

BLACK BOX, Native New Yorker

New York style, style, style, style
New York City
New York City girl
New York City
New York City girl
You grew up ridin' the subways, runnin' with people
Up in Harlem, down on Broadway
You're no tramp, but you're no lady
Talkin' that street talk
You're the heart and soul of New York City
And love, love is just a passing word (passing word)
It's the thought you had in a taxi cab that got left on the curb (left on the curb)
When he dropped you off at East and the Third
Oh, oh, oh
You're a native New Yorker (New York City girl)
You should know the score by now
You're a native New Yorker (New York City girl)
The music plays, everyone's dancin' closer and closer
Makin' friends and findin' lovers
There you are lost in the shadows, searchin' for someone
To set you free from New York City
And oh, where did all those yesterdays go (yesterdays go)
When you still believed love could really be like a Broadway show (like a Broadway show)
You were the star, when did it close?
Oh, oh, oh
You're a native New Yorker (New York City girl)
No more hope is the door
For a native New Yorker (New York City girl)
Oh, oh, oh
You're a native New Yorker (New York City girl)
You should know the score by now
You're a native New Yorker
New York City
New York City girl
New York City
New York City girl
New York City
New York City girl
New York City
New York City girl