

# Harlem Blues

## Nat King Cole, Nelson Riddle And His Orchestra

Uptown Harlem Brown  
Give me a Blues  
Yeah, that's what I'm talking 'bout  
Fell in love with the Harlem Blues,  
Even though he was a Moulin Rouge,  
Hazel eyes seems to be unfair,  
Cajun moon makes me stop and stare,  
Gotta reach up to touch the ground,  
Blaze my box, embrace the sounds,  
Tell me boy where do you dance?  
Should I run or take the chance?  
You're so pretty baby and I know just what to do. . .

Harlem Blues, Harlem Blues,  
Lost my mind on a Harlem Brown,  
Savoir faire, it was a man about town,  
Fine as wine when he puts on the riffs,  
Sets the mood indigo with his lips,  
I been down that road before,  
What I say? And furthermore,  
I had myself a Romeo,  
And I dropped it on him nice and slow,  
Met him down on Bourbon Street,  
I guess you know the rest. . .

Harlem Blues, Harlem Blues,  
The way you move give me a Harlem Blues,  
The way you light my fuse, what a girl supposed to do?  
Ooh, ooh, ooh got me all over you,  
Baby it's tried and true,  
Give me a Harlem Blues,  
Guess who I saw today?  
Casanova Brown,  
Gave me the blues in my left thigh,  
Get on down,  
Get so weak when he kiss you,  
I'm undone, I got issues,  
Oh and yes did I mention,  
If he played he'd be Kenton?  
He's so fine, he's so mellow,

In his eyes, greens and yellows,  
And when he starts and love me,  
Rainy days become sunny,  
You're so pretty baby and I know just what to do. . .  
Harlem Blues, Harlem Blues,  
Do you understand my blues?  
Walk that walk blues,  
I don't need nobody need to hear me a Harlem, Harlem Blues

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