

# Native New Yorker

## Booker T.

New York girl, ooh ooh ooh Runnin' pretty, New York City girl  
Twenty-five, thirty-five  
Hello baby, New York City girl You 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 City And 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 83rd Oh 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 Yorker New York girl, ooh ooh ooh Music 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 City And, 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 applause Oh 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 Yorker Where did all those yesterdays go  
When you still believed  
Love could really be like a Broadway show  
You are the star You're a native New Yorker  
You should know the score by now  
You're a native New Yorker You 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 Yorker Whoa, oh ho ho, you're a native New Yorker  
You should know the score  
(Native, native, native new Yorker)  
You're a native New Yorker What 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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