

ST LOUIS BLUES

W. C. Handy (1913)

Bessie Smith (1928); Louis Armstrong (1954)

(<http://marcelomelloweb.net/mmb blueshistoriaforma.htm>)

<http://imslp.org>

G **C7** **G**
I hate to see that evenin' sun go down
C7 **G**
I hate to see that evenin' sun go down
D7 **C7** **G** **D**
'Cause my baby, he has left this town

G **C7** **G**
If I'm feelin' tomorrow like I feel today
C7 **Cm** **G**
If I'm feelin' tomorrow like I feel today
D7 **C7** **G** **D**
I'll pack my trunk and make my get-away

Gm **C7** **D7**
Saint Louis woman, with all her diamond rings
D7 **Gm**
Stole that man of mine by her apron strings
Gm **C7** **D7**
If it wasn't for powder and her store-bought hair
D7 **Gm** **C** **D**
The man I love wouldn't'a gone nowhere, nowhere

G
Got the Saint Louie Blues, just as blue as I can be
C **G**
That man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea,
D **G**
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me

ESTROFE2

I love that man like a schoolboy loves his pie
Like a Kentucky Colonel loves his rocker and rye
Gonna love that man til the day I die
Been to de Gypsy to get ma fortune tole
'cause I'm most wile 'bout ma Jelly Roll
Gypsy done tole me, don't you wear no black
go to St. Louis you can win him back
Help me to Cairo make St. Louis ma-self
gwine to pin ma-self close to his side
If Ah flag his train I sho' can ride.
I loves dat man lak a school boy loves his pie
lak a Kentucky Col'nel loves his mint an' rye
I'll love ma baby till the day Ah die.

ESTROFE3

You ought to see dat stovepipe brown of mine
lak he owns de Dimon Joseph line.
He'd make a cross-eyed o' man go stone blind
Blacker than midnight, teeth lak flags of truce
blackest man in de whole St. Louis
blacker de berry sweeter is the juice
about a crap game he knows a pow'ful lot
but when worktime 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.
A black headed gal make a freight train jump the track
but a red headed woman makes a preacher ball the Jack.
A blond-headed woman makes a good man leave the town,
But a red-headed woman makes a boy slap his papa down.
Oh ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If my blues don't get you my jazzing must.

ST LOUIS BLUES - Blues de Saint Louis (cidade)

Odeio ver o sol se pondo
Porque meu baby, ele deixou cidade.

Se eu me sentir amanhã como eu me sinto hoje
Eu vou arrumar meus troços, e dar o fora daqui.

Mulher de St. Louis com anéis de diamantes
Roubou meu homem com os cordões do seu avental,
Se não fosse o pó de arroz e o cabelo comprado na loja
O homem que eu amo, não teria ido pra lugar algum.

Eu tenho o blues de St. Louis, tão blues quanto possa ser
Aquele homem tem um coração como uma pedra jogada no mar,
ou então ele não teria ido tão longe de mim.