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Up in New York City
Strolling round The Bowery
Can't help it, they want a piece of me
They're tryna get my attention
But they don't know my name
Can't blame 'em, it happens every day
They say, hey blondie
Hey blondie
Hey blondie
Hey blondie
Glanced at a magazine cover
She's this year's American dream
And she'll make you forget perfection's a fantasy
I bet she's got a real good story
I bet she's got something to say
And I bet you most people won't care anyway
But hey, hey blondie
Hey blondie
Hey blondie
Hey blondie
Ooh, hey blondie
Hey blondie
Ooh...
I'm working real hard for my money
I'm working for a little less pay
Don't you think it's funny that some things'll never change
But hey, hey, hey!
Hey blondie
Hey red
Get money
Get bread
Hey blondie
(Hey, hey, yeah) hey blondie
(A-what's my name) hey blondie
(A-what's my name) hey blondie
(Oh, oh, oh) oh hey blondie
Hey blondie
Hey blondie
Hey blondie
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Hey!