## Procol Harum "New York"

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An imitation from new york You're made in japan From cheese and chalk You're hipy tarts hero 'cos you put on bad show You put on bad show Oh don't it show

Still oh out on those pills Oh do you remember

Think it's well playing max's kansas You're looking bored And you're acting flash With nothing in your gut You better keep yer mouth shut You better keep yer mouth shut In a rut Still oh out on those pills

Do the sambo

Four years on
You still look the same
I think about time
You changed your brain
You're just a pile of shit
You're coming to this
Ya poor little faggot

You're sealed with a kiss Kiss me

Think it's well playing in japan
When everybody knows japan is a dishpan
You're just a pile of shit
You're coming to this
Ya poor little faggot
You're sealed with a kiss

Still oh out on those pills

Cheap thrills, anadins, aspros, anything You're condemned to eternal bullshit You're sealed with a kiss Kiss me

A kiss a kiss you're sealed with a kiss A looking for a kiss you're coming to this I wanna kiss anything Oh kiss this eh boy

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