

Jeff Buckley "Back In N.Y.C."

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I see faces and traces of home
Back in New York city

So you think I'm a tough kid?
Is that what you heard?
Well, I like to see some action
And it gets into my blood

Oh, let me out of Pontiac
When I was just seventeen
I had to get it out of me
If you know what I mean, what I mean

You say I must be crazy
'Cos I don't care who I hit, who I hit
'Cause I know it's me that's hittin' out
And I'm not full of shit

Down by my bottle
Filled up high with gasoline
You can tell by the night fires
Where Rael has been, has been

As I cuddled the porcupine
He said I had none to blame, but me
Held my heart, deep in hair
Time to shave, shave it off, it off

No time for romantic escape
When your fluffy heart is ready for rape, no
No time for romantic escape
When your fluffy heart is ready for rape, no

Off we go
Off we go
Off we go

You're sitting in your comfort
You don't believe I'm real
You cannot buy protection
From the way that I feel

Your progressive hypocrites
Hand out their trash
But it was mine in the first place
So I'll burn it to ash

And I've taken all the strongest meats
And laid them down in coloured sheets
Laid them down in coloured sheets

Who needs illusion of love and affection
When you're out walking in the streets
With your mainline connection, connection

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