

## 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

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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  
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