

Uptown

Grover Washington, Jr

He gets up each morning and he goes downtown
where everyone's his boss,
and he's lost in an angry land.
He's a little man. But then he comes uptown
each evening to my tentament.
Uptown where folks don't have to pay much rent.
And when he's there with me
he can see that he's everything.
The man is tall, he don't crawl. He's a king. Downtown he's just one of a million guys.
He don't get no breaks,
and he takes all they got to give
'cause he's got to live. But then he comes uptown
where he can hold his head up high.
And uptown he knows I'm gonna be standing by.
And when I take his hand,
there's no man who can put him down, down, down.
Oh, the world is sweet at his feet when he's uptown. Whoa-oo-oh-whoa.
When he's uptown.
Whoa-oo-whoa-oo-whoa-oh-oh. Let me tell ya now Uptown where he can hold his head up high
Uptown he knows that I am standing by
And when I take his hand there's no man who could put him down
The world is sweet, it's at his feet, when he's uptown Whoa-oh-oh-oh, oh, oh, oh
Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah Let me tell ya now, uptown
Whoa-oh-oh-oh, oh, oh, oh

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