

# Sweet Black Angel

The Rolling Stones

Got a sweet black angel  
Got a pin up girl  
Got a sweet black angel  
Up upon my wall

Well, she ain't no singer  
And she ain't no star  
But she sure talk good  
And she move so fast

But the gal in danger  
Yeah, the gal in chains  
But she keep on pushin'  
Would you take her place?

She countin' up the minutes  
She countin' up the days  
She's a sweet black angel, woh  
Not a sweet black slave

Ten little niggers  
Sittin' on the wall  
Her brothers been a fallin'  
Fallin' one by one

For a judge's murder  
In a judge's court  
Now de judge he gonna judge her  
For all dat he's worth

Well the gal in danger  
The gal in chains  
But she keep on pushin'  
Would you do the same?

She countin' up the minutes  
She countin' up the days  
She's a sweet black angel  
Not a gun toting teacher

Not a red lovin' school Mom  
Ain't someone gonna free her?  
Free the sweet black slave  
Free the sweet black slave  
Free the sweet black slave  
Free the sweet black slave