

Harlem Woman

[Roy Orbison](#)

The woman is out on her own
Walking the streets, sad and alone
Yes, she sells herself for nickels and dimes
These are hard times for a Harlem woman
Harlem woman
Yes, you work at night, I have held you tight
But you're not aware of how much I care
No, you can't see your baby's been hungry and cold
So long nights through, go on and do what you must do
I love you, I love you, Harlem woman
Harlem woman
Sometimes I cry, but I'll get by till you're mine alone
So carry on to other arms, tender but strong
Till you belong to me
Harlem woman, hang on
I'll take you away
Someday I'll set you free to be with only me
Till then I'll know, Lord knows, I'll know
They can buy the body
But not the soul of my Harlem woman
Harlem woman, Harlem woman
Hang on

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