

## **Fury In The Slaughterhouse "Princess Of New York"**

Visit "[Princess Of New York](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

By the garbage cans she sits  
In her hands she holds a plastic bag  
She borrowed from the supermarket  
Her eyes staring holes into the night  
Open windows are her radio  
Luxury for her backyard bed

She knows every story  
Of all the gloom and glory  
This city wrote through all the years

You can't miss her cause she is  
Always talking to a mailbox  
Whispering secrets right into

The darkness where you can't hear her  
Speak or talk but believe me that she is  
The princess of new york

Down 5th avenue she walks  
Dragging her body round the block  
Trying to collect her meal  
The parking meters are her friends  
For each one she's got a name  
Hello eddie how are you today ?

Visit [Fury In The Slaughterhouse](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.