

Odyssey, Native New Yorker

New York girl, ooh, ooh, ooh

Runnin' pretty, New York City girl
Twenty-five, thirty-five
Hello, baby, New York City girl

You grew up ridin' the subways, running with people
Up in Harlem, down on Broadway
You're no tramp, but you're no lady, talkin' that street talk
You're the heart and soul of New York City

And love, love is just a passing word
It's the thought that you had in a taxi cab that got left on the curb
When he dropped you off and he stated firm

Oh, oh, oh [Oh, oh, oh]
You're a native New Yorker
You should know the score by now [You should know by now]
You're a native New Yorker

New York girl, ooh, ooh, ooh

Music plays, everyone's dancin' closer and closer
Makin' friends and findin' lovers
There you are lost in the shadows, searchin' for someone [Searchin' for someone]
To set you free from New York City

And, whoa, where did all those yesterdays go
When you still believed love could really be like a Broadway show
You are the star, win the applause

Oh, oh, oh [Oh, oh, oh]
You're a native New Yorker
No one opens the door
For a native New Yorker

[Runnin' pretty, New York City girl]
Ooh...ooh...ooh...
Native, native, native New Yorker

Where did all those yesterdays go
When you still believed love could really be like a Broadway show
You are the star

You're a native New Yorker
You should know the score by now
You're a native New Yorker

You should know the score, you should know the score by now
You're a native New Yorker, oh, oh, oh
[Native, native, native new Yorker]
You're a native New Yorker

Whoa, oh, ho, ho, you're a native New Yorker
You should know the score
[Native, native, native new Yorker]
You're a native New Yorker

What you waitin' for, no one opens the door
[You're a native New Yorker]
For a native, for a native New Yorker