

# When It's Sleepy Time Down South

## Sidney Bechet & His New Orleans Feetwarmers

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

Lyrics provided by

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