

Sweet Georgia Brown

Bernie/Pinkard/Casey
arr. David Webber

$\text{♩} = 120$

No gal made has

got a shade on Sweet Geor-gia Brown. Two left feet but

oh so neat is Sweet Geor-gia Brown. They all sigh and

want to die for Sweet Geor-gia Brown. I'll tell you just why,

You know I don't lie. Well no not much. It's been said she
All those tips the

knocks 'em dead when she lands in town. Since she came why
por - ter slips_ to Sweet Geor-gia Brown. They buy clothes at

it's a shame_ how she cools 'em down. Fel - lers_
fash - ion shows_ with one dol - lar down. Oh boy!

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

Geor - gia named her Sweet Geor-gia Brown
T'aint her sis - ter. Sweet Geor-gia Brown.