

# What New York Used to Be

The Kills

Come on, come on drama  
Come on draw, scratch and say it  
Say it, make it to the bottom  
Let it climb and drop an apple off the top

It's not I don't want to eat it  
Need it, know it  
Force and feed it, leave it, be it  
Just keep it in this box

What easy used to be  
What love used to be  
What drugs used to be  
What TV used to be

What music used to be  
What luck used to be  
What art used to be  
What you used to be

Come on drama, come on, girl  
You swing your mile longer  
Love song surely tells the future  
Then you stretched your mouth  
And wonder

Water, shot of ecstasy  
Secrets in the open bottle  
You feed it, don't believe it  
Just leave it in this box

What easy used to be  
And what fun used to be  
And what dreaming used to be  
And what fame used to be

And what city used to be  
And what fast used to be  
And what low used to be  
What New York used to be

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Call me, come, come, come on  
Tell me, come, come on  
Tell me how much better  
Whether you're gonna grasp that  
Show me how it used to be