## Moldy Peaches, The "New York City's Like A Graveyard"

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New York City's like a graveyard All the corpses like the way I play my guitar You've gotta be cute if you wanna get far New York City's like a graveyard

All the tombstones- sky scrapin'
All the rock stars double datin'
So if you hate me, go on hating
You've been waiting your whole life for this moment to be waitin'

We've got it!! (x4)

All those hookers in their fucking car Twelve steppin' hippies hangin' out at the bar Suckers and fuckers and stupid retards New York City's like a graveyard

We've got it!! (x4)

All the yuppies getting married All the yuppies getting buried Singing in this city's like singing on the prairie New York City's like a cemetary

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