

# Yoko Ono, New York City

Standing on the corner, just me and yoko ono,  
We was waiting for jerry to land.  
Up come a man with a guitar in his hand,  
Singing, "have a marijuana, if you can."  
His name was david peel and we found that he was real,  
He sang, "the pope smokes dope ev'ryday."  
Up come a policeman, shoved us of the street,  
Singing, "power to the people today."

New york city!  
New york city!  
New york city!  
Que pasa, new york?  
Que pasa, new york?  
Hey! hey!

Well, down to max's, kansas city, got down the nitty gritty  
With the elephant's memory band.  
Laid something down as the news spread around  
About the plastic ono elephant's memory band.  
Well, we played some funky boogie, and laid some tutti fritti,  
Singing, "long tall sally's a man."  
Up come a preacher man, tryin' to be a teacher,  
Singing, "god's a red herring in drag!"

New york city!  
New york city!  
New york city!  
Que pasa, new york?  
Que pasa, new york?  
Ha! ha!

Hey! hey! hey! hey!  
Hey!

Oh yeah!

Hey! new york city!  
Alright, new york city!  
New york city!  
Que pasa, new york?  
Que pasa, new york?  
Hey! hey!

Well, we did the staten island ferry, making movies for the telly,  
Played the fillmore and apollo for freedom.  
Tried to shake our image, just a-cycling through the village,  
But we found that we had left it back in london.  
Well, nobody came to bug us, hustle us or shove us,  
We decided to make it our home.  
If the man wants to shove us out, we gonna jump and shout,  
The statue of liberty said, "come!"

New york city!  
New york city!  
New york city!  
Que pasa, new york?  
Que pasa, new york?  
Hey! hey!

Oh, new york!  
Uh, uh, uh.

Well, new york, yeh,

Alright!

Oh, new york city!  
Back in new york city!  
Yeah, new york city!  
Que pasa, new york?  
Que pasa, new york?  
Ass city!

Down in the village,  
Yeah, what a city!  
Que pasa, new york?  
Que pasa, new york?  
Yeah, rock on!

Ow! uh!  
Yeah!  
Que pasa, new york?  
Que pasa, new york?

Hey! what a bad, bad city!  
Bad-ass city!  
Bad-ass city!  
Que pasa, new york?  
Que pasa, new york?  
Hey, city! city!

Another version

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Recorded live at the madison square garden, new york, n.y. 30 august 1972

Power to the people!  
Power to the people!  
Power to the people!  
Power to the people!  
Power to the people!  
Power to the people!  
Power to the people!  
Power to the people!  
Power to the people!

Two, three, four!

Standing on the corner, just me and yoko ono,  
We was waiting for her hour to land,  
Up come a man with a guitar in his hand,  
&quot;have marijuana if you can.&quot;  
Well, his name was david peel  
And we found that he was real,  
&quot;the pope smokes dope ev'ry day.&quot;  
Up come the police, shoved us off the street,  
Singing, &quot;power to the people today!&quot;

New york city!  
Madison square garden!  
Hey!  
What's happenin', man?

Went back to kansas city, laid down the nitty gritty  
With the elephant's memory band.  
Laid something down as the news spread around  
About the plastic ono elephant's memory band.  
Played some tutti frutti and played some funky boogie,  
&quot;long tall sally's a man!&quot;

Up come the preacherman, tryin' to be a teacher,  
Singing, "god's a red herring in drag!"

New york city!  
New york city!  
New york city!  
Que pasa, new york?  
Que pasa, new york?  
Hey!

Ow!

Ooh!

Well, new york city, babe!  
New york!  
New york city!

Yeah, new york city!

Down in the village!  
New york city!

Come on, hit it!  
Ah, what a bad ass city!  
Yeah!  
Roll over!