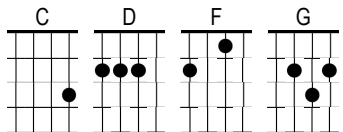


Sweet Georgia Brown

The Beatles & Tony Sheridan



D | **G** | **C** | **F** |

Well, let me tell you well **D** no chick made could be the same as | Sweet Georgia Brown

G Crazy feet that dance so neat has | Sweet Georgia Brown

C Fella's sigh, and even cry for | Sweet Georgia Brown

I tell you just **F** why, you know I don't | lie

Oh, **D** it's been said, she knocks them dead in | any old town

G Since she came why it's a shame how | she brings them down

In **C** Liverpool she even dare to | criticize the Beatles' hair

With **F** their whole fan club standing there, | Sweet, Sweet Georgia Brown

Alright,

D | **G** | **C** | **F** |

D When it comes to music, Sweet | Georgia known to mind

G Don't buy clothes at fashion shows but | she still looks fine

C Snap chicks cry, they want to die when | Georgia does the twist

I never would **F** try, to tell you just | why use your imagination

D There's a DJ crazy for her | livin' in our home town

G Since she came why it's a shame, | she turns him down

C Records that she can get, are | records they ain't sent him yet

F Carolina may have Dina, but **1/2 F** it don't have Georgia **F↓** Brown