

# NYCG

## Cross Canadian Ragweed

Chorus:

New York City girl  
Born and raised in South Queens  
She goes to work in taxi cabs  
Comes back home in limousines  
Well if you see her tell her I'm alright  
I know the reason why she couldn't stay  
My New York City girl  
I wouldn't have it any other way I guess I should've saw it comin'  
She gave me every single warning  
Instead I stumbled headlong into  
Somewhere I'd never be returnin' She wouldn't let me hold her  
She let her hair fall on her shoulder  
And I didn't tell her one damn thing  
A million others haven't told her Repeat Chorus I told her that I'd miss her  
She wouldn't even let me kiss her  
She just gathered up her things  
Fixed her hair and took the money from the dresser Repeat Chorus

Lyrics provided by

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