

Slade, Big Apple Blues

City streets where the steam and the heat never goes to sleep
What a sight all the yellow and tans and the black and whites
There's also a dark shade of blue struttin' along two by two
Their guns hangin' low like the cowboys you dig in the old gunfights

But still I got hooked on them big apple blues
And I got hung up on them big apple blues
And I got strung up on them big apple blues
I ain't got nothin' to lose

Them hot licks from the hicks satisfy the Manhattan chicks
Them cool schmucks get their hooks on the bucks with their sexy looks
They all know how to do what good little girls shouldn't do
I don't care 'bout evasion cos all o' that hassle sucks

But still I got hooked on them big apple blues
And I got hung up on them big apple blues
And I got strung up on them big apple blues
I ain't got nothin' to lose
I got got turned on - I got got turned on -
I got got turned on - I got got turned on -
I got got turned on - I got got turned on -
I got got turned on - I got got turned on -
I got got turned on - I got got hooked on -
I got got switched on - I got got turned on -
I got got turned on - I got got hooked on -
I got got switched on - I got got turned on yeah

City streets where the steam and the heat never goes to sleep
And city walls standing tall if you fall no-one hears you call
There are bodies all filled up with wine sayin' buddy have you got a dime
The apple ain't bad it's just bruised and I'm glad that it's there at all
But still I got hooked on them big apple blues
And I got hung up on them big apple blues
I got strung on switched on hooked on them big apple blues
I got hooked on snooked on cooked on them big apple blues
Why I got to hang on to hang on to hang on to hang on to them blues
Why I got hooked on cooked on snooked on them big apple blues
And I got hooked on them big apple blues
I ain't got nothin' to lose