

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 that 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 schwartzes 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 that Harlem moon

Once we wore bandanas, now we wear Parisian hats
Once we were barefoot, now we're sporting shoes and spats
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 includes 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 parties were born

We also drink our gin, puff our reefers when we're feeling low
Then we're ready to step out and take charge of any so-and-so
Don't stop for law, no traffic, when we're raring to go
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