

# Harlem

Ian Moore

Riding through Harlem  
In my bulletproof car  
Inside a glass shell you say  
Keeps us from harm My music's playing loudly  
And people gather round  
They wonder what we're doing  
In their part of town I try to reach out, reach out  
And touch my brother's hand  
Walls are too thick, Lord  
It just makes him mad Everybody's yelling  
There must be something wrong  
If we just listen closer  
We might just get along Wake me from my sleep now  
Take me from my dream  
Don't leave me here in Harlem  
You made the streets so mean This ain't no revolution  
This ain't no civil war  
Riding through Harlem  
In my bulletproof car An how the signal's changing  
They change from green to red  
I see a confrontation  
It's lying dead ahead It all seems so familiar  
Part of an endless scene  
You find it so peculiar  
When you're the one in need Now you're talking, saying  
Now it's me verses him  
Well, I don't pick the sides  
And I don't wanna win So don't call my number  
And ask to fall in line  
When you don't have solutions  
You've run out of time Wake me from my sleep now  
Take me from my dream  
Ill take you down to Harlem  
You'll see just what I mean This ain't no revolution  
This ain't no civil war  
Riding through Harlem  
In my bulletproof car Wake me from my sleep now  
Take me from my dream  
Don't leave me here in Harlem

You made the streets so mean  
This ain't no revolution  
This ain't no civil war  
Riding through Harlem  
Riding through in  
Riding through in a bulletproof car  
Wake me from my sleep now  
Take me from my dream  
Ill take you down to Harlem  
Youll see just what I mean  
This ain't no revolution  
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Riding through Harlem  
In my bulletproof car

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