

# That's Where the South Begins

The Firehouse Jazz Band

Thomas "Fats" Waller & George Brown - 1934  
Rec: Louis Prima (Claude Thornhill-pno) 1935,  
Red Nichols & His Big Ten (Carl Kress-gr)

Concert Pitch

**Fm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup>**

You don't have to know the way, Signs are in the air.

**G<sup>m</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7**

Just re - mem - ber what I say, You'll know when you're there. When the

**A** **A<sup>b</sup>/F B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>**

gen - tle breez - es blow, And the sweet mag - nol - ias grow, Where the

**F<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>m E<sup>b</sup>**

mud - dy wat - ers flow, That's where the South be - gins. When you

**A<sup>b</sup>/F B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>**

hear the Dark - ies croon, 'Neath a la - zy mel - low moon, And the

**F<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>m E<sup>b</sup>**

whole world seems in tune, That's where the South be - gins.

**B** **E<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>b</sup> B<sup>o</sup> B<sup>m</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>7 G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>b</sup>7**

The on - ly road to Par - a - dise is a - long the riv - er shore.

**F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 D<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7**

The on - ly gate to Par - a - dise is an o - pen cab - in door. Where the

**A<sup>b</sup>/F B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>**

folks all act like friends, Where a bro - ken heart soon mends, Where each

**F<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>m E<sup>b</sup>**

care and sor - row ends, That's where the South be - gins.