

# Angel of Harlem

Marc Chait

It was a cold and wet December day  
When we touched the ground at JFK  
Snow was melting on the ground  
On BLS I heard the sound of an angel New York like a Christmas tree  
Tonight this city belongs to me  
Angel Soul love  
This love won't let me go  
So long  
Angel of Harlem Birdland on fifty-three  
The street sounds like a symphony  
We got John Coltrane and 'A Love Supreme'  
Miles, and she's got to be an angel Lady Day got diamond eyes  
She sees the truth behind the lies  
Angel Soul love  
This love won't let me go  
So long  
Angel of Harlem  
Angel of Harlem, yeah She says it's heart  
Heart and soul  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, right now Blue light on the avenue  
God knows they got to you  
An empty glass, the lady sings  
Eyes swollen like a bee sting Blinded you lost your way  
Through the side streets and the alleyway  
Like a star exploding in the night  
Falling to the city in broad daylight An angel in Devil's shoes  
Salvation in the blues  
You never looked like an angel  
Yeah, yeah, Angel of Harlem Angel  
Angel of Harlem  
Angel  
Angel of Harlem  
Angel  
Angel of Harlem  
Angel  
Angel of Harlem  
All right, that's all right, that's all right

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