

Dilana, Breakfast In Central Park

All the night birds gather on Houston and Bleeker
Cellular phones, pagers and beepers
They go, yeah
Life's a party, you know
Let's go

Do, do, do
Do, do, do, do, yeah
Do, do, do, do

All the night birds gather on Houston and Bleeker
Cellular phones, pagers and beepers
They go, yeah (yeah)
Life's a party, you know

So bring your dry martinis, your Liz Clayborne specs
Your dolce and gabbana
Your buds and your becks
And go yeah (yeah)
Let's get this show on the road

So go up to 57th to Central Park West
Put on your skates & a see trough dress
Like a village reject with Manhattan class
Now get out of the powder room, girl (yeah)
And show me some New York ass

Breakfast in Central Park
Loungin' in the sun be cool just smile
Breakfast in Central Park
Sidewalk, catwalk, bohemian style
Breakfast in Central Park
Get a little rollin' stoned, ooh, ooh

Now they got red, white, blue, green and yellow wigs
Pavarotti, chili peppers all in the mix
They go, yeah (yeah)
Lauren Hill's queen of club (ooh) ooh

So go up to 57th to Central Park South
Get on your boards and let it all hang out
Like a soho hippy with a lot of cloud
Wipe the mace off your face, boy (yeah)
And gimme some New York mouth

Breakfast in Central Park
Loungin' in the sun be cool just smile
Breakfast in Central Park
Sidewalk, catwalk, bohemian style
Breakfast in Central Park
Get a little rollin' stoned, ooh, ooh

Alright, here we go now, ooh

So take the 5 to 57th to Central Park South
Just like the 4th of July let it all hang out
Is it Jersey smog or Jamaican cloud
Baby, take a wild, wild guess
Ain't nothin' like a jumpin' jack flash (yeah)
Oh, it's gotta be New York
It must be that New York grass

Breakfast in Central Park
Loungin' in the sun be cool just smile (ooh, ooh)

Breakfast in Central Park
Sidewalk, catwalk, bohemian style
Breakfast in Central Park
Out of the sun into the dawn, they go (ooh, ooh)
Breakfast in Central Park
Get a little rollin' stoned, yeah

Do, do, do...