

Bi-Coastal

Peter Allen

You used to live in New York City
Then you moved to L.A
But you still miss the streets
Where you used to play

So you hurry on back there
Even leave your pool and your car
Only to find you no longer belong
Fool, don't you know what you are

Yeah, hit the streets at midnight
Still dancing after dawn
But something seems to be missing
Just what are you running from

Do you like your love in the dark
Or laid out in the sun?
When you can't make up your mind
Don't you know what you've become

Bi-coastal, miss the natural speed of the city
Bi-coastal, California's fine if you're pretty

You can always hear me singing
Oh, say can you see?
From the towers of Manhattan
To the hills of Beverly

All those girls on TV movies
All those boys on Broadway
When you can't make up your mind
You know you go either way

Bi-coastal, miss the natural speed of the city
Bi-coastal, California's fine if you're pretty, oh yeah
Bi-coastal, miss the natural speed of the city, oh yeah, yeah
Bi-coastal, California's fine if you're pretty

Bi-coastal, when both are so much fun
Tell me why do you have to pick, why do you have to pick
Why do you have to pick one?