

# East Side Story

## Bryan Adams

There was this girl I used to see, down on 42nd street  
She'd walk by on her way to work, n' make the air smell so sweet  
I used to sit in a coffee shop, sometimes I'd have a cup  
And when she'd go by, she'd light up the sky  
Like the sun coming upShe be standin' by the bus stop, driver opened up the door  
I'd just sit an' watch her, getting on the one o four  
I wanna give her my number, I wanna tell her my name  
Wanna climb on board that cross-town bus  
Take a chance she feels the sameIt's just another east side story  
Everybody's got a tale to tell  
And like a hundred guys before me  
I fell under her spellSome things you hold on to, some you just let go  
Seems like the ones that you can't have  
Are the ones that you want most  
I think about her sometimes, I wonder if she was real  
And if I ever find her I'm gonna tell her how I feelIt's just another east side story  
Everybody's got a tale to tell  
And like a hundred guys before me  
I fell on her spell, her spellYeah, her spellIt's still the same old story, it's still the same old game  
Up there on the east side, life goes on the same  
She never knew my number, never even knew my name  
She climbed on board that cross-town bus I never saw her againIt's just another east side story  
Everybody's got a tale to tell  
Like a hundred guys before me  
I fell on her spell, her spell, her spell, yeahIt's just another east side story  
It's just another east side story  
It's just another east side story

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