

To Be Young in NYC

Skaters

Girl your not on the phone
So why your talking so loud
you seem a little too proud
what the hell are you all about
He's gotta place on ninth street
She aint been home in a week
Let's go meet up with our friends
and have a smoke in the heap
Don't be nervous
who's gonna tell
There's no one around, but me
To be young in New York City
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On the train last week
I bumped into my friends
said there's a party near the pier
I hoped she might be there
oh did you hear about him
and his little broken heart
They said that he was untrue
I heard she fucked half the block
To be young in New York City
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A generation of jokes
Directionless, on our feet
So take a seat on the curb
I got no place to be
She said what are your goals
Where are your ambitious needs
Well I guess they must be in my other jeans
To be young in New York City
While you sit on the phone
You cant be who you want to become
When your rich and young
When your rich and young
When your rich and dumb
When your rich and young

Songwriters

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