

Vine St.

Harry Nilsson

My baby left this morning with everything I had
She didn't give me no warning and that's why I feel so bad
Oh, Anita, Anita, I need some sympathy
Anita, I love ya, come and sit by me.

That's a tape that we made but I'm sad to say it never made the
grade
That was me, third guitar, I wonder where the others are.

Vine Street, we used to live there on Vine Street
She made perfume in the back of the room
While me and my group we'd sit out on the stoop
And we'd play for her the songs she liked best
To have us play on Vine Street.

Vine Street, the crack of the back beat on Vine Street
Swingin' along on the wings of a song
Lyin' secure, self-righteous and sure
Why we'd things to say if the people would pay
To have us play on Vine Street