Pantera "N.Y.C. Streets"

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[Spoken:]

[David Allan Coe:]

I thought what was cool, was... uh, rockin' Rita Looking for a Dimebag, like, people who don't Know who you are think it's some chick lookin' For dope.

[Dimebag:] Exaclty.

[David Allan Coe:]

[Laughs]

[Dimebag:]

You know it's all about the lyrics.

[David Allan Coe:]
You know what I mean?

[Dimebag:] Yeah, man.

[David Allan Coe:] Yeah, I hear ya.

[Dimebag:] Here we go...

[Sung:]

Cowboy junkies on the radio Singin' some ol' funky tune Time to change the station He says: Stop the car Let me out

I say hey, dude What's that all about The artist formally known as Man, that's insane Purple Rain, hey dude Cut me some slack What's his real name

Bridge, man

New York City streets Horns blowin' I don't care People goin' God knows where

Freaks on the corner Hair dyed blue Lookin' at me But I'm lookin' at you

I wonder What am I doin' here What am I doin' here

Whiskey signs
Fashion in my mind
Time to get loaded
And get out of this town

Pantera on the Marquee Better stay one more day Iron Maiden, Motorhead Fuck, heavy metal ain't dead

Hey dude
What's that you said
Rockin' Rita
Lookin' for a Dimebag
What's up with that dude
Ah, turn the music up
Turn the music up

Go to the bridge, now

New York City streets
Horns blowin'
I don't care
People goin' God knows where
I don't care

Freaks on the corner Hair dyed blue Lookin' at me And I'm lookin' at you

What am I doin' here

God, what am I doin' here You say your name is

[Spoken:]

Hey dude, check it out. I got this tape by some Friends of mine, called Punk Jack. Ey, good, you Gotta hear these guys. They ain't got no record Deal. What difference does that make? You don't Need a record deal, motherfucker - listen to the Music, dude.

Fuckin' A, dude

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