

Cab Calloway, I Learned About Love From Her

We met one evening when the moon was bright,
And when she gave me the eye I thought that I would die,
She had such curly hair and teeth of white,
And I learned about love from her.

And when she'd hold me in her arms so tight,
Every kiss was like a torch, my lips, they used to scorch,
That gal was just a mess of dynamite!
And I learned about love from her.

You've heard about that man from Tennessee,
Say, he came along one day and he stole my gal away;
Now she's teaching him what she taught me,
When I learned about love from her.

At night I sit alone so sad and blue,
Like a monkey on the shelf; say, I could hang myself!
There's a gang of things I didn't learn to do
When I learned about love from her.

Went to school, went to school, just to learn the game of love,
Once a fool, stays a fool, that's one thing I'm certain of,
There's no one beneath the Sun, beneath this sky above
Who can tell upon a given Sunday where his gal will be on Monday.

Now my gal and I are far apart
And with teardrops in my eyes, say, I realize
I didn't learn how to mend a busted heart
When I learned about love from her!