

## **Marcy Playground**

# **"The Vampires Of New York"**

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Come see the vampires of New York  
Come lose your mind in Central Park  
But don't leave your soul behind

Come take in 8th Street after dark  
Such peculiar people you'll remark  
You might even see a murder

And all the whores on Bleeker Street  
They wear the blissful grin  
Caused by the drugs they take  
To relieve them of their sins

And oh Lord, I think she's dying  
I heard somebody say  
I think she's dying  
And oh oh Lord, I think she's dying

Or maybe she's already dead  
And maybe she's gone to Mars  
Maybe we could even write  
Her epitaph in the stars

It'd say, "If you go away from here  
If you go a million miles"  
Come downtown to see them go

Into the den of the vampires of New York  
But please watch your step  
As you're getting off, kids

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