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Bill Withers "Harlem"

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Summer night in Harlem Man it's really hot Well it's too hot to sleep and too cold to eat I don't care if I die or not

Winter night in Harlem Oh oh radiator won't get hot And that mean old landlord He don't care if I freeze to death or not

Saturday night in Harlem Oh every thing's alright You can really swing and shake your pretty thing The parties are out of sight

Sunday morning here in Harlem Now every body's all dressed up The heathen folk just gettin' home from the party And the good folk just got up

Our crooked delegation wants a donation To send the preacher to the holy land Hey hey Lord, honey don't give your money To that lyin', cheatin' man

Saturday night in Harlem Hey hey, every thing's alright You can really swing and shake your pretty thing The parties are out of sight

Sunday morning here in Harlem Now every body's all dressed up The heathen folk just gettin' home from the party And the good folk just got up

Our crooked delegation wants a donation To send the preacher to the holy land Hey hey Lord, honey don't give your money To that lyin', cheatin' man

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