

# Baumer, Sidewalk Shopping

On the streets of New York window shopping is all I can afford.  
Far away from the shore I grew up on  
with the one I'm longing for.  
I know she's somewhere,  
but I don't know where.  
I'm sure it's expensive and trendy.  
As for me,  
I don't belong here,  
I'm just not cool here.  
But I know she doesn't care.

I will go all,  
all of the way,  
all at the push of a button.  
No matter how far,  
how far away,  
I don't care where I've got to go.  
I'm loving you,  
loving you today and for as long as you'll let me.  
No wonder I feel this way.

On the streets of New York,  
sidewalk-shopping to kiss a little more.  
For to fight off the cold,  
I'll hold the bags you've collected at every store.  
If I know I'm somewhere,  
I want you to be there.  
I need some intensive attention just for me.  
I don't belong here,  
I'm just not cool here.  
But I know she doesn't care.

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