

# Ian Hunter, Listen To The Eight Track

(mick, I've got a...)

There must be one million stories in new york city, the naked city, and this is one of 'em

I live out on the island, and I got problems  
My mom don't like me, cause she says I know sultan(? )  
Sitting in the car park, in my old buick skylark  
Getting high, getting high,  
Getting high on the eight track

Oh, listen to the eight track  
Oh, listen to the eight track  
Oh, listen to the eight track  
Oh, listen to the eight track

Oh it ain't easy, when you gotta survive  
Keep on giving death, just to survive  
Oh get out into the car park, sitting in my own buick skylark in the dark  
Oh, I'll listen to the eight track  
Oh, I'll listen to the eight track  
Oh, listen to the eight track

Oh, listen to the eight track  
Yeah, can't wind it back  
Listen to the eight track  
In between the seats, in the cracks  
Listen to the eight track

Oh sometimes I get a woman in here  
And I put on bruce springsteen's new double album  
And then, just when everything's getting hot  
I start turning the volume right down low  
Baby, let me snuggle right next to you

You turned to me sweetly, you know what she said,  
She said, turn up the eight track  
Oh listen to the eight track  
Oh listen to the eight track, ain't no winding it back  
Listen to the eight track  
Listen to the eight track  
Listen to the eight track

There must have been about a million stories in new york city, the naked city, and this has been on