

## Willie Nile "The Streets Of New York"

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The streets of New York  
a maze made of iron and stone.  
A labyrinth complete,  
with edges that cut through the bone.

They come by the millions,  
the hipster, the prince and the clown.  
They come 'cause they know that  
something's going down  
on the streets of New York.

The streets of New York  
wind and turn in their own crooked way.  
A motherless child,  
so reckless at work and at play.

Still-born buildings abound,  
corporations of steel,  
long lines at the lost and found  
all serve to reveal  
the streets of New York

The streets of New York  
have faces only mothers could love.  
From rich boys in silk,  
to panhandlers who can't get enough.

Drifters ride on the subways,  
hustlers roam through the night.  
Tourists come back again and again  
until they get it right  
on the streets of New York.

The streets of New York  
unfold like a matchmaker's dream.  
Day becomes night,  
through canyons of concrete and steam.

Juliet on the rooftops,  
Romeo underground.  
Late at night when their lips meet,  
you can't hear a sound

on the streets of New York.

The streets of New York  
have places where two hearts can meet.  
The west side, uptown  
or down here on Revington Street.

Meet me tonight by the station,  
meet me in Washington Square.  
Weâ€™ll drink wine and dance on the moonlight,  
and Iâ€™ll hold you in the air!  
on the streets of New York.

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