

New York City

Village People

Standing on the corner, just me and yoko ono,
We was waiting for jerry to land.
Up come a man with a guitar in his hand,
Singing, have a marijuana, if you can.
His name was david peel and we found that he was real,
He sang, the pope smokes dope evryday.
Up come a policeman, shoved us of the street,
Singing, power to the people today.

New york city!
New york city!
New york city!
Que pasa, new york?
Que pasa, new york?
Hey! hey!

Well, down to maxs, kansas city, got down the nitty gritty
With the elephants memory band.
Laid something down as the news spread around
About the plastic ono elephants memory band.
Well, we played some funky boogie, and laid some tutti fritti,
Singing, long tall sallys a man.
Up come a preacher man, tryin to be a teacher,
Singing, gods a red herring in drag!

New york city!
New york city!
New york city!
Que pasa, new york?
Que pasa, new york?
Ha! ha!

Hey! hey! hey! hey!
Hey!

Oh yeah!

Hey! new york city!
Alright, new york city!
New york city!
Que pasa, new york?
Que pasa, new york?
Hey! hey!

Well, we did the staten island ferry, making movies for the telly,
Played the fillmore and apollo for freedom.
Tried to shake our image, just a-cycling through the village,
But we found that we had left it back in london.
Well, nobody came to bug us, hustle us or shove us,
We decided to make it home.
If the man wants to shove us out, we gonna jump and shout,
The statue of liberty said, come!

New york city!
New york city!
New york city!
Que pasa, new york?

Que pasa, new york?
Hey! hey!

Oh, new york!
Uh, uh, uh.

Well, new york, yeh,
Alright!

Oh, new york city!
Back in new york city!
Yeah, new york city!
Que pasa, new york?
Que pasa, new york?
Ass city!

Down in the village,
Yeah, what a city!
Que pasa, new york?
Que pasa, new york?
Yeah, rock on!

Ow! uh!
Yeah!
Que pasa, new york?
Que pasa, new york?

Hey! what a bad, bad city!
Bad-ass city!
Bad-ass city!
Que pasa, new york?
Que pasa, new york?
Hey, city! city!

Another version

Recorded live at the madison square garden, new york, n.y. 30 august 1972

Power to the people!
Power to the people!
Power to the people!
Power to the people!
Power to the people!
Power to the people!
Power to the people!
Power to the people!
Power to the people!

Two, three, four!

Standing on the corner, just me and yoko ono,
We was waiting for her hour to land,
Up come a man with a guitar in his hand,
Have marijuana if you can.
Well, his name was david peel
And we found that he was real,
The pope smokes dope evry day.
Up come the police, shoved us off the street,
Singing, power to the people today!

New york city!
Madison square garden!
Hey!

Whats happenin, man?

Went back to kansas city, laid down the nitty gritty
With the elephants memory band.
Laid something down as the news spread around
About the plastic ono elephants memory band.
Played some tutti frutti and played some funky boogie,
Long tall sallys a man!
Up come the preacherman, tryin to be a teacher,
Singing, gods a red herring in drag!

New york city!
New york city!
New york city!
Que pasa, new york?
Que pasa, new york?
Hey!

Ow!

Ooh!

Well, new york city, babe!
New york!
New york city!

Yeah, new york city!

Down in the village!
New york city!

Come on, hit it!
Ah, what a bad ass city!
Yeah!
Roll over!