

# 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