

The Stryder "New York Woman"

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Find your house keys.
Get some money.
Do the laundry.
Feed your puppy.
I'm clenching the teeth I just brushed.
I'm starting to push down the clutch.
Fantasize
Of leather thies, and
She bats her eyes.

We're dancing, we're laughing, we're singing songs,
The skyline is glowing, it turns her on,
My body is burning on her skin,
New York Woman,

But the light turns,
And my wheels burn,
I wonder if dreams will come true.
The dream where she tells me I'm cool,
And asks for more,
And i take the tour,
And we hit the floor,

And we're dancing, we're laughing, we're singing
songs,
The skyline is glowing, it turns her on,
My body it burning on her skin,
New York Woman.

She greets me with lipstick and hips.
We go to the end of the bridge.
On the hood,
She stands and looks,
The radio plays the hook.

We're dancing, we're laughing, we're singing songs,
The skyline is glowing, it turns her on,
My body is burning on her skin,
New York Woman.

She leaves her boots on the whole time.
She's got the same damn dreams as mine.

New York Woman.

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