

Ballad

Dan Mills

Well he ripped a boge
Right to the end
And he said you listen good my cousin, Manhattan ain't got nothing on a good friend
So when your fast cash goes
And your bats won't bend
He said you call me up my cousin, Manhattan ain't got nothing on a good friend
And I thanked him for his great escape
But I think I'm staying here
'Cause there's bills to miss and there's plans to break
And nobody ever would stay awake back home Well she wrote her name
With a Mont Blanc pen
She said you call me when you need me, Manhattan gets so rough without a good friend
And the ones who break they don't know to bend
So don't get too confident too quickly, Manhattan chews you up when you pretend And I thanked her for her
sage advice
But I'm doing okay here
Because all these restaurants are overpriced
They all stay open late at night
And mistakes are nice, they make me feel at home Well I called my sister in the summer said I'm thinking about
moving here
She said do it now before you get a job and get married can't go nowhere
But now I can't go nowhere because there's too many chances here
I must admit I miss my friends but I'm staying here And I think about them late at night
And I hope that they miss me too
Though I can't escape these amber lights
My cousin had the answer right
It's such a sight, but when times are tight
Manhattan ain't got nothing on a good friend

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