

N.Y.C. Streets

David Allan Coe

I thought what was cool, was... uh, rockin' Rita
Looking for a Dimebag, like, people who don't
Know who you are think it's some chick lookin'
For dope.

Exaclty.

You know it's all about the lyrics.

You know what I mean?

Yeah, man.

Yeah, I hear ya.

Here we go...

Cowboy junkies on the radio
Singin' some ol' funky tune
Time to change the station
He says: Stop the car
Let me out

I say hey, dude
What's that all about
The artist formally known as
Man, that's insane
Purple Rain, hey dude
Cut me some slack
What's his real name

Bridge, man

New York City streets
Horns blowin'
I don't care
People goin' God knows where

Freaks on the corner
Hair dyed blue
Lookin' at me
But I'm lookin' at you

I wonder
What am I doin' here
What am I doin' here

Whiskey signs
Fashion in my mind
Time to get loaded
And get out of this town

Pantera on the Marquee
Better stay one more day
Iron Maiden, Motorhead
Fuck, heavy metal ain't dead

Hey dude
What's that you said
Rockin' Rita
Lookin' for a Dimebag
What's up with that dude
Ah, turn the music up
Turn the music up

Go to the bridge, now

New York City streets
Horns blowin'
I don't care
People goin' God knows where
I don't care

Freaks on the corner
Hair dyed blue
Lookin' at me
And I'm lookin' at you

What am I doin' here
God, what am I doin' here
You say your name is

Hey dude, check it out. I got this tape by some
Friends of mine, called Punk Jack. Ey, good, you
Gotta hear these guys. They ain't got no record
Deal. What difference does that make? You don't
Need a record deal, motherfucker - listen to the
Music, dude.

Fuckin' A, dude