

Catherine Feeny, New York In The 70's

Lord, is it Monday again?
Boy, are you leaving again?
And are we fighting or can we be friends?
You say: Its so hard to love you from afar
And I would hold you but I dont know where you are
You can call me later today
If you decide to join the human race
Okay?

Oh boy, we are so good, so bad
In so many ways
And when I think about the way that life should be
I think of Sesame Street
Kids of every color holding hands and laughing down the street
New York in the 70s

And if theres one thing that I could learn from TV
I wish that I could learn to be carefree
We could all use just a little more laughing
And you say: Its so hard to believe
In you and me
When you dont believe in anything
But thats not true
I believe in dancing feet
And baseball in the street
And swimming in fountains
To escape the summer heat
New York in the 70s

Oh boy, we are so good, so bad
In so many ways

And you said:
So hard to love you from afar
And I would grab you and kiss you
But I cant see where you are
And you never tip your cards to me
No, not as far as I can see