

# Native New Yorker

Black Box

New York style, style, style, style  
New York City  
New York City girl  
New York City  
New York City girl

You grew up ridin' the subways, runnin' 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 (passing word)  
It's the thought you had in a taxi cab that got left on the curb (left on the curb)

When he dropped you off at East and the Third  
Oh, oh, oh  
You're a native New Yorker (New York City girl)  
You should know the score by now  
You're a native New Yorker (New York City girl)

The music plays, everyone's dancin' closer and closer  
Makin' friends and findin' lovers  
There you are lost in the shadows, searchin' for someone  
To set you free from New York City  
And oh, where did all those yesterdays go (yesterdays go)

When you still believed love could really be like a Broadway show (like a Broadway show)  
You were the star, when did it close?  
Oh, oh, oh  
You're a native New Yorker (New York City girl)

No more hope is the door  
For a native New Yorker (New York City girl)  
Oh, oh, oh  
You're a native New Yorker (New York City girl)  
You should know the score by now  
You're a native New Yorker

New York City  
New York City girl  
New York City  
New York City girl  
New York City  
New York City girl  
New York City  
New York City girl