

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