## Cashman & West "American City Suite"

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People going, coming Traffic always humming A sweet city song Everyone your neighbor Living at a flavor With a sweet city song

There was a certain way
That the city sound
Made you glad you belonged
I remember now
That the rhythm somehow
Made me want to sing along

Do do do do, sweet city song Do do do do, sweet city song Oh, come on along

Boxes on a brick wall
Boys are playing stickball
The chicks are walking by
Something bout their sweaters
Made you play a little better
Or at least you'd try

Meanwhile on the corner A group is singing In three-part harmony There was a time When you couldn't find A better place to be

Do do do do, sweet city song Do do do do, sweet city song Do do do do, sweet city song Come on

Johnny, ride the pony
The Dodger's own sym-phoney
An egg cream at the
Corner candy store
Radio and dancing slow

Who could ask for more

Do do do do, sweet city song Do do do do, sweet city song Do do do do, sweet city song Come on along

Hello, Jack, it's good to be back I been away at school Yeah, Ed, I heard what you said You know that I'm no fool

I know that it's changing I see that it's changed I know that it's changing I see that it's changed

But goodbye is too hard For me to say When I still believe The good things Outweigh the bad

I think of all the Good times we had Think of all the Good times we had

A junkie steals, a mayor deals Who knows what's coming next Traffic jams and greedy hands Did you read it in the text

Of the daily news
The subway blues
How does your garden grow
And the strikes and the likes
All lined up in a row

Something is wrong here
It doesn't belong here
People are locking themselves
Behind their own four walls

It falls from the skies here But no one's surprised here And maybe that's the Saddest part of all

Jesus freaks Mohammed speaks The Lord is on their team
Tenements and midtown rents
Rich and poor live in between

Say a prayer and breathe the air In the cold or heat When evening falls, the city calls But the lights only shine On empty streets

Something is wrong here Doesn't belong here People are locking themselves Behind their own four walls

Falls from the skies here No one's surprised here Maybe that's the Saddest part of all

Something is wrong here Doesn't belong here People are locking themselves Behind their own four walls

Falls from the skies here No one's surprised here Maybe that's the Saddest part of all

I think of her I think of life's own music At least that's the way It used to be

I think of her and I See the children laughing But it's only on the streets Of my memory

And I never felt so lonely And so helpless Wishing that I didn't Know the truth

But they tell me That a friend is dying And there's nothing In this world I can do

When she was good

It was, oh, so good You were blessed If she smiled on you

You could be king
If she believed your story
When it was over
If she laughed at you

Now I've never felt so lonely And so helpless I'm wishing that I Didn't know the truth

They tell me
That a friend is dying
And there is nothing
In this world that I can do

The hands that used to Reach out to everybody Now they're lying by her side

And her eyes are closed No one really knows If she can make it through Another night

Still most of what I love Is locked inside her Everything I thought I'd ever need

My heart keeps crying You've got to hold on A little bit longer But my head is sure That it's time to leave

And I've never felt so lonely And so helpless I'm wishing that I Didn't know the truth

And they tell me that My friend is dying And there's nothing In this world that I can do

I've never felt so lonely And so helpless I'm wishing that I
Didn't know the truth

They tell me that A friend, a friend is dying

Oh, New York City Can you say it ain't true Can you tell me now Before I'm leaving you

I'd give anything I own Just to believe in you again

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