

# Staten Island Baby

## Black 47

### STATEN ISLAND BABY

Your old man, he's in Homicide - NYPD  
He looks at me suspiciously

Your momma she's a psychiatric nurse in the city  
Works in Bellevue and I look kinda familiar?  
Still everything would have been all right  
If I could have had you home by midnight

But it's five in the mornin'  
We slept through the alarm and  
I could think of places I would rather be  
Than sayin' "hi ya doin'" to your Old Man at 5:43

Then you take me in your arms and you drive me crazy  
And I'd walk through walls for my Staten Island Baby

Didn't your Momma warn you 'bout rock musicians  
They're not bad in bed but they're hopeless in the kitchen  
Didn't your Daddy tell 'bout the facts of life  
What feels so good may not be so nice

And everything would have been okay  
If you hadn't kissed me in that special way  
But it's five in the mornin'  
My heart's contortin'  
And I could think of places I'd rather be  
Than havin' a chat with your pistol packin' Daddy  
Then you take me in your arms and you drive me crazy  
And I'd give it all up for my Staten Island Baby

Would you think of marryin' a rock musician  
You know what I'm good at and I'd get better in the kitchen  
I could take the test for the NYPD  
Have your family over for Thanksgiving on Avenue B

And everything would just be so fine  
We could stay in bed all of the time  
Way past five in the mornin'

To hell with alarms and  
I know the worst thing I could see  
Your Old Man in his pajamas and he's pointin' his piece at me

Then you take me in your arms and you drive me crazy  
And I'd join the NYPD  
For my Staten Island Baby

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Lyrics submitted by Larry.

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