New York City

moe.

Want a man with a scar on his face and a peg leg
Drives his cab fifteen miles per hour down Broadway
Looks at me with his crooked smile while Gershwin plays
Hits his breaks and points out the freaks on St. Mark's place

Here we go
Its the rythmn of the rain that falls
Its a cab ride at five a.m.
Manhattan goddess with your Levis and curls
New York City I'm coming home again

I sit and smile think about summer sundays and the roller skates
And their wigs and rainbow socks float past like a ballet
Peanut rosters poppin' up on every corner can't you taste that taste
Makes me long for an early morning ride on the subway

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You can steal a line on a phrase and wreck a company on cheer
Sign you off make you an artist make you a millionaire
Shake your hand pat your back give you a big white smile
Then they'll say that they're your biggest fans and share the love you star

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