

St. Louis Blues

Louis Prima

St. Louis woman with all the diamond rings
Drives that man around by her apron strings
If it wasn't for powder and for store bought hair
The man she loves, he wouldn't go nowhere

Got the blues, got the blues, got the blues, got the St. Louis
blues

Got the blues, got the blues, got the blues, got the St. Louis
blues

I got the blues, got the blues, got the blues, got the St. Louis
blues

I hate to see the evenin' sun go down
I hate to see the evenin' sun go down
The woman I love she done left this town

Bring her back, bring her back, bring that woman back to me
Bring her back, bring her back, bring that St. Louis woman back
to me
Oh, I'm as sad as I can be

St. Louis woman come on back, St. Louis woman come on back
St. Louis woman come on back, won't you please come home to me
Oh, St. Louis woman won't you please come home

Blues, blues, blues
I got the blues, I got the blues, I got the blues
I got the blues, I got the blues, I got the blues
I got the blues, I got the blues, oh, St. Louis blues

I got the blues, I got the blues, I got the blues
I got the blues, the St. Louis blues, I got the, oh

St., St. Louis woman won't you come on back to me
Come on back, go down, go down, uh, go down, go down
Oh babe, come on baby, come on back to me
St. Louis woman why won't you please come home

Yeah, yeah, yeah come on now, baby, hurry on home
St. Louis woman, oh please, please come on home