

Down And Out In New York City (Black Caesar,1973)

James Brown

Say brother, can I borrow a thin brother
You know, a dime?
Say it, say it, say it sis
I'd sure like to have this little dime for me
So I can get this cup of coffee
Cop me a snack, somethin'
I guess I better quit tryin' to be hip and get on down
Yea man, like, you know I was born in New York City on a Monday
It seems I was out shinin' shoes 'bout two to noon All the fat cats, in the bad hats doing me a real big favor
Got the fat cats, in the bad hats laying it on real good
Here's a dime boy, give me a shine boy When the cold wind comes, it live at New York City
And the street's no place to be but there you are So you try hard, or you die hard
No one really gives a good damn
You try hard, and you die hard
No one gives a damn Here's a dime boy, give me a shine boy [?] in New York City
Ain't no way to be, but where can you go?
When you're down and out in New York City
I'm never, never, never gonna get that way again, ow No, no, no
No, no, not me When you need a friend [?]
When you want a friend Gonna get myself together 'til the mornin'
Gonna leave it all and a one bad dream All the fat cats, in the bad hats doing me a real big favor
Got the fat cats, in the bad hats, laying it on real good
Here's a dime boy, give me a shine boy, wow, ow, yeah Give me a shine boy

Songwriters

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