

C⁷ F⁷ C C⁷ F

I hate to see that eve-nin' sun go down, Hate to see
 Fee-lin' to-morrow like -- I feel to - day. feel to-morrow

F⁷ C G⁷ C

that evenin' sun go down, 'cause my ba-by, he done left this town.
 like -- I feel to - day. I'll pack my trunk, make my get- a-

C || 2 Cm G⁷

-way. St. Louis wo-man, with her diamond rings, pulls that

G⁷ Cm G⁷ Cm G⁷

man round by her apron strings. 'Twas'nt for powder, and for storebought hair,

G⁷ Cm D⁷ G⁷ C

The man I love would not go nowhere, no - where, Got the St Louis Blues, just as

C C⁷ F F⁷

blue as I can be. That man got a heart like a rock cast in the sea.

C Dm⁷ G⁷ C F⁷ C

Or else he would'nt have gone so far from me.