

Springtime

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You should be happy for your lips
You should be happy for your hips
You should be happy for your tits
But it ain't payin the rent...nah...ain't paying the rent

Where'd you learn how to walk?
Must've been in the dead of winter in New York City
Only some honey whose got no money can look so pretty
Only somebody whose got no heat can act so sweet
Come on over I'll fix you something too eat

What you hungry for?

Springtime New York City, livin is easy, lovin is free
It's springtime New York, New York, New York City fuckin New York

You can feed an army with your eyes
You can break a brick wall with your thighs
You can start a fire with your strut
You can break a neck with your but but but it ain't paying the rent
Nah, ain't paying the rent

Hey woman...you better sit your ass down
When you're every guys bed time lullaby you better skip town
Gotta get a better pair of shoes for all that runnin around
You better drive your winter ways back into the ground
Lets go pick up your soul at the lost and found

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