

# 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