

SWEET GEORGIA BROWN

CHORUS



No gal made has got a shade On Sweet Geor-gia Brown,——



Two left feet— but oh so neat— has Sweet Geor-gia Brown;——

D7

D7+5

They all sigh— and wan-na die— For Sweet Geor-gia Brown, I'll tell you just

*spoken ad lib.*

why,—— you know— I don't lie, Not much!

E7

It's been said_ she knocks'em dead_ when she lands in town;_
All those tips_ the por-ter slips_ to Sweet Geor-gia Brown, _

A7

B7

Em

Since she came_ why it's a shame how she cools'em down,_ Fel- lers_
They buy clothes at fash-ion shows with one dol- lar down,_ Oh Boy, _

B7

Em

B7

G

she can't get_ are fel- lers_ she ain't met,_ Geor- gia claimed her,
Tip your hats,_ oh joy,_ she's the "cat's,"_ Who's that, mis- ter? _

B7-5

E7

A7

D7

1. G_{oo}

B7

2. G_{oo}

D7

G_{oo}

Geor- gia named her Sweet Geor- gia Brown._
'Tain't her sis- ter, Sweet Geor- gia Brown._