

Princess Of New York

Fury In The Slaughterhouse

By the garbage cans she sits
In her hands she holds a plastic bag
She borrowed from the supermarket
Her eyes starring holes into the night
Open windows are her radio
Luxury for her backyard bed

She knows every story
Of all the gloom and glory
This city wrote through all the years

You can't miss her cause she is
Always talking to a mailbox
Whispering secrets right into
The darkness where you can't hear her
Speak or talk but believe me that she is
The princess of new york

Down 5th avenue she walks
Dragging her body round the block
Trying to collect her meal
The parking meters are her friends
For each one she's got a name
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