

Cab Calloway, Yaller

A

Dark folk, white folk, but never a hand,
They say to this man,
"You're yaller, you're yaller, you're yaller, you're just a yaller."

A

Black folk, white folk, I'm learning a lot,
You know what I am, I know what I'm not,

B

Ain't even black, I ain't even white,
I ain't like the day and I ain't like the night.
Feeling mean, so inbetween, I'm just a high yaller.

B

Ain't even bad, I ain't even good,
I don't understand and I ain't understood,
Not a friend sticks to the end when you're yaller.

C

Take me to a church and make me pray,
Make me sing a psalm there;
You better leave my soul in a crude cafe,
I don't even belong there.

B

Oh Lord, can't you make a sinner a saint,
Why did you start me but run out of paint,
Pass me by, a no-'count yellow man.

B

Lord only knows, I'm trying to rest,
I want to be down with a load on my chest.
Make my bed; wish I were dead,
A yaller man.