

Washington Square

The Correspondents

It's better to have and lost than never loved at all
Just love the lust you'll have to leap without the fall
Your best friend asked if I was straight or gay
I can understand the question when I dance this way
Straight I said, he said that's okay
Some other little something might be coming your way
A little while later and up you slide
Sipping on your drink and making moves at my side
I've got to impress her with my mating routine
Show her something no New Yorker will have ever seen
So I pull out the peacock knees of surprise
She laughs and tells me that I sprayed sweat in her eyes
I apologize, stand still on the spot
She puts her hand on my back and says "Wow you're hot"
You turn me on
It's as clear as the ice melting in my
glass
There was no need for questions to be asked
Skip the how ya dos, what ya dos, political views you've hear the news
The oh my god it's different here you have to tip with every beer
It's clear, so little time to waste
Make the move, haste post haste
This is lust as first sight
Let's knock at the night 'til it retreats to light
I'm in New York making out in the back of a cab
And she's giving me her body to taste, touch, and grab
I'm fulfilling a cliché, ticking a box
Big Apple, yellow cab, and an American Fox
The city gliding past us block by block
I never, ever, ever want this cliché to stop
Knowing that sky scrappers rise above
I could have swore I felt a crazy little surge of love
The love of lust, directed at you
Do you feel the same way too
Please tell me that you do
And we can love lust the whole night through
They say it's better to have loved and lost then never loved at all
Just love the lust you'll have to leap without the fall
You turn me on

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>