

# Billie Holiday, When It's Sleepy Time Down South

Leon Ren / Otis Ren / Clarence Muse

Homesick, tired, all alone in a big city  
Why should everybody pity me?  
Nighttime falling, and I'm yearning for Virginia  
Hospitality within ya calls me

Pale moon shining on the fields below  
Folks are crooning songs soft and low  
Need not tell me so,  
Because I know it's sleepy time down south

Soft winds blowing thru the pinewood trees  
Folks down there live a life of ease  
When the twilight brings the evening breeze  
It's sleepy time down south  
Steamboats on the river, a coming, a going  
Splashing the night away

Hear those banjos ringing,  
The folks are all singing  
They dance till break of day  
Dear old Southland with its dreamy songs  
Takes back there where I belong  
I'll find heaven in my mothers arms  
When it's sleepy time down south