N.Y.C.

Neuma

He was standing on the highway
Somewhere way out in the sticks
Guitar across his shoulder
Like a 30 ought six
He was staring in my headlights
When I come around the bend
Climbed up on my shotgun side
And told me with a grin

[Chorus]
I'm going to New York City
I never really been there
Just like the way it sounds
I heard the girls are pretty
There must be something happening there
It's just too big a town

He was cold and wet and hungry
But he never did complain
Said he'd come a thousand miles
Through sleet and snow and rain
He had a hundred stories
About the places that he'd been
He'd hang around a little while
And hit the road again

[Chorus]

See I've been to New York City
Seems like it was yesterday
I was standing like a pilgrim
On the Great White Way
The girls were really pretty
But they wouldn't talk to me
I held out about a week
Went back to Tennessee

So, I thought I'd better warn him
As he climbed out of my car
Grabbed his battered suitcase

And shouldered his guitar
I knew I was just jealous
If I didn't wish him well
I slipped the kid a twenty
Said 'Billy give 'em hell'

[Chorus: x 2]

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