

Black 47, My Love Is In New York

Joined the service out of school in the year of '69
When the Doors were ridin' on the storm, Hendrix was alive
And before I could blink an eye, I was sent to Vietnam
To teach them people democracy
Jesus, what a laugh.

All across the highlands, we moved in single file
Lookin' for them Vietcong, I musta crawled a 1000 miles
But I'd only one thought on me mind,
'Twas your eyes of emerald green
My love is in New York, oh she's the only one for me

I learned to smoke the opium pipe, I learned it all too well
Coz when the shells are bangin' in your ears
It stops that livin' hell
Then one night 6 months later
While in the DMZ
Me own dear U.S. Air Force blew the hell right out of me

Still I loved my country
I saluted the old flag
When you're a boy from Woodside, Queens
You give it all you have
'Cause I knew you'd be there waitin'
With your eyes of emerald green
My love is in New York and she's the only one for me

But when I got sent home at last, they jeered and spat at me
They called me a fascist, said I was the enemy
I could've put up with all of that
'Twas no big thing to me
But you killed me with one look of disgust
From those emerald greens

Now I sit down here on Broadway, this pavement is me home
The war is long forgotten, for those who stayed at home
And I wish I had me opium pipe
To stop that livin' hell
That's goin' on inside me head, I wish it all so well
And the Doors still ride by on the storm
Hendrix hides from Joe
I should be history around here but where else is there to go
Coz I know you're out there somewhere,
With your eyes of emerald green
My love is in New York, oh she's the only one for me