

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