

# Black 47, My Love Is In New York

Joined the service out of school in the year of '69  
When the Doors were ridin' on the storm, Hendrix was alive  
And before I could blink an eye, I was sent to Vietnam  
To teach them people democracy  
Jesus, what a laugh.

All across the highlands, we moved in single file  
Lookin' for them Vietcong, I musta crawled a 1000 miles  
But I'd only one thought on me mind,  
'Twas your eyes of emerald green  
My love is in New York, oh she's the only one for me

I learned to smoke the opium pipe, I learned it all too well  
Coz when the shells are bangin' in your ears  
It stops that livin' hell  
Then one night 6 months later  
While in the DMZ  
Me own dear U.S. Air Force blew the hell right out of me

Still I loved my country  
I saluted the old flag  
When you're a boy from Woodside, Queens  
You give it all you have  
'Cause I knew you'd be there waitin'  
With your eyes of emerald green  
My love is in New York and she's the only one for me

But when I got sent home at last, they jeered and spat at me  
They called me a fascist, said I was the enemy  
I could've put up with all of that  
'Twas no big thing to me  
But you killed me with one look of disgust  
From those emerald greens

Now I sit down here on Broadway, this pavement is me home  
The war is long forgotten, for those who stayed at home  
And I wish I had me opium pipe  
To stop that livin' hell  
That's goin' on inside me head, I wish it all so well  
And the Doors still ride by on the storm  
Hendrix hides from Joe  
I should be history around here but where else is there to go  
Coz I know you're out there somewhere,  
With your eyes of emerald green  
My love is in New York, oh she's the only one for me