Underneath the Harlem Moon

Randy Newman

Creole babies walk along with rhythm in their thighs
Rhythm in their hips and in their lips and in their eyes
Where do highbrows find the kind of love that satisfies?
Underneath the Harlem moonThey don't pick no cotton, picking cotton is taboo
They don't live in cabins like the old folks used to do
Their cabin is a penthouse up on Lennox Avenue
Underneath that Harlem moonThey just live for dancing
They're never blue or forlorn
Ain't no sin to laugh or grin
That's why darkies were bornThey shout, "Hallelujah" every time they're feeling low
And every sheik is dressed up like a Georgia gigolo
You may call it madness but I call it hi-de-ho
Underneath the Harlem moon

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/