

Cab Calloway, Strictly Cullud Affair

When your spirits are low,
There's a place you can go.
You'll never see white folks
At a strictly cullud affair.

See 'em laying 'em down,
Boys, they goin' to town,
You may see a few light folks
But they all got cullud folks' hair.

It's given by the colored ladies' auxiliary,
Come on, brothers, check in all your artillery.

Spend your nickels and dimes,
Have some marv-yu-lous times;
I mean it's too tight, folks,
At a strictly cullud affair.