

Neil Diamond, New York Boy

New York City, look at me now
Being stared at from behind the plow
Mississippi, don't get annoyed
I ain't no hippie, just a New York boy

Didn't want the mayor to come
Or a big brass band to greet me
But then the reception I got
Well it wasn't what I had in mind
People gawkin' at me
Like I'm talkin' strange
Me, I ain't much better
'Cause I'm thinkin' the same
Hey boy

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Sayin' y'all and eatin' on grits
Talkin' as slow as molasses
And all the time just pointing at me
And the hair growin' over my ears

Gets my mind to wonderin'
Just who's right and who's wrong
I guess if they'll get used to the sideburns
I'll get used to the corn
Hey boy

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