

Simone Felice

"New York Times"

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Hetti Blackbird, Hetti Blackbird, Hetti Blackbird, that's
the Indian's name
Out in South Dakota, he stole a gold Range Rover and
he drove it all over the empty plains
While Apache pilots haunt the River Tigress in the
laughing silence of the desert night
& the price of cocaine on a favourite ball game I read it
all baby in the New York Times.

A pervert from Jersey with a thirty-thirty, found them
girls rehearsing in a ballet school
And when he bust in point his musket he turned lilly
white muslin into bright red bloom
As I read it here on the coffee street pier I can't help
but hear them buildings fall
And the way they came down, and way they jumped
out, there's no baseball glove in town
That's gonna catch them all. So every New Year we
come to Times Square and we all howl there when the
big ball drops. Don't trust your junk mail, don't touch
the third rail, and baby don't' you dare have the King of
pop. Cos the day they found him and brought his body
in the things that Doctor did was enough to strike you
blind.

So make my Lilly white lover, oh and oh my brother,
never make the cover of the New York Times

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