

Sweet Georgia Brown

Ethel Waters

She just got here yesterday,
Things are hot here now, they say;
There's a big change in town.
Gals are jealous, there's no doubt;

Still, the fellows rave about
Sweet, sweet Georgia Brown!
And ever since she came,
The colored folks all claim, "Say,"

No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown,
Two left feet, oh, so neat,
Has Sweet Georgia Brown!
They all sigh, and want to die,

For Sweet Georgia Brown!
I'll tell you just why,
You know I don't lie, not much:
It's been said

She knocks 'em dead,
When she lands in town!
Since she came,
Why it's a shame,

How she cools them down!
Fellows she can't get
Are fellows she ain't met!
Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her,

Sweet Georgia Brown!
No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown,
Two left feet, oh, so neat,
Has Sweet Georgia Brown!

They all sigh, and want to die,
For Sweet Georgia Brown!
I'll tell you just why,
You know I don't lie; not much:

All those gifts some courtiers give,
To Sweet Georgia Brown,
They buy clothes at fashion shows,
With one dollar down,

Oh, boy! Tip your hat!
Oh, joy! She's the cat!
Who's that, Mister?
'Tain't a sister!

Sweet Georgia Brown