

Eddie From Ohio, Bleeker To Broadway

Well the ground makes a sound in central New York
Like it just might suddenly open
A hunk of metal in the air touching down behind a skyscraper
Who have thought metal could fly?

And all around me is concrete to concrete
Divine potential life watered down
And if the ground yawned and swallowed me whole
Would I fall all the way down to China?

Seems that some of these truths that are self-evident
Are evidently lost on a girl like me
And that creaking you hear is increasingly clear
As my brain overloads, overloads

Chorus

Step around the corner from Bleeker to Broadway
A girl sings out at the top of her lungs
"If you can make it here then you can make it,
La la la la la La";

The sum seem to think I'm neurotic and all, but I'm not
I just like to think about things over and over and over and over again

Chorus

Step around the corner from Bleeker to Broadway
A girl sings out at the top of her lungs
"If you can make it here then you can make it,
La la la la la La";

Here on this patch of Central Park green
It's a modern day man-made oasis
But on this green I can scream and wave my arms
That girls crazy, seems I just fit right in

All around me, life taking over
Mutiny in the Big Apple today
And if the ground yawned, I'd step to the side
Hey ground, I'm nobody's lunch

Chorus