Down and Out In New York City (feat. The J.B.'s)

James Brown

Say brother, can I borrow a thin brother
You know, a dime?
Say it, say it, say it sis
I'd sure like to have this little dime for me
So I can get this cup of coffee
Cop me a snack, somethin'
I guess I better quit tryin' to be hip and get on down
Yea man, like, you knowI was born in New York City on a Monday
It seems I was out shinin' shoes 'bout two to noonAll the fat cats, in the bad hats doing me a real big favor
Got the fat cats, in the bad hats laying it on real good
Here's a dime boy, give me a shine boy
When the cold wind comes, it live at New York City
And the street's no place to be but there you areSo you try hard, or you die hard
No one really gives a good damn
You try hard, and you die hard
No one gives a damnHere's a dime boy, give me a shine boy[Incomprehensible] in New York City
Ain't no way to be, but where can you go?
When you're down and out in New York City
I'm never, never, never gonna get that way again, owNo, no, no
No, no, not meWhen you need a friend [Incomprehensible]
When you want a friendGonna get myself together 'til the mornin'
Gonna leave it all and a one bad dream
All the fat cats, in the bad hats doing me a real big favor
Got the fat cats, in the bad hats, laying it on real good
Here's a dime boy, give me a shine boy, wow, ow, yeahGive me a shine boy
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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