

The City

Joe Purdy

The city keeps on going on

Float down the river with my Indian Jay
Get off the boat and board a plane to JFK
And I, ain't slept a week
But it don't seem to matter to the subway speakers, squeak (and squeak)

The city keeps on going.
We just keep on rolling.
The city keeps on going.
We just keep on rolling on

Grand Central Station and got wind they're coming down.
And the goodness yesterday.
No one round oh and I still recognize her after all these years.
And she still looks the same,
Ah, she still looks the same

The city keeps on going.
We just keep on rolling.
The city keeps on going.
We just keep on rolling, rolling
Rolling on

Oh and we end up in Brooklyn.
It was rainin' so hard.
Come up all day.
And the rain to clear it off,
Oh we're just people watching on 3rd and St. Mormons.
And when the girl's kissing my face, ma face
She was just kissing my face.

The city keeps on going.
We just keep on rolling.
The city keeps on going.
We just keep on rolling.
And again, again...
The city keeps on going.
We just keep on rolling
The city keeps on going.
We just keep on rolling
On and on

Just when I was sick and lonely,
There was a shaking on the ground.
We were hiding from the rain.
We were riding on the train.
Just when I was sick and lonely,
There was a shaking on the ground.
Were were hiding from the rain.
Were were riding on the train.

She was dancing on the midway
Just kissing my face
She was dancing on the midway
Just kissing my face
Dancing on the midway

Kissing my face
Dancing on the midway
Just waving goodbye