Harlem/Cold Baloney

Bill Withers

Summer night in Harlem,
Man it's really hot!
Well it's too hot to sleep
And too hot to eat.
I don't care if I die or not!Winter night in Harlem,
Oh oh radiator won't get hot,
And that mean ole landlord
He don't care if I freeze to death or not!Saturday night in Harlem,
Ahh every thing's alright.
You can really swing and shake your pretty thing,
The parties are out of sight.Sunday morning here in Harlem
Now every body's all dressed up.
The heathen folk just getting home from the party
And the good folk just got up.
Our crooked delegation
Wants a donation
To send the preacher to the holy land
Hey hey lord honey don't give your money
To that lying, cheating man..

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