

# Yaller

Cab Calloway

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."  
ler."

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

be  
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.

see  
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.

be  
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.

be  
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.