

# Native New Yorker

## Union of Sound

New York girl, ooh ooh oohRunnin' pretty, New York City girl  
Twenty-five, thirty-five  
Hello baby, New York City girlYou grew up riding 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 83rdOh 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 dancing closer and closer  
Making friends and finding lovers  
There you are lost in the shadows searching 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)  
Ooh ooh ooh  
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 waiting for, no one opens the door

(You're a native New Yorker)  
For a native, for a native New Yorker

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