

# John Waite

## "Nyc Girl"

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There's diamonds in the avenue  
As the dayshift turns to night  
In the empire dinner dreaming  
Hard rain, fluorescent lights

And the waitress fills my coffee cup  
As the working girls go by  
Drenched Irish cops are dreaming sex  
And peep show alibis

Everything underneath the skyline  
From the east side to the west  
I see the miracles in real time  
And there's one I've loved the best

I see there's an angel on the D train  
And she's flying to my world  
And I'm waiting for a, a New York City girl

Times Square looks like Avalon  
In a Disney Morphine dream  
Dylan Thomas rides a white horse drunk  
At the counter next to me

I wake up in her bed sometimes  
And watch her as she sleeps  
In the silence and the sirens  
I pray her soul to keep

Everything underneath the skyline  
From the east side to the west  
I see the miracles in real time  
And there's one I've loved the best

See there's an angel on the D train  
And she's flying to my world  
And I'm waiting for a New York City girl

The Catherine wheel burns bright tonight  
Down on the avenue  
But nowhere near as bright, my love  
As the fire that burns for you

Everything underneath the skyline  
From the east side to the west  
Of the lives I've lived and those I've known  
There is one I've loved the best

See there's an angel on the D train  
And she's flying to my world  
And I'm waiting for a New York City girl  
Oh yeah, and I'm waiting for a New York City girl

I'm waiting now  
New York City girl  
Oh yeah, I'm waiting for  
New York City girl  
Oh, yeah, yeah  
New York City girl

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