



Sweet Georgia Brown

A⁷

No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown!

D⁷

Two left feet but oh so neat, has Sweet Georgia Brown!

G⁷

They all sigh and want to die for Sweet Georgia Brown!

C

E⁷

I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie... not much:

A⁷

It's been said she knocks 'em dead, when she lands in town!

D⁷

Since she came, why it's a shame, how she cools em down!

A_m

E⁷

A_m

E⁷

Fellas she can't get are fellas she aint met!

C

E⁷

A⁷

D⁷

G⁷

C

Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her Sweet Georgia Brown!

A⁷

All those gifts those courtiers give to Sweet Georgia Brown

D⁷

They buy clothes at fashion shows, with one dollar down

A_m

E⁷

A_m

E⁷

Oh Boy! Tip your hat! Oh joy! She's the cat!

C

E⁷

A⁷

D⁷

G⁷

C

Who's that, Mister? 'Tain't a sister! Sweet Georgia Brown!

C

E⁷

A⁷

D⁷

G⁷

C

Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her Sweet Georgia Brown

1, 2, 3, 4 straight into 5-2" →

Mo So 11/12