

## **Rob Thomas**

# **"Sunday Morning New York Blue"**

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It's early  
Honey put on your lipstick  
I wanna take you dancing  
Even though I can't dance

I'll drive  
Down to the place on the west side  
Somewhere we can't see the sun rise  
A better than even chance

Another Saturday is over  
Here comes Sunday shining through  
I could stay right here forever  
Sunday morning New York blue

Down town  
Girls who wear boots with their ball gowns  
Looking for boys with their guards down  
Maybe they might just win

Some day  
When we get old and our hairs grey  
We won't remember the bad days  
Or maybe we will, but we won't say

Another Saturday is over  
Here comes Sunday shining through  
I could stay right here forever  
Sunday morning New York blue  
Feeling just the way I do  
Dancing our way into  
Sunday morning New York blue  
Ohh yeah  
It's my New York blue

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