

Anne Heaton, Hey New York

You the anti-hip
You the anti-hype
So seriously do you take your job
You've created an entirely new type of attitude
Probably snobbery, possibly virtue
But I never knew
So I left you
Chicago
You wanted the best for me
Kind of like my friend Andy
Who asked:
"What are you going to do when you grow up?
Won't you run out of music ideas? Aren't there only twelve notes?"
Hey New York is my sanctuary
Where the bankers are actors
And the waiters all are stars
It's a big celebration
Oooh yeah
We're all waiting on
A nuclear bomb
To blow us away
Some of us would probably escape
And found a new New York
Maybe in Ohio
Where dreams could still come true
Not sure if I'll get away
But I'll still plan my escape
Pick up the few friends I have left
In Harlem and the East Village
Oh I forgot they already moved away
They couldn't afford to live here
And they were tired of being scared every day
Chorus
Maybe I'll go home
Where people are humble and strong
And they get the best stuff
Like Second City and Steppenwolf
And maybe that's because they know the difference
Between talent and attitude
And there are rarely any breast implants
Jenny McCarthy was our only one
They're just wasted under winter coats
When there's never any sun
And the terrain doesn't change for thousands of miles
New boobs would be too big a change over too little time
And at the end of the play
As the actor leaves the stage
An audience member with a compulsion to make everything the same
Is bound to say:
"But what do you do for your real job?
"What do you do for your real job?
That was really great but what do you do for your real job?"
And that's when I think I'll stay in....