

Black 47, On The Banks Of The Hudson

on the banks of the hudson, my love and i lay down
just above 42nd street, while the rain was pouring down
when i covered her with kisses, the sparks lit up her eyes
we made love like mad angels, while the jersey trucks rolled by
she said "don't you ever leave me, oh for godsake don't let me down";
so i made her all kinds of promises about how i'd always be around
but the speed was rippin' through my head, i'd only one thing on my mind
so goodbye my love on 42nd Street, if i don't get out of here, i'm gonna die

on the banks of the hudson, my love and i lay down
just one more midnight left to kill, then i'm outta new york town
i could feel the ice man closin' in, i could almost smell his gun
but that 20 grand i beat him out of would help me start again back home
and she said "don't you ever leave me, oh for godsake don't let me down
then i thought about what they'd do to her when they found out i'd left town
but the fire was racin' through my brain, i'd only one thing on my mind
so goodbye my love on 42nd street, if i don't get out of here i'm gonna die

don't say i should have stayed with her,
you don't know the full story about the girl
i only used her just as much as she used me
but sometimes you just gotta get out of new york city

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and she said "don't you ever leave me, oh for godsake don't let me down
but how could I ever take a black girl back to wexford town
just then the streets of fire turned to blood, a yellow cadillac cruised by
and as i raced up 42nd street, the ice man shouted
"hey paddy, it's time to die";