

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 cenrral 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