

Big City Girls

Blues Traveler

You got one boy
With your right hand
And the other one
You hail a taxi cab
Big city girls you make a mess out of me
Now I'm on my way back down to New Orleans
You got a nice car
From a rich man
With a gold watch
And a fake tan
Big city girls you make a mess out of me
Now I'm on my back down to Tennessee
Big city days
Seeing if it pays
Barely rescued by the hell you're going to raise
She's going to roll you
Through the wasteland
While she takes you
To see the latest band
Big city girls you make a mess out of me
But I'm on my way back down to the Florida Keys
She'll tip your last cash

Past a velvet rope
And you've got to crash
Cause it's your only hope
Big city girls you make a mess out of me
But I'm on my way back home to New Orleans
Big city days
Seeing if it pays
Barely rescued by the hell you're going to raise
Big city night
Hanging on too tight
But she takes my hand and I give up the fight
She's got one eye
On the next bar
And the other one
On exactly who you think you are

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