

The Weekend

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

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