

# Bill Withers, Harlem (Live)

Summer night in Harlem, man it's a really hot  
Well it's too hot to sleep, and I'm too cold to heat  
I don't care if I die or not

Winter night in Harlem  
Radiator won't get hot  
Well the mean old landlord, he don't care  
If I freeze to death or not

Saturday night in Harlem, everything's alright  
You can really swing and shake you're pretty  
Everything's alright

Sunday morning here in Harlem, everybody's all dressed up  
While the hip folks gettin' a home from the party  
And the good folks just got up  
Crooked delegation wants a donation  
To send the preacher to the holy land,  
Hey, hey lawd, honey don't give your money to that lying, cheatin' man.