

Bryan Adams, East Side Story

There was this girl I used to see - down on 42nd street
She'd walk by on her way to work - n' make the air smell so sweet
I used to sit in a coffee shop - sometimes I'd have a cup
And when she'd go by - she'd light up the sky
Like the sun coming up
She be standin' by the bus stop - driver opened up the door
I'd just sit n' watch her - getting on the 104
I wanna give her my number - I wanna tell her my name
Wanna climb on board that cross-town bus
Take a chance she feels the same
It's just another east side story
Everybody's got a tale to tell
And like a hundred guys before me
I fell under her spell
Some things you hold on to - some you just let go
Seems like the ones that you can't have
Are the ones that you want most
I think about her sometimes - I wonder if she was real
And if I ever find her I'm gonna tell her how I feel
It's just another east side story
Everybody's got a tale to tell and like a hundred guys before me
I fell under her spell
It's still the same old story - it's still the same old game
Up there on the eastside - life goes on the same
She never knew my number - never even knew my name
She climbed on board that cross-town bus I never saw her again