

## Various Artists

# "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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