

NYC Girl

John Waite

There's diamonds in the avenue
As the dayshift turns to night
In the empire dinner dreaming
Hard rain, fluorescent lights
And the waitress fills my coffee cup
As the working girls go by
Drenched Irish cops are dreaming sex
And peep show alibis
Everything underneath the skyline
From the east side to the west
I see the miracles in real time
And there's one I've loved the best
I see there's an angel on the D train
And she's flying to my world
And I'm waiting for a, a New York City girl
Times Square looks like Avalon
In a Disney Morphine dream
Dylan Thomas rides a white horse drunk
At the counter next to me
I wake up in her bed sometimes
And watch her as she sleeps
In the silence and the sirens
I pray her soul to keep
Everything underneath the skyline
From the east side to the west
I see the miracles in real time
And there's one I've loved the best
See there's an angel on the D train
And she's flying to my world
And I'm waiting for a New York City girl
The Catherine wheel burns bright tonight
Down on the avenue
But nowhere near as bright, my love
As the fire that burns for you
Everything underneath the skyline
From the east side to the west
Of the lives I've lived and those I've known
There is one I've loved the best
See there's an angel on the D train
And she's flying to my world
And I'm waiting for a New York City girl
Oh yeah, and I'm waiting for a New York City girl
I'm waiting now
New York City girl
Oh yeah, I'm waiting for
New York City girl
Oh, yeah, yeah
New York City girl