**Native New Yorker Odyssey**

intro sax solo +4 beats

Runnin' pretty, New York City girl  
Twenty-five, thirty-five  
Hello baby, New York City girl  
  
You grew up riding the subways running with people  
Up in Harlem, down on Broadway  
You're no tramp but you're no lady, talkin' that street talk  
You're the heart and soul of New York City  
 Fermata.svg

And lo-ve, love is just a passing word  
Fermata.svgIt's the thought you had in a taxi cab  
That got left on the curb  
Fermata.svgWhen he dropped you off at East 83rd  
  
Oh oh oh

You're a native New Yorker  
You should know the score by now

You're a native New Yorker   
Music plays, everyone's dancing ,closer and closer  
Making friends and finding lovers  
There you are lost in the shadows searching for someone  
To set you free from New York City  
 Fermata.svg  
And, lo-ve, where did all those yesterday’s go?  
When you still believed Love could really be like a Broadway show  
Fermata.svg You are the star, win the applause Oh oh oh  
  
You're a native New Yorker  
No one opens the door, Fermata.svg for a native New Yorker  
 *Music break*  
  
Fermata.svg Where did all those yesterday’s go  
When you still believed love could really be like a Broadway show  
 Fermata.svg

Fermata.svg Star –ar-ar

You're a native New Yorker

You should know the score by now  
You're a native New YorkerFermata.svg*hold*

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