

Deep In The Heart Of Harlem

Clyde McPhatter

A dog barking at the crack of dawn
A baby's crying 'cause his mama's gone
I toss and turn and then I stretch and yawn
Another morning, another day
In the heart of Harlem

I feel the tenement coming alive
Another working day I've gotta survive
Fighting the foreman from 8:30 till 5
To make a dollar so I can live
In the heart of Harlem

I pitch and kick and
Get my feelings hurt downtown
I'm just a little spoke
That helps the wheel go round

If I was rich, maybe I'd move away
Out to the country where my kids could play
But I can't make it on my poor man's pay
We gotta stay here, can't get away
Get away from Harlem

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Deep, deep in the heart of Harlem
So deep, so deep, so deep
In the heart of Harlem