

# Bing Crosby, Black Moonlight

Lost in the shuffle, I've drifted an' strayed  
Bruised by the city, bewildered, betrayed  
With a heart heavy laden with faltering strides  
I have come to the bridge, to the line that divides!

What am I doing up here in a daze  
As I gaze at the cold river bed?  
Why do I ask myself, "Shall I go back  
when I seem to be going ahead?"

To black moonlight!  
Where everything reflects your colour  
Darkness that is endless.  
nights that leave me friendless . . . blue!

Black moonlight!  
You make the lights of Harlem duller

Just like me you're faded, jaded and degraded . . . too!  
Why must you send . . .  
ebony moonbeams, depressing, distressing . . .  
like shadows of love that are gone?

Where will it end?  
Will it spread on to the starlight, the sunlight  
and darken each promise of dawn?

Black moonlight!  
I've lost all power to resist you  
Madly, I await you, even though I hate you  
Black, black moonlight!

Music by Arthur Johnston  
with lyrics by Arthur Coslow, 1933