

New York City Girl

John Waite

There's diamonds in the avenue
As the dayshift turns to night
In the Empire dinner dreaming
Hard rain, fluorescent lights
As the waitress fills my coffee cup
And the working girls go by
Drenched Irish Cops are dreaming sex
And peep show alibis

Everything underneath the skyline
From the east side to the west
I see the miracles in real time
And there's one I've loved the best
See there's an angel on the D train
As she's flying to my world
And I'm waiting for a N.Y.C. girl

Times Square looks like Avalon
In a Disney morphine dream
Dylan Thomas rides a white horse drunk
At the counter next to me
I wake up in the bed sometimes
And watch her as she sleeps
In the silence and the sirens
I pray her soul to keep

Everything underneath the skyline
From the east side to the west
I see the miracles in real time
And there's one I've loved the best
See there's an angel on the D train
As she's flying to my world
And I'm waiting for a N.Y.C. girl

The Catherine wheel burns bright tonight
Down on the avenue
But nowhere near as bright, my love
As the fire that burns for you

Everything underneath the skyline
From the east side to the west
Of the lives I've lived and those I've known
There is one I've loved the best

See there's an angel on the C train
As she's flying to my world
And I'm waiting for a N.Y.C. girl
And I'm waiting for a N.Y.C. girl