

Neil Sedaka "New York City Blues"

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Life and death in an alley way
Just a heartbeat away from a ma-a-an
Who's learned to turn his head away
From the pai-ain that drai-ains the la-and
Harlem's not too far from here
You can smell the garbage, feel the fear
I hear they're gonna build a skyscraper there-ere
As if we didn't need the extra air-air
New York City blue-ues
In order to wi-in you've got to lo-o-ose
Old before your ti-ime
The dirt and the gri-ime get into everythi-ing
And the papers love to say-ay-ay
It's the meanest town in the USA
But I think it's okay
It's the town I've ma-ade my home
On another side of Park Avenue
Respectable folks don't know-ow-ow
Hungry eyes take in the view
Of the wor-orld that lay-ays them low-ow
Too many years on a welfare line
The old song and da-ance ti-ime after time
You can only get so pushed arou-ound
Until you wanna tear the damn thing dow-own
Tear it dow-own
New York City blue-ues0
In order to wi-in you've got to lo-ose
Old before your ti-i-ime
The dirt and the gri-ime get into everythi-ing
And the papers love to say-ay-ay
It's the meanest town in the USA-a
But I think it's okay
It's the town I've made my ho-o-ome
New York City blue-ues
In order to wi-in you've got to lo-ose
Old before your ti-i-ime
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