

Buckley Jeff

"Back In N.y.c"

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i see faces and traces of home back in new york city
so you think i'm a tough kid is that what you heard?
well, i like to see some action, and it eats into my blood
well, they let me out of pontiac when i was just
seventeen
i had to get it out of me if you know what i mean, what i
mean.

they say i must be crazy ?cause i don't' care who i hit,
who i hit.
cause i know its me that's hitting out and i'm not full of
shit.
down by my bottle, filled up high with gasoline
you can tell by the night fires where a real has been,
has been

as I cuddled the porcupine he said i had none to blame
but me
gave my heart, deep in hell, time to shave, shave it off,
it off
no time for romantic escape and your fluffy heart is
ready for rape
no, no time for romantic escape and your fluffy heart is
ready for rape

off we go.
off we go
off we go
you're sitting in your comfort who don't believe' i'm real
you cannot buy protection for the way that i feel
your progressive hypocrites handing out their trash
it was mine in the first place so i'll burn it to ash.

when i've eaten all the strongest meats
and laid them down in coloured sheets
laid them down in colored sheets
well, who needs illusions,
of love and affection when you're out walking in the
streets,
your mainline connection connection

as i cuddled the porcupine he said i had none to blame
but me
held my heart deep in hell time to shave, shave it off, it
off.
no time for romantic escape and your fluffy heart is
ready for rape.
no. no time for romantic escape

and your fluffy heart is ready for rape.
no. no time for romantic escape
and your fluffy heart is ready for rape.
no time. back in new york city.

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