

Moe., New York City

One-eyed man with a scar on his face and a peg leg
Drives his cab fifty miles-per-hour down Broadway
Looks at me with his crooked smile while Gershwin plays
Hits his brakes and points out the freaks on St. Marks Place

Chorus:

It's the rhythm of the rain that falls
It's a cab ride at 5:00 A.M.
Manhattan goddess with her Levis and curls
New York City - I'm coming home again

Sit and smile thinking about summer Sundays and the roller skates
Afro wigs and rainbow socks float past like a ballet
Peanut roasters popping up on every corner, can't you taste that taste
Makes me long for an early morning ride on a subway

(Chorus)

You can steal a line or a phrase, the record company will cheer
Sign you up, make you an artist, make you a millionaire
Shake your hand, pat your ass, give you a big white smile
Say that they're your biggest fan, say they love your style

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

New York City I'm coming home again
New York City I'm coming home again