

You Took The Sunshine From New York

The Wildhearts

Butter coconut as a welcome smell
Baby pigeon seed on the window sill
Kitchen cupboard full of granola bars
Walking through the city beneath the stars
And loving every dog on the Lower East Side
Fighting for the bill in the taxi ride
Your pink knickers sit on the living room floor
'Cause no one wants to clear them up no more

It rained the day
You took that ride to JFK
And made your way back home again
There's nothing much more lonely than
The rain beating down on the fire escape
The grey skies over the United States
When you walk

You took the sunshine from New York
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You took the

Tiny little squares of Green & Blacks
Watching DVDs of tits and ass
Long summer days on Rockaway Beach
Surprisingly hard and far to reach
Homies in a box for 50¢
The squirrels kinda wondered where you went
The bathroom seems a little light on stuff
The bed's unmade and the TV's off

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And when you go
Things slow back down
To the crawl
That drags me around

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