

## **Playground Marcy**

### **"The Vampires Of New York"**

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Come see the vampires of New York

Come lose your mind in Central Park

But don't leave your soul behind

Come take in 8th street after dark

Such peculiar people you'll remark

You might even see a murder

And all the whores on Bleecker Street

They wear the blissful grin

Caused by the drugs they take

To relieve them of their sins

And "oh lord I think she's dying"

I heard somebody say

I think she's dying

And "oh oh lord I think she's dying"

Or maybe she's already dead

and maybe she's gone to Mars

Maybe we could even write

her epitaph in the stars

It'd say "If you go away from here...

If you go a million miles..."

Come downtown to see them go

Into the den of the vampires of New York

But please watch your step

as you're getting off, kids

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