Talkin' New York

Rambling out of the wild west Leaving the towns I love best Thought I'd seen some ups and down 'Till I come into New York town People going down to the ground Building going up to the sky.

Wintertime in New York town The wind blowing snow around Walk around with nowhere to go Somebody could freeze right to the bone I froze right to the bone New York Times said it was the coldest winter in seventeen years I didn't feel so cold then.

I swung on to my old guitar Grabbed hold of a subway car And after a rocking, reeling, rolling ride I landed up on the downtown side: Greenwich Village.

I walked down there and ended up In one of them coffee-houses on the block Got on the stage to sing and play Man there said, Come back some other day You sound like a hillbilly We want folksingers here.

Well, I got a harmonica job begun to play Blowing my lungs out for a dollar a day I blowed inside out and upside down The man there said he loved my sound He was raving about he loved my sound Dollar a day's worth.

After weeks and weeks of hanging around I finally got a job in New York town In a bigger place, bigger money too Even joined the Union and paid my dues.

Now, a very great man once said That some people rob you with a fountain pen It don't take too long to find out Just what he was talking about A lot of people don't have much food on their table But they got a lot of forks and knives And they gotta cut something.

So one morning when the sun was warm I rambled out of New York town Pulled my cap down over my eyes And heated out for the western skies So long New York Howdy, East Orange.