New York Tendaberry

Laura Nyro

New York tendaberry, blue berry
A rush on rum, of brush and drum
And the past is a blue note, inside me
I ran away in the morningNew York tendaberry, blue berry
Rugs and drapes and drugs and capes
Sweet kids in hunger slumsFirecrackers break and they cross
And they dust and they skate
And the night comesI ran away in the morning
Now I'm back, unpackedSidewalk and pigeon
You look like a city
But you feel like religion to meNew York tendabery, true berry
I lost my eyes, In east wind skies
Here where I've cried, where I've tried
Where God and the tendaberry riseWhere quakers and revolutionaries
Join for life, for precious years
Join for life, through silver tearsNew York tendaberry

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