

The Vampires of New York

Marcy Playground

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 Bleeker 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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