Native New Yorker (Radio Edit)

Odyssey

Native New Yorker
OdysseyNew York girl, ooh, ooh, oohRunnin' pretty, New York City girl
Twenty-five, thirty-five
Hello, baby, New York City girlYou grew up ridin' the subways, running with people
Up in Harlem, down on Broadway
You're no tramp, but you're no lady, talkin' that street talk
You're the heart and soul of New York CityAnd love, love is just a passing word
It's the thought you had in a taxi cab that got left on the curb
When he dropped you off at East Eighty ThirdOh, oh, oh (oh, oh, oh)
You're a native New Yorker
You should know the score by now (you should know by now)
You're a native New YorkerNew York girl, ooh, ooh, oohMusic plays, everyone's dancin' closer and closer
Makin' friends and findin' lovers
There you are lost in the shadows, searchin' for someone
(Searchin' for someone)
To set you free from New York CityAnd, whoa, where did all those yesterdays go
When you still believed love could really be like a Broadway show
You are the star, win the applauseOh, oh, oh (oh, oh, oh)
You're a native New Yorker
No one opens the door
For a native New Yorker(Runnin' pretty, New York City girl)
Ooha, ooha, ooha
Native, native, native New YorkerWhere did all those yesterdays go
When you still believed love could really be like a Broadway show
You are the starYou're a native New Yorker
You should know the score by now
You're a native New YorkerYou should know the score, you should know the score by now
You're a native New Yorker, oh, oh, oh
(Native, native, native New Yorker)
You're a native New YorkerWhoa, oh, ho, ho, you're a native New Yorker
You should know the score
(Native, native, native New Yorker)
You're a native New YorkerWhat you waitin' for, no one opens the door
(You're a native New Yorker)
For a native, for a native New Yorker

Songwriters
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