Louise, New York Moon

Written By: Blue/Smith

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah

It's hot and dusty
Getting old and rusty
And I'm not talking about my car

Torn and tattered Bruised and battered like the people around here are

'Cos when you're living in no man's land There's more to life than you understand And I just want to find my way Nothing's gonna stop me I know where I should be!

I need to go on the cover of a New York moon One Manhattan night to set my stars alight Just a city lover of a cover of a New York Moon To let me after dark and make my central spa

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Oh yeah, yeah, yeah

I'll call you Woody Alan maybe You can call me Al

Let's take a bite on This big apple Now I found my dream local

And I don't need no hideaway Pacific Coast to Monta-Way As I'm happy in the state I'm in Ain't no country-farm girl I'm living in the real world

I need to go on the cover of a New York moon One Manhattan night to set my stars alight Just a city lover of a cover of a New York Moon To let me after dark and make my central spa

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Oh Oh yeah, yeah, yeah

And when the evenings closes in I need somewhere for my life to being 'Cos it's N.Y.C. Yeah, 'cos you're here with the moon

It's the best time baby

I need to go on the cover of a New York moon One Manhattan night to set my stars alight Just a city lover of a cover of a New York Moon To let me after dark and make my central spa

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Oh yeah Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Oh yeah, yeah, yeah

I need a lover

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah

I need a lover, lover

I need to go on the cover of a New York moon One Manhattan night to set my stars alight Just a city lover of a cover of a New York Moon To let me after dark and make my central spa

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Oh yeah Oh yeah, yeah, yeah

repeat to fade