

New York Tendaberry

Laura Nyro

New York tendaberry, blue berry
A rush on rum, of brush and drum
And the past is a blue note, inside me
I ran away in the morning

New York tendaberry, blue berry
Rugs and drapes and drugs and capes
Sweet kids in hunger slums

Firecrackers break and they cross
And they dust and they skate
And the night comes

I ran away in the morning
Now I'm back, unpacked

Sidewalk and pigeon
You look like a city
But you feel like religion to me

New York tendaberry, true berry
I lost my eyes, In east wind skies
Here where I've cried, where I've tried
Where God and the tendaberry rise

Where quakers and revolutionaries
Join for life, for precious years
Join for life, through silver tears
New York tendaberry