

New York

Boy

come my wild horse
come, come pick me up
let's go outside and let's pretend it's New York
drown the small town troubles
in Hudson River puddles

put those shining dancing boots on
we'll meet the local heroes down at the bar
the gifted and the phonies
rodeo on ponies

and the truth is
I was wrong when I said I was bored
any street that I'm walking on with you
anywhere with you could be New York
and the truth is
I was sleeping
but I woke up all eyes and all ears
when you whispered, it's all really happening
it's all really happening here

will you spin the bottle with the muses
that I've been calling for till I thought they gone
camping on Long Island
put the backyards where they're hiding in

and these corners seemed run down before
but you pointed your finger
at the magic and wonder they hold
now we're out and we're digging for gold

cause the truth is
I was wrong when I said I was bored
any street that I'm walking on with you
anywhere with you could be New York
and the truth is
I was sleeping
but I woke up all eyes and all ears
when you whispered, it's all really happening
it's all really happening here
and the truth is
I was sleeping
dreaming away till I forgot
that wherever we are it's happening
come on wild horse and pick me up

come my wild horse
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