

Rockapella

"Beautiful Place Nyc"

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Summertime in equatorial Manhattan
And all the people with the puddles on their backs
Are filling up the cracks between the cars and
buildings.
I don't care whether you're white or red or black or
Latin,
The season's scratching like a hamster on your head,
You take a little walk outside.

One with onions and a small papaya,
You're sitting underneath a ginkgo tree,
Crazy people in their suits go by you,
It may be steamy but it's still -
A Beautiful Place.

Underground the ants are riding in the subways.
They're facing faces that they've never faced before,
They lean against the doors although the sign says not
to.
57th Street, the shoppers walking sideways,
High-heeled women like flamingos on a beach,
Their dreams are within their reach inside.

Think about it all and it gets scary,
I tend to freeze up at the starting line.
In my head's a rhyming dictionary,
It ain't poetic but it's still -
A Beautiful Place

Summer nights and all the maniacs are sleeping.
Who knows what visions they are dreaming in their
pates,
Perhaps a piece of cake that they have saved for
breakfast.
Up here on the roof, our secrets are worth keeping.
A breeze is blowing and the city is beneath,
An ever-changing wreath of lights.

Overhead a single star is winking,
He sees you smile through the smoggy sky.
Bet I know exactly what you're thinking -

It may be dirty, honey, a little sooty, baby,
A crazy city but it's still -
A Beautiful Place

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