

Laura Nyro "New York Tendaberry"

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New York tendaberry
Blue berry
A rush on rum
Of brush and drum
And the past is a blue note
Inside me
I ran away in the morning

New York tendaberry
Blue berry
Rugs and drapes and drugs
And capes
Sweet kids in hunger slums
Firecrackers break
And they cross
And they dust
And they skate
And the night comes

I ran away in the morning

Now I'm back
Unpacked
Sidewalk and pigeon
You look like a city
But you feel like a religion
To me

New York tendaberry
True berry
I lost my eyes
I east wind skies
Here where I've cried
Where I've tried
Where God and the tendaberry rise
Where quakers and revolutionaries
Join for life
For precious years
Joined for life
Through silver tears

New York tendaberry

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