Harlem

Bill Withers

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 notWinter 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 notSaturday night in Harlem
Oh every thing's alright
You can really swing and shake your pretty thing
The parties are out of sightSunday 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 upOur 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' manSaturday night in Harlem
Hey hey, every thing's alright
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