

# 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 Peruvian 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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