

# East Coast Girl

Butch Walker

Yeah everything's going pretty par for the course  
Got back problems, grey hair, craving a Porsche  
If you make it this far without killing yourself  
You got it made though  
Got a little place in Venice next to a lady with nine cats  
Walk up Abbott Kinney watching business collapse  
It all reminds me when you moved here from New York in '88  
Yeah So Johnnie tell me that you're alright  
I wanna cover you up tonight  
Give me one more chance to show you something real  
You can run but you can't hide  
It's a cruel, cruel summer outside  
Shine on little baby, you're too good for this world  
Just another broken east coast girl There's a guy on Lincoln Boulevard where I get my medication  
I wake up after three hours and I fall asleep, mid-conversation  
I'm pretty sure it's a habit  
But I'll talk myself out of that one too, you know  
You were always good at talking us out of trouble with the cops  
Made everybody feel good about the fact that they were not  
I just wish I could go back in time and find that perfect moment for you So Johnnie tell me that you're alright  
I wanna cover you up tonight  
Give me one more chance to show you something real  
You can run but you can't hide  
It's a cruel, cruel summer outside  
Shine on little baby, you're too good for this world  
Just another broken east coast girl Baby, baby, baby where are you?  
Baby, baby, baby where are you?  
Baby, baby, baby where are you now?  
Baby, baby, baby where are you?  
Baby, baby, baby where are you?  
Baby, baby, baby where are you now? So Johnnie tell me that you're alright  
I wanna cover you up tonight  
Give me one more chance to show you something real  
You can run but you can't hide  
It's a cruel, cruel summer outside  
Shine on little baby, you're too good for this world  
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Baby, baby, baby where are you now?

Baby, baby, baby where are you?  
Baby, baby, baby where are you?  
Baby, baby, baby where are you now?

Songwriters

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