

Whitestone City Limits

Jesse Malin

New York was a dirty place
Everything was out of sorts
Just another bastard kid
And I never went back, never went back to Whitestone
Another supermarket chain
A little something for the pain
Everybody looks the same
And I never went back, never went back to Whitestone
And I didn't do it for the money
I was only doing what I liked
And I'm so sad for you, honey
The streets were like the Cretin hop
Disco blasting on the block
Got beat up in a parking lot
And I never went back, never went back to Whitestone
Graveyards and the factories
Archie Bunker bigotry
In the shadow of the world's fair
And I never went back, never went back to Whitestone
And I didn't want to hurt nobody
I was only doing what was right
And I'm so sad for you, honey
Waiting on a midnight bus
To get me to the seven train
Running from the chicken hawks
And I never went back, never went back to Whitestone
And I didn't do it for the money
I was only doing what I liked
And I'm going back to New York City

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