

Any Place I Hang My Hat Is Home

Medium

from ST. LOUIS WOMAN

Words by Johnny Mercer
Music by Harold Arlen

A



Free — an' eas - y, that's my style, — how - dy do me, watch me smile. —



Fare — thee well me, af - ter - while, — 'cause I got - ta



roam, — an' an - y place I hang my hat is home.

A



Sweet - nin' wa - ter cher - ry wine, — thank — you kind - ly, suits me fine. —



Kan - sas Cit - y, Car - o - line, — that's my hon - ey - comb, —



'cause an - y place I hang my hat is home.

B



Birds roost-in' in the tree pick up an' go an' the go-in' proves



that's how it ought to be. I pick up too when the spir - it moves me.

A

F Ma7



Cross the riv - er 'round the bend, how - dy strang - er,

G7



so long friend. There's a voice in the lone - some win' that keeps whis - per - in'

F Ma7

C7



roam! I'm go - in' where a wel - come mat is, no

G m7

C7

F Ma7



mat - ter where that is, 'cause an - y place I hang my hat is home.