

Blues Traveler "Big City Girls"

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You got one boy
With your right hand
And the other one
You hail a taxi cab

Big city girls you make a mess out of me
Now I'm on my way back down to New Orleans

You got a nice car
From a rich man
With a gold watch
And a fake tan

Big city girls you make a mess out of me
Now I'm on my back down to Tennessee

Big city days
Seeing if it pays
Barely rescued by the hell you're going to raise

She's going to roll you
Through the wasteland
While she takes you
To see the latest band
Big city girls you make a mess out of me
But I'm on my way back down to the Florida Keys

She'll tip your last cash
Past a velvet rope
And you've got to crash
Cause it's your only hope
Big city girls you make a mess out of me
But I'm on my way back home to New Orleans

Big city days
Seeing if it pays
Barely rescued by the hell you're going to raise

Big city night
Hanging on too tight
But she takes my hand and I give up the fight

She's got one eye
On the next bar
And the other one
On exactly who you think you are

Big Apple girls you make a mess out of me
South Jersey girls you make a mess out of me
Hill Country girls you make a mess out of me
Rocky Mountain Girls you make a mess out of me
Sweet Valley you make a mess out of me
Big Easy girls you make a mess out of me
Little easy girls you make a mess out of me
Any easy girls you make a mess out of me
But I always come back home to New York City

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