

# Harlem

Bill Withers

Summer night in Harlem  
Man it's really hot  
Well it's too hot to sleep and too cold 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 old landlord  
He don't care if I freeze to death or not  
Saturday night in Harlem  
Oh 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 gettin' 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 lyin', cheatin' man  
Saturday night in Harlem  
Hey hey, 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 gettin' 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 lyin', cheatin' man  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>