

Vine Street

Harry Nilsson

Vine Street
My baby left this morning
With everything I had
She didn't give me no warning
And that's why I feel so bad

Oh, Anita, Anita
I need some sympathy
Anita, I love ya
Come and sit by me

That's a tape that we made
But I'm sad to say
It never made the grade
That was me, third guitar
I wonder where the others are

Vine Street
We used to live there
On Vine Street
She made perfume
In the back of the room

While me and my group
We'd sit out on the stoop
And we'd play for her
The songs she liked best

To have us play
On Vine Street, Vine Street
The crack of the back beat
On Vine Street

Swinging along
On the wings of a song
Lying secure
Self righteous and sure

Why we'd things to say
If the people would pay
To have us play
On Vine Street