

## Bryan Adams

### "Eastside Story"

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There was this girl I used to see  
Down on 42nd street  
She'd walk by on her way to work  
And make the air smell so sweet

I used to sit in a coffee shop  
Sometimes I'd have a cup  
And when she'd go by  
She'd light up the sky  
Like the sun coming up

She be standin' by the bus stop  
Driver opened up the door  
I'd just sit n' watch her  
Getting on the 104

I wanna give her my number  
I wanna tell her my name  
Wanna climb on board that cross-town bus  
Take a chance she feels the same

It's just another east side story  
Everybody's got a tale to tell  
And like a hundred guys before me  
I fell under her spell

Some things you hold on to  
Some you just let go  
Seems like the ones that you can't have  
Are the ones that you want the most

I think about her sometimes  
I wonder if she was real  
And if I ever find her  
I'm gonna tell her how I feel

It's just another east side story  
Everybody's got a tale to tell  
And like a hundred guys before me  
I fell under her spell

It's still the same old story  
It's still the same old game  
Up there on the eastside  
Life goes on the same  
She never knew my number  
Never even knew my name  
She climbed on board that cross-town bus  
I never saw her again

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