

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

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Lyrics submitted by Larry.

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