

Sweet Black Angel
The Rolling Stones

G

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.

Em

But the gal in danger,

Am

Yeah, de gal in chains,

D

But she keep on pushin ,

G

Would ya take her place?

Em

She countin up de minutes,

Am

She countin up de days,

D

She s a sweet black angel, woh,

G

Not a sweet black slave.

Ten little niggers

Sittin on de wall,

Her brothers been a fallin ,

Fallin one by one.

For a judge they murdered

And a judge they stole

,

Now de judge he gonna judge her

For all dat he s worth.

Em

Well de gal in danger,

Am

De gal in chains, ,

D

But she keep on pushin

G

Would you do the same?

Em

She countin up de minutes,

Am

She countin up de days,

D

She s a sweet black angel,

Not a gun toting teacher,

Not a Red lovin school mom,

Ain t someone gonna free her,

G

Free de sweet black slave,

Free de sweet black slave.