



# Sweet Georgia Brown

(Ben Bernie, Pinkard, Casey, 1925)

**(A)**

<b>E7</b>	<b>E7</b>	<b>E7</b>	<b>E7</b>
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No girl made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown

<b>A7</b>	<b>A7</b>	<b>A7</b>	<b>A7</b>
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Two left feet, but oh so neat, Has Sweet Georgia Brown!

<b>D7</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>D7</b>
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They all sigh, and want to die, For Sweet Georgia Brown! I'll tell you

<b>G</b>	<b>D7</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>B7</b>
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just why, You know I don't lie, not much:

**(B)**

<b>E7</b>	<b>E7</b>	<b>E7</b>	<b>E7</b>
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It's been said She knocks 'em dead, When she lands in town!

All those gifts some courtiers give, To Sweet Georgia Brown,

<b>A7</b>	<b>A7</b>	<b>A7</b>	<b>A7</b>
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Since she came, Why it's a shame, How she cools them down!

They buy clothes at fashion shows, With one dollar down,

<b>Em</b>	<b>B7</b>	<b>Em</b>	<b>B7</b>
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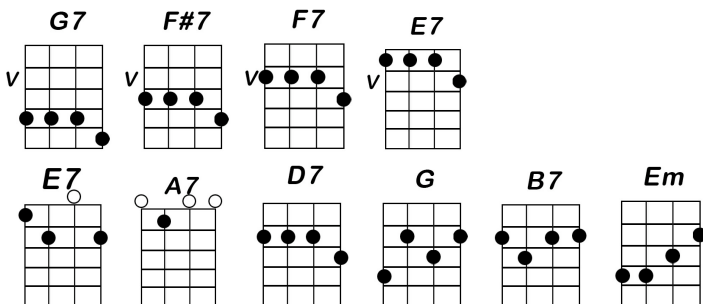
Fellows she can't get Are fellows she ain't met!

Oh, boy! Tip your hat! Oh, joy! She's the cat!

<b>G7 &gt;&gt;&gt;</b>	<b>&gt;&gt;&gt; E7</b>	<b>A7 / D7</b>	<b>G</b>
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Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her, Sweet Georgia Brown!

Who's that, Mister? 'Tain't a sister! Sweet Georgia Brown!



**Structure : A B A B A B**