

Bridge And Tunnel

Holy Ghost!

I'm going back to a sick and lovely place
I'm going, going back, right to the Bowery shake
I'm going home, where fashion cuts the lines (Cut the line, cut the line)
I'm going, going home, right to the Chinatown grind (Get in the line)

Hurt me till the music ends, until it's 4 AM
I think I like it tell me what about you?
Wear me like I'm on your wrist
We'll hit the morning's fist
I think I like it, I don't care if it's true

Ahh, back to New York City (True love)
Ahh, back to New York City (True love)

I think I'm back to a lack of vacant space
I think I'm finally back, and I do the after-hours shake
I think I'm home, where we don't fall behind
I think I'm finally home, t-t-
to make up for lost time (Get in the line)

Hurt me til the music stops, until it's 5 o'clock
I think I like it tell me what about you?
Play me like I'm on a disc
Clutched in the DJ's fist
I think I like it, I don't care if it's true

Ahh, back to New York City (True love)
Ahh, back to New York City (True love)

I think I'm home, where no one has the time
I think I'm finally home, and I do the bridge and tunnel grind

Ahh, back to New York City (True love)
Ahh, back to New York City (True love)