

Drop me off in Harlem

- Ella Fitzgerald

Drop me off in Harlem

Any place in Harlem

There's someone waiting there

Who makes it seem like Heaven up in Harlem

I don't want your Dixie

You can keep your Dixie

There's no one down in Dixie

Who can take me 'way from my hot Harlem

Harlem has those southern skies

They're in my baby's smile

I idolize my baby's eyes

And classy up-town style

If Harlem moved to China

I know of nothing finer

Than to stow away on a 'plane some day

And have them drop me off in Harlem

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If Harlem moved to China

I know nothing finer than to be in Harlem