**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
 

And lo-ve, love is just a passing word
It's the thought you had in a taxi cab
That got left on the curb
When 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
 
And, lo-ve, where did all those yesterday’s go?
When you still believed Love could really be like a Broadway show
 You are the star, win the applause Oh oh oh

You're a native New Yorker
No one opens the door,  for a native New Yorker
 *Music break*

 Where did all those yesterday’s go
When you still believed love could really be like a Broadway show
 

 Star –ar-ar

You're a native New Yorker

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

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