

Bensonhurst Blues

Oscar Benton

Our honeymoon is over
And the best days of our love
Are dead and gone
Instead of growing closer
This time goes on and on
We're getting miles apart
Though you're beside me as before
And when we kiss goodnight I find...

...That since we're sharing the same bed
We're not sharing the same dreams
Anymore
That since we're sharing the same bed
We're not sharing the same dreams
Anymore

Bay Parkway wonder
You're such a success
Your pretty secretary, ha
She say you are the best

Your face always smiling
say you sure paid your dues
But I know inside
You've got the Bensonhurst blues

Those custom-made ciggies
that you offer to me pretend
and pretend to care about my family

And those pictures on your desk
All them lies that you abuse
Do they know you suffer
from the Bensonhurst blues

Your grandmother's accent
still embarrasses you
You're even ashamed
of the French you once knew

You're part of the chance now
They break you making the news
But I know inside
you've got the Bensonhurst blues

But thanks for the lesson
Cause the life that I choose
won't make me feel like living
with the Bensonhurst blues

And don't, don't try to write me
And don't mother to call
Cause I'll be in conference
Merry Chr  stmas you all

Lyrics submitted by vasile.

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