

Central Park n' West

Ian Hunter

he Gulf and Western Garbage just ain't the prettiest smell
When you're sleeping on the 4th floor up, it's like a living hell
New York's finest rounding up the bums, the firemen get no rest
And ambulances signal death on Central Park 'n' West.

Now there ain't no sheets upon my bed, just a mattress and some wine
The rain is pouring through the night and I'm glad my life is mine
When Frank Carillo plays guitar trying to get it off his chest
He gets the words he needs tonight on Central Park 'n' West.

And I think, I think, I think, I think, I think it's the best
When I'm locked in the middle of New York City on Central Park 'n' West
And I know, I know, I know, I know, I know it's a mess
But you've got to be crazy to live in the city and New York City's the best.

We wait for someone just might be in the city we call home
She leaves me sometimes when I write 'cause I write better on my own
Bag ladies take my dollars, put my conscience to the test
But waitresses give me coffee free on Central Park 'n' West.

So sing soul woman, sing the songs, it's time to sing them now
I'm getting more than high from hearin' 'em, don't sing them quiet, sing them loud
For you sang with the best of them but now you're just a guest
I tell you we'll get a hotel room on Central Park 'n' West.

'Cause I think, I think, I think, I think, I think it's the best
When I'm locked in the middle of New York City on Central Park 'n' West
And I know, I know, I know, I know, I know it's a mess
But you've got to be crazy to live in the city and New York City's the best.

I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, oh yeah.

I think, I think, I think, I think, I think it's the best
When I'm locked in the middle of New York City on Central Park 'n' West.

I know, I know, I know, I know, I know it's a mess

But you've got to be crazy to live in the city ...