

Various Artist

"Angels In Harlem - Doctor Clayton"

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I know Harlem can't be heaven
'Cause New York is right down here on earth
I know Harlem can't be heaven
New York is right down here on earth
But it's headquarters for brown-skinned angels
From ev'rywhere else in this world

I feel sorry for policemen
The Doctor walk a Halem beat
Yes, I feel for policemen
The Doctor walk a Harlem beat
The po' man can't keep his mind on his business
Wit' all them angels on the street

Plain lookin' women live out in the country
'Cause folks just don't want 'em 'round
Plain lookin' women live out in the country
'Cause nobody just don't want 'em 'round
When ya find a ugly woman, livin' in Harlem
She's either rich or from some other town

'Play the blues, John Davis!'

(piano & bass)

'That's what I'm talkin' bout'

'Ah, that's what I mean!'

'Oh, look at ya, look at ya!'

'Come here landlady, look what this man done!'

I know blues singers don't go to heaven
'Cause Gabriel boss them out
*Ooo-ooo!
I know blues singers don't go to heaven
'Cause Gabriel boss them out
But all the good ones go to Harlem
And help them angels beat it out.

~

*'Ooo' sounds like a Little Richard.

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