

Cab Calloway, Long About Midnight

Just take a look at Harlem after sundown,
Any time you choose;
It's hard to find the people feeling run-down;
There's no time for blues.

If you don't know just what to really do
Just take a walk along the avenue;
You'll hear the sounds come a-floatin' through
Along about midnight.

They close the windows and they dim the light
To hide their doings from a stranger's sight;
Everything is going right,
'Long about midnight.

Pianos tinkle, and the couples sway,
Taking the pleasures they find,
They don't care how they live by day,
Why not leave trouble behind?

They're not pretending like the hoy-falloy;
They really mean it; it's the real McCoy.
They turn an ounce of booze into a pound of joy,
'Long about midnight!