

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.
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I'm just not cool here.
But I know she doesn't care.

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