

New York By Moonlight

The Felice Brothers

The exhaust hangs blue on the avenue
My shoes are damp with rain
We got every vice here in paradise, and we're glad you came
I tapped the hedges with my cane and shout
And watch the silver pigeons flutter out
There's no more beautiful sight
Than New York by moonlight

On the Riverside Promenade
The whip-poor-wills alighting
A prostitute in pastel tights, through the shadows, striding
In her hand is a single flower, more precious than the Eiffel Tower
It's a terrifyingly eloquent world
New York by moonlight

The sky is raining dust
It's covered all of us
It's whited out our eyes, erasing the world we once knew
Burn my bones and scatter me
From the Bowery to the Battery
There's no place I'd rather be
Than New York by moonlight

Well, the bellhop by The Ritz
He's been there forever
He gives his mustache a little twist as he pulls the levers
At midnight, all his bitter tears
Run down his cheeks, into his ears
As he dreams of the vanishing years
New York by moonlight
New York by moonlight