

Catherine Feeny

"New York In The 70's"

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Lord, is it Monday again?
Boy, are you leaving again?
And are we fighting or can we be friends?
You say: "It's so hard to love you from afar
And I would hold you but I don't know where you are
You can call me later today
If you decide to join the human race
Okay?"

Oh boy, we are so good, so bad
In so many ways
And when I think about the way that life should be
I think of Sesame Street
Kids of every color holding hands and laughing down
the street
New York in the 70's

And if there's one thing that I could learn from TV
I wish that I could learn to be carefree

We could all use just a little more laughing
And you say: "It's so hard to believe
In you and me
When you don't believe in anything"
But that's not true
I believe in dancing feet
And baseball in the street
And swimming in fountains
To escape the summer heat
New York in the 70's

Oh boy, we are so good, so bad
In so many ways

And you said:
"So hard to love you from afar"
And I would grab you and kiss you
But I can't see where you are
And you never tip your cards to me
No, not as far as I can see

