

## Bette Midler

### "Comin' to Your City"

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[Chorus:]

Well we're comin to your city  
Gonna play our guitars and sing you a country song  
We'll all be flyin higher than a jet air liner  
And if you want a little bang in your ying yang come  
along

Well we flew through Cincinnati  
And we all got really happy  
Grabbed a bowl of that sky line chili along the way  
Then we rolled on into Kansas  
Scared the hell our of Marilyn Manson  
And the party started happenin  
Hey hey hey

Then in the middle of a Charleston night  
We ran into Jessica White  
And a little moonshine got us right plum smacked  
insane

[Chorus]

Well we broke down in greenville  
In the middle of a hayfield  
But a Bud Light truck pulled up and helped us out

So we then headed up to Philly  
Partied down like real hillbillies  
Brought the Music Mafia  
And rocked it out

And Chippewa's where we go  
When we're up in Buffalo  
Don't you know those yankees drink enough to DROWN

[Chorus]

Listen up  
Now LA's got the freaks  
At Pink's and 50 dollar drinks  
And San Antonio Was a wild wild rodeo

And then Phoenix, Arizona  
We drank way too much Corona  
And we woke up by the river  
In Jeff City, MO

[Chorus]

Yeah, yeah  
We're comin to your city  
We're gonna play our guitars and sing you a country  
song  
We'll all be flyin higher than a jet air liner  
And if you want a little band in your ying yang  
If you wanna little zing in your zang zang  
If you wanna little ting in your tang tang  
Come along, come along, come along, come along

Yeah, we're comin to your city

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