

Grandmaster Flash lyrics

New York New York

New York New York, big city of dreams
And everything in New York ain't always what it seems
You might get fooled if you come from out of town
But I'm down by law and I know my way around

Too much, too many people, too much (aha-ha)
Too much, too many people, too much, Raaah!

A castle in the sky, one mile high
Built to shelter the rich and greedy
Rows of eyes, disguised as windows
Looking down on the poor and the needy
Miles of people, marching up the avenue
Doin' what they gotta do, just to get by
I'm living in the land of plenty and many
But I'm damn sure poor and I don't know why

Too much, too many people, too much
Too much, too many people, too much!

A man's on a ledge, says he's gonna jump
People gather round, said, "He won't he's just a chump"
'Cause he lost his job, then he got robbed
His mortgage is due and his marriage is through
He says he ain't gonna pay no child support
Because the bitch left him without a second thought
He got nothing to eat, no shoes on his feet
She even left his clothes out in the street
He keeps hearing noises when he's at home
He always hears voices when he's all alone
His wife took the kids, the car and the crib
In this man's world, so much for Women's Lib

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Down in the Village, you might think I'm silly
But you can't tell the women from the men sometimes
They're sugar and spice and everything nice
But when you get `em home ain't no telling what you find
Right next door is a little old man
I seen him eating dog food out of a can
He says, "I got to eat, when I can't afford meat
I barely can stand, on my own two feet
I got a bad habit and I just can't break it
Something's on my mind and I just can't shake it
I need some time, and I want some space
I gotta get away from the human race"

Too much, too many people, too much (aha-ha)
Too much, too many people, too much! Raaah!

Staring at a skyscraper reaching into heaven
When over in the ghetto I'm livin in hell
Just play ball or be an entertainer
'Cause niggaz like me can't read too well
Nobody loves me, nobody cares
I dreamed about a life but I'm livin in a nightmare
Paranoid schizo, set back, snowbound
Bad news psycho, heart attack, breakdown!

Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh
Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh
Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh
Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, Huh, Hee, HUH!

If only I could sleep just ten more minutes
I might find the strength to make another day
If I didn't have to get up and do my thing
I would probably sleep my whole life away
I messed up a nice dream, somethin' bout ice cream
Whipped cream, fruits and a cherry on top
Now I gotta get up and face the world, huh
The pressure is on, It ain't never gonna stop
I sho' gotta learn to use my mind
I don't wanna be kissing nobody's behind
Just standin' on line lookin' like a jerk
Gotta get off my butt and do a full day's work
I ran into a pothole, got into a car crash
Should'a been thinking and tried to fake whiplash
A crowd gathered round, they're callin' me fat
Who you lookin at with a face like that?

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On 42nd Street, lookin for some action
Women standing on the corner selling satisfaction
One young punk just leaning on the fence
Tryin' to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
Really is a prankster, tried to be a gangster
Real big wheel when a gun is in his hands
Just did a stick-up, just got picked up
One dead punk, killed by the man

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Too much, too many people, too much! Huh!

A baby cries and a mother dies
And the tears fall from the doctor's eyes
Because in this room, on this day
The Good Lord has giveth, and taketh away, huh!
The gift of life really means a lot
And in the ghetto your life is all you got

So you take to the streets, trying to exist
In the trash and slime of a world like this
What you watch on TV tells you what life is supposed to be
But when you look outside the only thing you see
Is the poverty stricken reality, Heh!
Abandoned places, angry faces
Much hate and hunger throughout the races
You say, "I'm grown and I'm on my own
So why don't everybody just leave me alone!"
Now you stay at home, talking on the phone
Doin ninety miles an hour in the fifty mile zone
They never took the time to tell you 'bout sex
So you had to learn about it in the discotheques
Nine months later, the baby is there
And the Nigga that did it said, "I don't care!"
You don't have enough money to help feed two
So you have to choose between the baby and you
The sky was crying, rain and hail
When you put your baby in the garbage pail
Then you kissed the kid and put down the lid
And you tried to forget what you just did, Huh!
The muffled screams of a dying baby
Was enough to drive the young mother crazy
So she ran in the rain trying to ease the pain
Huh huh, And she drove herself insane

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