

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.