St. Louis Blues
Words & Music by W. C. Handy

Medium tempo

I hate to see_ the ev’-nin’ sun go down,

Hate to see_ the ev’-nin’ sun go down;

'Cos my baby_ he done left this town.

Feel-in’ to-mor-row like_ I feel to-day;

Feel to-mor-row like_ I feel to-day.

I’ll pack my trunk_ make my get-a-way._ St. Lou-is
Gm    C#dim D7
woman,       with her diamond rings,       Pulls that

Gm    D7
man 'round       by her apron strings.       'Twant for

Gm    C#dim D7
powder,       and for store-bought hair.       The

Gm    A7    D7
man I love       would not gone nowhere, nowhere.       Got the

St. Louis blues, just as blue as I can be.       That

C    C7    G
man got a heart like a rock cast in the sea.       Or

Am7    D7    G    C7    G
else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

(See over for block lyrics)