

Ella Fitzgerald, Drop Me Off In Harlem

Drop me off in Harlem,
any place in Harlem,
There's someone waiting there
who makes it seem like
Heaven up in Harlem.

I don't want your Dixie,
you can keep your Dixie,
there's no one down in Dixie who can take me
'way from my hot Harlem,

Harlem has those southern skies,
they're in my baby's smile, I
idolize my baby's eyes and
classy up-town style,

If Harlem moved to China,
I know of nothing finer,
Than to stow away on a 'plane some day and have them
drop me off in Harlem.

[Bridge]

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they're in my baby's smile, I
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I know of nothing finer,
Than to stow away on a 'plane some day and have them
drop me off in Harlem.

[Scat]

If Harlem moved to China
I know nothing finer than to be in Harlem