



**Verse 2:**

**Em**                      **B7**                      **Em**                      **B7**  
All you gals will get the blues, all you pals will surely lose.  
**Em B7**                      **Em**  
And, there's but one excuse.  
**Em**                      **B7**                      **Em**                      **B7**  
Now I've told you who she was, and I've told you what she does,  
**A7**                      **D7**  
Still, give this gal her dues.  
**D7**  
This pretty maiden's prayer is answered anywhere;

**Chorus 2:**

**E7**  
No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.  
**A7**  
Two left feet, but oh, so neat has Sweet Georgia Brown.  
**D7**  
They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown,  
**G**                      **B7**  
I'll tell you just why, you know I don't lie (not much!).  
**E7**  
All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown  
**A7**  
They buy clothes at fashion shows for one dollar down.  
**Em7**                      **B7**                      **Em7**                      **B7**  
Fellas, won'tcha tip your hats. Oh boy, ain't she the cats?  
**G**                      **E7**                      **A7**                      **D7**                      **G**  
Who's that mister, tain't her sister, It's Sweet Georgia Brown.