Sweet Black Angel

The Rolling Stones

Got a sweet black angel,
Got a pin up girl,
Got a sweet black angel,
Up upon my wall.
Well, she ain't no singer
And she ain't no star,
But she sure talk good,
And she move so fast.
But the gal in danger,
Yeah, de gal in chains,
But she keep on pushin',
Would ya take her place?
She countin' up de minutes,
She countin' up de days,
She's a sweet black angel, woh,
Not a sweet black slave.
Ten little niggers
Sittin' on de wall,
Her brothers been a fallin',
Fallin' one by one.
For a judge they murdered
And a judge they stole,
Now de judge he gonna judge her
For all dat he's worth.
Well de gal in danger,
De gal in chains,
But she keep on pushin'
Would you do the same?
She countin' up de minutes,
She countin' up de days,
She's a sweet black angel,
Not a gun toting teacher,
Not a Red lovin' school mom,
Ain't someone gonna free her,
Free de sweet black slave,
Free de sweet black slave.

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