

## 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