

# Ozark Mountain Daredevils, New York

(GUITAR & DRUMS INTRO)

Welcome to the city, welcome to disaster

You see a pretty girl, but you're walkin' right past her

You give it up, get it back, Turn around and ask her

She don't talk back so you talk a little faster

Winkin' in a snapshot, wavin' like a bigshot

You're feelin' pretty good 'til you think you hear a gunshot

Another punk outta junk, Breakin' in a pawn shop

Cops yell freeze so you take another snapshot

Ah ... it's New York

Ah ... it's New York

I guess everything my daddy told me was right

When you're in the Big Apple

Then you better learn to take a bite

(HARP SOLO)

I guess everything my daddy told me was right

When you're in the Big Apple

Then you better learn to take a bite

Workin' in a hotel, workin for the housedick

You stop a little girl who's pullin' in her own tricks

Talk awhile, get a smile, Make another sidekick

It won't last long but it beats feelin' homesick

Jumpin' in a taxi, gotta see the band play

It's on a little sidestreet, a little off of Broadway

You make a turn, then you learn, You're goin' down the wrong way

The cabby wants a tip 'cause he got you there the hard way

Ah ... it's New York

Ah ... it's New York

Ah ... it's New York

Ah ... it's New York

(GUITAR STUFF)

It's New York

(GUITAR & HARP STUFF)

It's New York

(GUITAR & HARP STUFF)