

# Bensonhurst Blues

## Oscar Benton

Our honeymoon is over  
And the best days of our love  
Are dead and gone  
Instead of growing closer  
This time goes on and on  
We're getting miles apart  
Though you're beside me as before  
And when we kiss goodnight I find...

...That since we're sharing the same bed  
We're not sharing the same dreams  
Anymore  
That since we're sharing the same bed  
We're not sharing the same dreams  
Anymore

Bay Parkway wonder  
You're such a success  
Your pretty secretary, ha  
She say you are the best

Your face always smiling  
say you sure paid your dues  
But I know inside  
You've got the Bensonhurst blues

Those custom-made ciggies  
that you offer to me pretend  
and pretend to care about my family

And those pictures on your desk  
All them lies that you abuse  
Do they know you suffer  
from the Bensonhurst blues

Your grandmother's accent  
still embarrasses you  
You're even ashamed  
of the French you once knew

You're part of the chance now  
They break you making the news  
But I know inside  
you've got the Bensonhurst blues

But thanks for the lesson  
Cause the life that I choose  
won't make me feel like living  
with the Bensonhurst blues

And don't, don't try to write me  
And don't mother to call  
Cause I'll be in conference  
Merry ChrÃstmas you all

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Lyrics submitted by vasile.

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