

# West End Blues-Louis Armstrong and Clarence Williams

I got the blues from my head to my shoes, so blue today

I've got mean, evil feelin', my belly's full of gin.

I'm on my way to the West End and that's where my troubles all began.

My gal, my pal, low down, mean houn'.

In town, with my best friend. Yes they're playin' around

Soon the undertaker man's gonna knock up on her door.

Now those folks in West End, folks in West End,

They're gonna see some shootin' like they never seen before

My gal and my best pal won't cheat in West End no more.

<b>C</b> 	<b>Cdim</b> 	<b>C6</b> 	<b>C7</b> 
<b>F6</b> 	<b>Cdim</b> 	<b>C</b> 	<b>Cmaj7</b> <b>C7</b> <b>A7</b> 
<b>D7</b> 	<b>G7</b> 	<b>C</b> <b>C7</b> <b>F</b> <b>Cdim</b> 	<b>C</b> <b>G+</b> 