

New York City girl
Born and raised in South Queens
She goes to work in taxi cabs
Comes back home in limousines
Well if you see her tell her I'm alright
I know the reason why she couldn't stay
My New York City girl
I wouldn't have it any other way

I guess I should've saw it comin'
She gave me every single warning
Instead I stumbled headlong into
Somewhere I'd never be return in'

She wouldn't let me hold her
She let her hair fall on her shoulder
And I didn't tell her one damn thing
A million others haven't told her

I told her that I'd miss her
She wouldn't even let me kiss her
She just gathered up her things
Fixed her hair and took the money from the dresser