

St. Louis Blues

W.C. Handy

Acoustic Guitar

I hate to see the evening sun go down. Hate to see the eveningsun go down. Cause my baby he done left this town. Feeling to morrow, like I feel to day. Feeling to morrow, like I feel to day. I'll pack my trunk, Make my get a way. St. Louis wo man, With her diamond rings Pulls that man round, by her apron strings. Weren't for powder and for store bought hair. The man I love would n't go no where. Got the St. Louis Blues just as blue as I can be. That man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea. Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

END - SLOW DOWN