

# Randy Newman, Underneath The Harlem Moon

Creole ladies walk along with rhythm in their thighs  
Rhythm in their feet and in their lips and in their eyes,  
Where do highbrows find the kind of love that satisfies?  
Underneath the Harlem moon!  
There's no fields of cotton; picking cotton is taboo;  
They don't live in cabins like the old folks used to do.  
Their cabin is a penthouse up on Lennox Avenue,  
Underneath that Harlem moon!  
Why, they just live on dancing,  
They're never blue or forlorn,  
'Cause it ain't no sin to laugh and grin;  
That's why darkies were born.  
Oh, they shout, "Hallelujah!" every time they're feeling low;  
Every sheik is dressed up like a Georgia gigolo,  
You may call it madness but they call it hi-de-ho,  
Underneath the Harlem moon!