New York Boy

Neil Diamond

New York City, look at me now Being stared at from behind the plow Mississippi, don't get annoyed I ain't no hippie, just a New York boy

Didn't want the mayor to come Or a big brass band to greet me But then the reception I got Well it wasn't what I had in mind People gawkin' at me Like I'm talkin' strange Me, I ain't much better 'Cause I'm thinkin' the same Hey boy

New York City, look at me now Being stared at from behind the plow Mississippi, don't get annoyed I ain't no hippie, just a New York boy

Sayin' y'all and eatin' on grits Talkin' as slow as molasses And all the time just pointing at me And the hair growin' over my ears

Gets my mind to wonderin' Just who's right and who's wrong I guess if they'll get used to the sideburns I'll get used to the corn Hey boy

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