

# Roy Orbison, Harlem Woman

The woman is out on her own.  
Walking the streets, sad and alone.  
Yes she sells herself for nickles and dimes.  
These are hard times for a Harlem woman.  
Harlem woman.

Yes you work at night. I have held you tight.  
But you're not aware of how much I care.

No you can't see your baby's been hungry and cold.  
So long nights through, go on and do what you must do,  
I love you. I love you Harlem woman.  
Harlem woman.

Sometimes I cry, but I'll get by till your mine alone.  
So carry on to other arms, tender but strong.  
Till you belong to me

Harlem woman hang on.  
I'll take you away.  
Someday I'll set you free to be with only me.

Till then I'll know, ...  
Lord knows, I'll know  
They can buy the body  
But not the soul of my Harlem woman  
Harlem woman, Harlem woman  
Hang on