

Three Young Men Sitting in a Bar in Harlem

*They got what they got*

*Ain't it a damn shame*

*They got what they got*

*Ain't it a damn shame*

*An old new place to wander in*

*An old new place to call home*

Counter-cultural European reappropriation

Keats' body buried but lifting in the spring

And who are you to judge my creation

And what is a mountain but a simple thing?

*They got what they got*

*Ain't it a damn shame*

*They got what they got*

*Ain't it a damn shame*

*Lost souls looking for the promised land*

*Lost souls in nothin but in name*

I see that colored woman too, dark at night

Her notes draw the blood from my face

I did not want to become white

I wanted to transcend race

*They got what they got*

*Ain't it a damn shame*

*They got what they got*

*Ain't it a damn shame*

But it's not, because we know-

*Don't we?*

We will make something of our own!

*Ohhhhhh Lord, yeahhh-heee-yeah-yeah!*