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 moon

They 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 moon

They just live for dancing They're never blue or forlorn Ain't no sin to laugh or grin That's why darkies were born

They 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