Crazyman Dance

George Michael

Well I'm still here, but I'm so scared

Got myself in trouble, so much trouble

I know I've got to make it

But I just can't take New York

(New York) I just can't take New YorkMy middle name is fear

I have a vacant stare

And it's been so long since my body's been warm

I know I've got to make it

But I just can't take New York

(New York) I just can't take New YorkI came here all dreams and wide eyes in the big, big city

No family, no money, and I don't even know what's hit me

Hit me (hit me)Every street and every corner watch them drown

And watch them do the Crazyman Dance

(Crazyman Dance, Crazyman's Dance, Crazyman Dance)

Watch them do the Crazyman Dance

Men and Women to the slaughter

We just stand and watch them do the Crazyman Dance

(Crazyman Dance, Crazyman's Dance, Crazyman Dance)

Watch them do the Crazyman Dance

Oh no, do you. It's been one whole year

And it's just not fair

For all the pushing and shoving

I've still got nothing

I'm never gonna make it

And I'm stuck here in New York

(New York) I'm stuck here in New YorkSo people don't come near

Unless you've a dollar to spare

'Cause you know what they say

About madmen on the subways of New York

Of-ha New York

(Believe it, believe it, believe it) Yesterday's newspapers

I wrap them around my body

Outside these skyscrapers

I wait for the night to hit me

And boy, does it hit me

(New York, New York, New York)

(Just like your Ma)

(Just like your Pa)

(Just like someone you use to know) Every street and every corner watch them drown

And watch them do the Crazyman Dance
(Crazyman Dance, Crazyman's Dance, Crazyman Dance)
Watch them do the Crazyman Dance

Watch them do the Crazyman Dance

For a nickel or a quarter

For your pleasure watch them do the Crazyman Dance

(Crazyman Dance, Crazyman's Dance, Crazyman Dance)

Ha, watch them do the Crazyman Daye-anceI'm coming to London

I'm coming to Paris

I'm coming to make you good clean people embarrassed

Why don't you look at my face

Why don't you look in my eyes

You'd rather look at your feet

You'd rather look at the skies

Oh, you'd look anywhere

But at a man whose pure existence

Says I ain't got time and I don't care

I don't care

You just don't care

Care, care

Don't worry about it man

Guy is crazy

Crazy, Crazy

Songwriters

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