

## The Afghan Wigs

### "66"

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Oo ah oo ah oo oo, Kitty  
Tell us about the boy  
From New York City  
Oo ah oo ah come on, Kitty  
Tell us about the boy  
From New York City  
He's kinda tall  
He's really fine, yeah, yeah,  
Someday I hope to make him  
mine, all mine yeah, yeah  
And he's neat and oh, so sweet,  
and the way he looked at me just  
Swept me off my feet  
Yeah, yeah  
Oo ee you oughta come and see  
How he walks yeah yeah  
And he talks  
Oo ah oo ah oo oos Kitty  
Tell us about the boy from New  
York City  
Oo ah oo ah come on, Kitty  
Tell us about the boy from New  
York City  
He's really down and he's no  
Clown yeah yeah  
He has the finest penthouse  
I've ever seen in town yeah, yeah  
And he's cute in his mohair suit  
And he keeps his pockets full of  
Spending loot yeah, yeah  
Oo ee, yeah we're all right  
Yeah, oo oo  
Ev'ry time he says he loves me  
Chills run down my spine  
Ev'ry time he wants to kiss me  
He makes me feel so fine.  
That's him  
Alright he's the boy from New  
York City  
We call him Jill, we're all right.  
Oo ah oo ah Kitty,

tell us about the boy from New  
York City  
Oo ah oo ah Kitty,  
Tell us about the boy from New  
York City

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