

# New York, NY 10009

## Black 47

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Got into town on a Saturday night  
With a Fender guitar and I took in the sights  
And I drank my way down to the Lower East Side  
'Cause I was nuts about Thunders and Suicide  
Then I formed a band called the Major Thinkers  
With a couple of musicians and some heavy drinkers  
And I went up to Max's and I said "hey man" I'm gonna blow your club right off the map  
New York, New York what have you done  
You've wrecked me 'til I have become  
Half the man I might have been  
Half the hero of my dream  
New York, New York it's over now  
You beat me still I know somehow  
Just for once I'm gonna prove you wrong  
Just to show you I was right all along  
Well I met Sheila down at Blanche's bar  
She was dressed all in black and her heart was a scar she took me back to Avenue C  
We were happy there, her and me  
'Til a man from the Black Rock saw the band  
And he said "you dudes are just sizzling hot and  
We're gonna cut a record and make you all stars  
But first things first, sign your soul away here  
Yeah we cut a song about Avenue B  
And the boxes boomed it all over the streets  
But the record company screwed us all up  
And Sheila joined the scientology church  
Then Mike stopped a bullet out in Staten Island  
And my whole world turned ultra violent  
But there's one last thing I gotta see through  
There's one last thing I gotta say to you  
Oh Sheila, baby, give me one more chance  
I've just gone and started Black 47  
I don't care about the money, you can keep the fame  
I just want to beat this city at its own dumb game

Lyrics submitted by Larry.

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