

# Underneath the Harlem Moon

## Rhiannon Giddens

Creole babies walk along with rhythm in their thighs  
Rhythm in their hips and in their lips and in their eyes  
Where the highbrows find the kind of love that satisfies?

Underneath the Harlem moon We don't pick no cotton; picking cotton is taboo

    We don't live in cabins like the old folks used to do  
    Our cabin is a penthouse up on St. Nicholas Avenue  
Underneath the Harlem moon We just live for dancing

    We're never blue or forlorn  
    Ain't no sin to laugh and grin

    That's why we schwaters were born  
    We shout, "Hallelujah!" every time we're feeling low  
    And every sheik is dressed up like a Georgia gigolo

    White folks call it madness but I call it hi-de-ho

Underneath the Harlem moon Once we wore bandanas, now we wear Perusian heads

    Once we were barefoot now we're sporting shoes and specs  
    Once we were republicans but now we're democrats

Underneath the Harlem moon We don't pick no cotton; picking cotton is taboo

    All we pick is numbers and that include you white folks too  
    'Cause if we hit, we pay our rent on any avenue

Underneath the Harlem moon We just thrive on dancing

    Why be blue and forlorn  
    We just laugh and grin, ha!  
    Let the landlord in

    That's why house rent party's were born

    We also drink our gin up on Rita's when we're feeling low

    Then we're ready to step out and take charge on any so and so

    Don't stop for law, no traffic wind, we're rearing to go

    Underneath the Harlem moon

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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