No gal made has got a shade on sweet Georgia Brown

Two left feet but oh so neat has sweet Georgia Brown

They all sigh and wanna die for sweet Georgia Brown. I'll tell you just

Why.
You know I don't lie not much

It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town

All those tips, the porter slips to sweet Georgia Brown

Since she came why it's a shame how she cools 'em down
They buy clothes at fashion shows with one dol-lar down
Sweet Georgia Brown

Fel-lars she can't get
Oh boy
are fel-lars
she aint met
she's the cat's

Georgia named her,
Who's that mister
Georgia tamed her
'taint her sister
sweet
Georgia Brown

Oh boy tip your hats
oh joy
she's the cat's

Georgia Brown