Long About Midnight

Cab Calloway

Just take a look at Harlem after sundown
Any time you choose
It's hard to find the people feeling run down
There's no time for bluesIf you don't know just what to really do
Just take a walk along the avenue
You'll hear the sounds come a-floatin' through
Along about midnightThey close the windows and they dim the light
To hide their doings from a stranger's sight
Everything is going right
Long about midnightPianos tinkle and the couples sway
Taking the pleasures they find
They don't care how they live by day
Why not leave trouble behind?They're not pretending like the hoy falloy
They really mean it; it's the real McCoy
They turn an ounce of booze into a pound of joy
Long about midnight

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