

## St. Louis Blues

Peter Cincotti

I hate to see the evening sun go down  
I hate to see the evening sun go down  
'Cause my baby, she left this town

Feeling tomorrow just like I feel today  
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I'll pack my trunk and make my gataway

St. Louis woman  
With her diamond rings  
She pulls her man around  
By her apron strings

She wants for powder  
And for store bought hair  
The man she loves, he wouldn't go nowhere

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