

New York

Stephen Fretwell

Please can we go away
Get out of here somehow today
For a place that I've heard on the radio
Never sleeps

I'll get a job in a bar
And you could be a waitress and serve cheap cigars
To fat mustachio men in suits
You'll look cute

Fuck what they say
And fuck it if they talk
It really don't matter
We're going to New York

Oh, hold on to me
I'm gonna get you out, I'm gonna set you free
To a place that I've heard on the radio
Never sleeps

I'll get a job in a bar
You could be a waitress and serve cheap cigars
To fat mustachio men in suits
You'll look cute

Fuck what they say
Fuck it if they talk
It really don't matter
We're going to New York