

Bill Withers

"Harlem/Cold Baloney"

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Summer night in Harlem
Man it's a really hot
Well it's too hot to sleep
And I'm too poor to eat
I don't care if I die or not

Winter night in Harlem
Radiator won't get hot
That mean old landlord
He don't care if I
Freeze to death or not

Ah But Saturday night in Harlem
Now everything's alright
Really swing
And shake your pretty thing
Yeah the party's out a sight

Sunday morning in Harlem
Everybody's all dressed up
Now hip folks gettin home from are high from the party
Good folks just got up

Crooked delegation
Wants a big donation
Send some old jive preacher
to the Holy land
Oh honey,
don't you give your money
To that lyin' cheatin' man

Saturday night in Harlem
Everything's alright
Shake your thang
And shang a lang a lang a lang
The party's out a' sight

I wanna tell you about Cold Baloney
I'm home all by myself
Just five years old
But I sho' am cold
Mama's out cookin' steak for someone else

Sho' am sleepy
But I'm gon' wait 'til momma comes
If the rich folk don't eat up all that good meat
I believe she gonna bring me some

I wanna tell you about Harlem
cold Baloney mayonaise and bread
If it wasn't fpr cold baloney
by now don't y'all know
I would a' been dead

I wanna tell you about Harlem

Po' mama, she sho' is tired
She said what cha eatin' son?
I believe that baloney sandwich sho looks good
Would you please fix your mama one?

Little red light
Shake 'em on down
Little green light

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