

A Strictly Cullud Affair

Cab Calloway

When your spirits are low
There's a place you can go
You'll never see white folks
At a strictly cullud affair

See 'em laying 'em down
Boys, they goin' to town
You may see a few light folks
But they all got cullud folks' hair

It's given by the colored ladies' auxiliary
Come on, brothers, check in all your artillery

Spend your nickels and dimes
Have some marv-yu-lous times
I mean it's too tight, folks
At a strictly cullud affair