

## **Clyde Mcphatter**

# **"Deep In The Heart Of Harlem"**

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A dog barking at the crack of dawn  
A baby's crying 'cause his mama's gone  
I toss and turn and then I stretch and yawn  
Another morning, another day  
In the heart of Harlem

I feel the tenement coming alive  
Another working day I've gotta survive  
Fighting the foreman from 8:30 till 5  
To make a dollar so I can live  
In the heart of Harlem

I pitch and kick and  
Get my feelings hurt downtown  
I'm just a little spoke  
That helps the wheel go round

If I was rich, maybe I'd move away  
Out to the country where my kids could play  
But I can't make it on my poor man's pay  
We gotta stay here, can't get away  
Get away from Harlem

If I was rich, maybe I'd move away  
Out to the country where my kids could play  
But I can't make it on my poor man's pay  
We gotta stay here, can't get away  
Get away from Harlem

Deep, deep in the heart of Harlem  
So deep, so deep, so deep  
In the heart of Harlem

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