

# Bi-Coastal

**Hugh Jackman**

You used to live in New York City  
Then you moved to L.A.  
But you still miss the streets  
Where you used to play So you hurry on back there  
(Even) Leave your pool and your car  
Only to find you no longer belong  
Fool don't you know what you are Hit the streets at midnight  
Still dancing after dawn  
But something seems to be missing  
Just what are you running from Do you like your love in the dark  
Or laid out in the sun  
When you just can't make up your mind  
Don't you know what you've become Bi-coastal, miss the natural speed of the city  
Bi-coastal, California's fine if you're pretty Bi-coastal, when both are so much fun  
Why do you have to pick one You can always hear me singing  
Oh say can you see  
From the towers of Manhattan  
To the hills of Beverly All those girls in TV movies  
All those boys on Broadway  
When you can't make up your mind  
You know you'd go either way Bi-coastal, miss the natural speed of the city  
Bi-coastal, California's fine if you're pretty  
Bi-coastal, when both are so much fun  
Why do you have to pick one

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