

# Steve Earle, N.Y.C.

He was standing on the highway  
Somewhere way out in the sticks  
Guitar across his shoulder  
Like a 30 ought six

He was staring in my headlights  
When I come around the bend  
Climbed up on my shotgun side  
And told me with a grin

Chorus:

I'm going to New York City  
I never really been there  
Just like the way it sounds  
I heard the girls are pretty  
There must be something happening there  
It's just too big a town  
He was cold and wet and hungry  
But he never did complain  
Said he'd come a thousand miles  
Through sleet and snow and rain  
He had a hundred stories  
About the places that he'd been  
He'd hang around a little while  
And hit the road again

Chorus

See I've been to New York City  
Seems like it was yesterday  
I was standing like a pilgrim  
On the Great White Way  
The girls were really pretty  
But they wouldn't talk to me  
I held out about a week  
Went back to Tennessee  
So, I thought I'd better warn him  
As he climbed out of my car  
Grabbed his battered suitcase  
And shouldered his guitar  
I knew I was just jealous  
If I didn't wish him well  
I slipped the kid a twenty  
Said 'Billy give 'em hell'  
Chorus x 2