

Sweet Black Angel
The Rolling Stones

A

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.

F#m

But the gal in danger,

Bm

Yeah, de gal in chains,

E

But she keep on pushin ,

A

Would ya take her place?

F#m

She countin up de minutes,

Bm

She countin up de days,

E

She s a sweet black angel, woh,

A

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.

F#m

Well de gal in danger,

Bm

De gal in chains, ,

E

But she keep on pushin

A

Would you do the same?

F#m

She countin up de minutes,

Bm

She countin up de days,

E

She s a sweet black angel,

Not a gun toting teacher,

Not a Red lovin school mom,

Ain t someone gonna free her,

A

Free de sweet black slave,

Free de sweet black slave.