

## Texas In July

### "NYLA"

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You say you like New York better than L.A.  
And I just sit there  
I believe that you like looking like a Ramone  
And I would rather kiss a Beach Boy

Feel the sand beneath my toes  
And feel the sun burn up my nose  
I'll give you all of my black clothes  
Just light your smoke and watch me go

Come come come again?  
What was that you said?  
Listen carefully  
And maybe then you'll see

That this time, this time, next year, next year  
I won't be here  
This time, this time, next year, next year  
I won't be here

'Cause I'm so sick of dreary winters  
And mornings spent in subway stations  
Going to a job I hate  
More and more with every day  
I want the lifestyle of the rich and famous  
While you prefer to remain nameless  
But that's you, hey, and this is me  
I'm gonna live the fantasy

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What was that you said?  
Listen carefully  
And maybe then you'll see

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I won't be here  
This time, this time, next year, next year  
I won't be here  
This time, next year, I won't, be here

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This time, next year, I won't, be here  
This time, this time, next year, next year  
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This time, this time, next year, next year  
I won't be here  
This time, next year, I won't, be here

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Listen carefully  
And maybe then you'll see...

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