0 2 0 |

Why. You know i don't lie not much



T A B | 0 2 4 0 | 2 4 4 2 | 7 2 4 0 |


It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town
All those tips, the porter slips to sweet Georgia Brown



T A B | 0 2 3 0 | 2 3 4 2 | 7 4 2 0 |

Since she came why it's a shame how she cools 'em down
They buy clothes at fashion shows with one dol-lar down

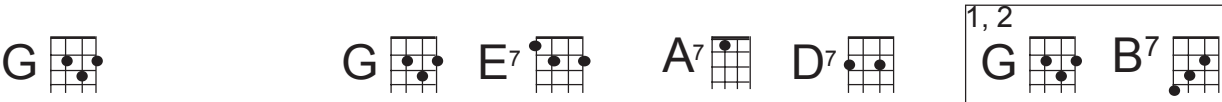
Sweet Georgia Brown



 T 2 2 | 0 2 2 2 | 2 2 | 0 2 2

 A


 B Fel-lars Oh boy | she can't get tip your hats | are fel-lars oh joy | she aint met she's the cat's



 T 0 3 | 5 6 7 2 | 0 5 2 3 | 1, 2

 A 2 | | | |

 B Georgia named her, Who's that mister | Georgia tamed her 'taint her sister | sweet sweet | Georgia Brown Georgia Brown



 T 3

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