

Buck Owens, I Wouldn't Live In New York City

It ain't nothin' but a concrete jungle with people packed like sardines
Where everybody's tryin' to live beyond their means
Where all the natives hurry and scurry too and fro
And like a fleas on a puppy dog they got no place to go.

I wouldn't live in New York City if they gave me the whole dang town
Talk about a bummer it's the biggest one around
Sodom and Gommorah was tame to what I found
I wouldn't live in New York City if they gave me the whole dang town.

Well, I ain't seen the sunshine since the day that I arrived
'Cause brother I've been busy a-tryin' to survive
Nobody knows you've been here till you're six feet under ground
Than you become a statistic if they remember to write you down.

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