

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Saint Louis Blues

Saint Louis Blues

(W.C. Handy)

I hate to see that evenin' sun go down
I hate to see that evenin' sun go down
'Cause my baby, he done lef' this town.
 Feelin' tomorrow lak ah feel today.
 Feel tomorrow lak ah feel today.
 I'll pack my trunk, make my getaway.
St. Louis woman, wid her diamon' rings
Pulls dat man around by her apron strings.
'Twant for powder an' for store-bought hair,
De man I love would not gone nowhere.
 Got de St. Louis blues jes as blue as Ah kin be
 Dat man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea.
 Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

(spoken) dog-gone-it!

Been to de Gypsy, to get ma fortune tol'
To de Gypsy, done got ma fortune tol'
'Cause I'm most wile 'bout ma Jelly Roll.
 Gypsy done tol' me, "Don't you wear no black,"
 Yes she done tol' me, "Don't you wear no black,"
 Go to St. Louis, you can win him back.
Help me to Cairo, make St. Louis by maself.
Get to Cairo, find ma ol' friend Jeff
Gwine to pin maself close by his side
If I flag his train, Ah sho' can ride.
 I loves dat man lak a schoolboy loves his pie,
 Lak a Kentucky Cunnel loves his mint an' rye.
 I'll love my baby till the day I die.

A black-headed woman make a freight train jump the track,
Said a blacl-headed gal make a freight train jump the track;
But a long tall gall makes a preacher ball the jack.

You ought to see dat stovepipe brown of mine
Lak he owns the Diamon' Joseph line;
He'd make a cross-eyed woman go stone blin'.
 Blacker than midnight, teeth lak flags of truce,
 Blackest woman in de whole St Louis;
 Blacker de berry, sweeter is de juice.
About a crap game, he knows a pow'ful lot,

But when work-time comes, he's on de dot.

Gwine to ask him for a cold ten spot,

What it takes to git it, he's cert'nly got.

Lawd a blonde-headed woman makes a good man leave the town

I said blonde-headed woman makes a good man leave the down

But a red-headed woman makes a boy slap his papa down.

Oh, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,

I said ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.

If my blues don't get you, my jazzing must.

RG