

# 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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