

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
I'll take you down to Harlem
You'll see just what I mean
This ain't no revolution
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