

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