

# I Learned About Love From Her

Cab Calloway

We met one evening when the moon was bright,  
And when she gave me the eye I thought that I would die,  
She had such curly hair and teeth of white,  
And I learned about love from her.

And when she'd hold me in her arms so tight,  
Every kiss was like a torch, my lips, they used to scorch,  
That gal was just a mess of dynamite!  
And I learned about love from her.

You've heard about that man from Tennessee,  
Say, he came along one day and he stole my gal away;  
Now she's teaching him what she taught me,  
When I learned about love from her.

At night I sit alone so sad and blue,  
Like a monkey on the shelf; say, I could hang myself!  
There's a gang of things I didn't learn to do  
When I learned about love from her.

Went to school, went to school, just to learn the game of love,  
Once a fool, stays a fool, that's one thing I'm certain of,  
There's no one beneath the Sun, beneath this sky above  
Who can tell upon a given Sunday where his gal will be on Monday.

Now my gal and I are far apart  
And with teardrops in my eyes, say, I realize  
I didn't learn how to mend a busted heart  
When I learned about love from her!

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