

The Doobie Brothers, 8th Avenue Shuffle

Patrick Simmons

Hey, hey, honey, what's on your mind
Well, you said that sleepin' with a poor band's not your style
Ain't that just a little unkind
Hey, Marlon Brando, what would you do in a spot like this
I don't play as your pawn tonight
Doin' the New York Hustle with a hundred dollar miss

Summer night in the city
New York girls they always make you feel so fine
There's music, and I can always hear it playin'
New York Nights and there's music in the streets

A doin' the Eighth Avenue Shuffle on a Friday afternoon
With the hum of a thousand engines
Singin' that old familiar tune
And now yakety yak and don't talk back
When a guy lay me down with my Pontiac
Tell those high school queens of mine that the
Prom was for your monkey shine

Try 'n' a catch a cab in New York City
New York girls are oh, so pretty
Try 'n' a catch a cab in New York City
New York girls make you feel so fine
Try 'n' a catch a cab in New York City
New York girls are oh, so pretty
Try 'n' a catch a cab in New York City
Music in the streets

Another night, another town
I'm out on the road and ther's no one around
And it's rainin', yeah, it's rainin'
Silence is all around
It's cold and lonely, oh darlin', if only I could feel it
Oh, can you feel it

Eighth Avenue Shuffle on a Friday afternoon
With the hum of a thousand engines
Singin' that old familiar tune
Hey, Marlon Brando, do you agree it feels so fine
Doin' the New York Hustle
These girls are doin' the monkey shine

Summer night in the city
New York girls they always make you feel so fine
There's music, and I can always hear it playin'
New York Nights and there's music in the streets