

Black 47, Staten Island Baby

Your old man, he's in Homicide - NYPD
He looks at me suspiciously

Your momma she's a psychiatric nurse in the city
Works in Bellevue and I look kinda familiar?
Still everything would have been all right
If I could have had you home by midnight

But it's five in the mornin'
We slept through the alarm and
I could think of places I would rather be
Than sayin' 'hi ya doin'' to your Old Man at 5:43

Then you take me in your arms and you drive me crazy
And I'd walk through walls for my Staten Island Baby

Didn't your Momma warn you 'bout rock musicians
They're not bad in bed but they're hopeless in the kitchen
Didn't your Daddy tell 'bout the facts of life
What feels so good may not be so nice

And everything would have been okay
If you hadn't kissed me in that special way
But it's five in the mornin'
My heart's contortin'
And I could think of places I'd rather be
Than havin' a chat with your pistol packin' Daddy
Then you take me in your arms and you drive me crazy
And I'd give it all up for my Staten Island Baby

Would you think of marryin' a rock musician
You know what I'm good at and I'd get better in the kitchen
I could take the test for the NYPD
Have your family over for Thanksgiving on Avenue B

And everything would just be so fine
We could stay in bed all of the time
Way past five in the mornin'
To hell with alarms and
I know the worst thing I could see
Your Old Man in his pajamas and he's pointin' his piece at me

Then you take me in your arms and you drive me crazy
And I'd join the NYPD
For my Staten Island Baby