

## Down In Chinatown

Paul Young

I got some so-called friends  
They'll smile right to my face  
But, when my back is turned  
They'd like to stick it to me  
Yes they would  
Oh no no, oh no no  
There's only one thing I need to know  
Whose side are you on

I fly into J.F.K.  
My heart goes boom boom boom  
I know that customs man  
He's going to take me  
To that little room  
Oh no no. Oh no, no  
There's only one thing I need to know  
Whose side are you on  
Whose side are you on

I got the paranoia blues  
From knockin' around in New York City  
Where they roll you for a nickel  
And they stick you for the extra dime

Anyway you choose  
You're bound to lose in New York City  
Oh I just got out in the nick of time  
Well I just got out in the nick of time

Once I was down in Chinatown  
I was eating some Lin's Chow Fon  
I happened to turn around  
And when I looked I see  
My Chow Fon's gone  
Oh no, no. Oh no, no  
There's only one thing I need to know  
Whose side are you on, whose side are you on  
There's only one thing I need to know  
Whose side, whose side, whose side