

# Black Rhythm

## Cab Calloway

Down in Louisiana  
There's a grand piano playing man  
He knows that they can't kid him  
'Cause he's got hot rhythm in his hand The blues that he'll compose will thrill you  
From your head to your toes  
He called his song, black rhythm  
'Cause his black hands did it 'neath the moon The keys he plays on sweetly  
And you're left completely in a swoon  
The melancholy strum  
Mixed with the rum-tum of melodious blues When he plays the blue note  
And adds a new note  
You'll think that he wrote a symphony  
But he's just improvising On a southern mammy melody  
You'll quit your pouting  
And start a-shouting  
No need in doubting he knows the keys He can lay on the white ones  
Can play on the black ones with ease  
The way he plays, black rhythm  
Makes the gang stick with him all night long Forget the hour is late  
They hear him syncopate his mournful song  
A-humming like the breeze  
A-strumming lightly on those ivories

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