

Lady of Avenue A

The Black Crowes

You said goodnight
Wrapped your scarf up tight
And left into a winter scene
The Lower East Side
Is just a place to hide
A place to privately dream

Good times and lost nights on Avenue A
Don't let the bright lights take you away
You just can't believe what the city folks say
My lady of Avenue A

These old downtown streets
Where lovers meet
To sometimes laugh, to sometimes cry
A strange parade
All new things fade
But somehow this place stays the same

Good times and lost nights on Avenue A
Don't let the bright lights take you away
You just can't believe what the city folks say
My lady of Avenue A

You fall asleep
I hear you breathe
The snow outside, I make some tea
The cat's awake
And plays with string
As I slip into a dream

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