

When It's Sleepy Time Down South

Louis Armstrong

Homesick tired All alone in a big city
Why should ev'rybody pity me,
Nighttime's falling, folks are a singin',
they dance till break of day
Dear Old Southland with it's dreamy songs
Takes me back there where I belong
How I'd love to be in mammy's arms
When It's Sleepy Time Down South

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