

Box Black

"Native New Yorker"

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New York style, style, style

New York city, New York city girl
New York city, New York city girl

You grew up ridin' the subways,
Runnin' with people up in Harlem, down on Broadway
You're no tramp, but you're no lady talkin' that street
talk
You're the heart and soul of New York city
And love, love is just a passing word
It's the thought you had in a taxi cab that got left on the
curb
When he dropped you off at East and the Third

Oh, oh, oh
You're a native New Yorker
You should know the score by now
You're a native New Yorker

The music plays, everyone's dancin' closer and closer
Makin' friends and findin' lovers
There you are lost in the shadows, searchin' for
someone
To set you free from New York City

And oh, where did all those yesterdays go
When you still believed love
Could really be like a Broadway show
You were the star, when did it close?

Oh, oh, oh
You're a native New Yorker
No more hope is the door
For a native New Yorker
Oh, oh, oh
You're a native New Yorker
You should know the score by now
You're a native New Yorker

New York city, New York city girl
New York city, New York city girl

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