

# Bryan Adams, East Side Story

There was this girl I used to see - down on 42nd street  
She'd walk by on her way to work - n' make the air smell so sweet  
I used to sit in a coffee shop - sometimes I'd have a cup  
And when she'd go by - she'd light up the sky  
Like the sun coming up  
She be standin' by the bus stop - driver opened up the door  
I'd just sit n' watch her - getting on the 104  
I wanna give her my number - I wanna tell her my name  
Wanna climb on board that cross-town bus  
Take a chance she feels the same  
It's just another east side story  
Everybody's got a tale to tell  
And like a hundred guys before me  
I fell under her spell  
Some things you hold on to - some you just let go  
Seems like the ones that you can't have  
Are the ones that you want most  
I think about her sometimes - I wonder if she was real  
And if I ever find her I'm gonna tell her how I feel  
It's just another east side story  
Everybody's got a tale to tell and like a hundred guys before me  
I fell under her spell  
It's still the same old story - it's still the same old game  
Up there on the eastside - life goes on the same  
She never knew my number - never even knew my name  
She climbed on board that cross-town bus I never saw her again