

# SOFI TUKKER, Summer In New York

Da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da  
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I've got no destination  
And I'm sipping on my tea  
I've got all day long  
Just to walk down the street  
I start on Second Avenue  
Making my way downtown to you  
Maybe I'll make a stop at Bang Bang  
Get myself a new tattoo  
Then I find me a secret garden  
And I sit down with my book  
But I'm not planning on reading  
I'm just here to have a look  
At people in and out of stores  
Maybe she's an entrepreneur  
Maybe he just got off a tour  
The many characters of summer in New York  
There's a man across the street  
With the best smile I've ever seen  
I put my book away  
And walk over to him in my blue jeans  
We start to talk about something  
Then I suggest we get a drink  
Let's bike over the bridge to Brooklyn  
You tell me, what do you think?  
And so we head to Miss Favela  
For the live music at three  
And we're dancing on the pavement  
Just like everybody here  
We dance until we hit the floor  
I think we should head out the door  
Then we meet up with friends for more  
All of the promises of summer in New York  
Now we head back to Manhattan  
We've picked up a friend or two  
Maybe this morning we were strangers  
But not by this afternoon  
We hang until the sun comes up  
End up on somebody's rooftop  
Go to the Box and have a ball  
At six or seven different clubs  
And now I'm walking home through Chinatown  
And I pass Chrystie street  
Reminisce about the studio  
Where The Knocks and we would meet  
I know it changes, but of course  
This city I'll always adore  
This night is what this city's for  
The serendipity of summer in New York