

James Bonamy**"Down And Out In New York City"**

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I was born in
New York City on a Monday
I was out shining shoes
By Tuesday noon

All the bad cats in the bad hats
Doing me a real big favor
Got the bad cats in the bad hats
Laying it on real good

Here's a dime, boy
Gimme a shine, boy

When the cold wind comes
It lives in New York City
And the street's no place to be
But there you are

So you try hard or you die hard
No one really gives a good damn
You try hard and you die hard
Nobody gives a damn

Here's a dime, boy
Gimme a shine, boy

Down and out in New York City
Ain't nowhere to be
Where can you do when you're
Down and out in New York City

Never, never, never
Gonna get that way again
No, no, no, no, no, not me

When you need a friend
Need to have a
When you want a friend

Gonna get myself together
In the morning

Gonna leave it all
I want that dream

All the bad cats in the bad hats
Doing me a real big favor
Got the bad cats in the bad hats
Laying it on real good

Here's a dime, boy
Gimme a shine, boy

Gimme a shine, boy
Gimme a shine, hey

Down and out in New York City
Ain't nowhere to be
Where can you do when you're
Down and out in New York City

Said I'm never, never, never
Gonna get that way again
No, no, no, no, not me

When you need a friend
Troubled mind
When you need a friend
Got a troubled mind

Ain't nobody gonna
Give you one thin dime

Friends can be cruel sometimes
Can be sweet but what
What bugs a man, what hurts a man
Is when you give him a drink
Just can't get nothing to eat

That's New York City
That's New York City
New York City

One-hundred and twenty-five street
The bricks, Eight Avenue

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