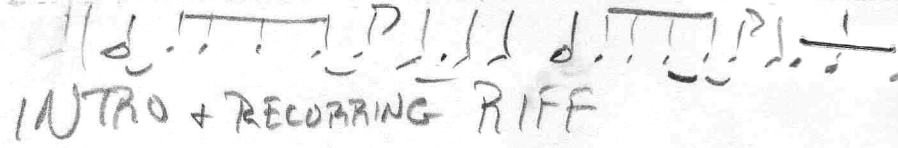


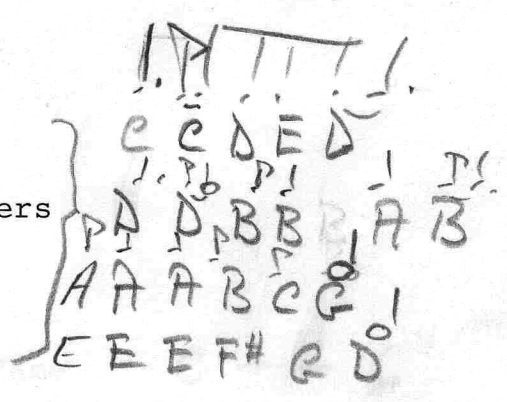
D C B C D C B A G F# D }  
 D G G A B C B A G A }  
 D D C B C D C B A G F# D }  
 D G G A B C B F# A }

  
 INTRO + RECURRING RIFF

NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10009

Got into town on a Saturday night  
 With a Fender guitar and I took in the sights  
 And I drank my way down to the Lower East Side  
 'Cause I was nuts about Thunders and Suicide  
 Then I formed a band called the Major Thinkers  
 With a couple of musicians and some heavy drinkers  
 And I went up to Max's and I said "hey man"  
 I'm gonna blow your club right off the map

2nd half chorus



CHORUS

New York, New York what have you done  
 You've wrecked me 'til I have become  
 Half the man I might have been  
 Half the hero of my dream  
 New York, New York it's over now  
 You beat me still I know somehow  
 Just for once I'm gonna prove you wrong  
 Just to show you I was right all along

RIFF

Well I met Sheila down at Blanche's bar  
 She was dressed all in black and her heart was a scar  
 she took me back to Avenue C  
 We were happy there, her and me  
 'Til a man from the Black Rock saw the band  
 And he said "you dudes are just sizzling hot and  
 We're gonna cut a record and make you all stars  
 But first things first, sign your soul away here

RIFF — JEFF SOLO OVER RIFF

Yeah we cut a song about Avenue B  
And the boxes boomed it all over the streets  
But the record company screwed us all up  
And Sheila joined the scientology church  
Then Mike stopped a bullet out in Staten Island  
And my whole world turned ultra violent  
But there's one last thing I gotta see through  
There's one last thing I gotta say to you

HAMMY BREAK

Oh Sheila, baby, give me one more chance

I've just gone and started Black 47

I don't care about the money, you can keep the fame

I just want to beat this city at its own dumb game

CHORUS

Bridge

A<sup>m</sup>

D<sup>7</sup>

G

E<sup>7</sup>

F

A<sup>7</sup>

C

D

C — C<sup>#</sup>

G — F<sup>#</sup>E<sup>D</sup>