

New York Times  
Simone Felice

Simone Felice - New York Times

capo 2nd

Am C Em G

Am C Em  
Hetti Blackbird, Hetti Blackbird, Hetti Blackbird,  
G

that s the Indian s name

Am C  
Out in South Dakota, he stole a gold Range Rover

Em G  
and he drove it all over the empty plains

Am C  
While Apache pilots haunt the River Tigriss

Em G  
in the laughing silence of the desert night

Am C  
& the price of cocaine on a favourite ball game

Em C  
I read it all baby in the New York Times.

A pervert from Jersey with a thirty-thirty,  
found them girls rehearsing in a ballet school  
And when he bust in point his musket  
he turned lilly white muslin into bright red bloom

As I read it here on the coffee street pier  
I can t help but hear them buildings fall  
And the way they came down, and way they jumped out,  
there s no baseball glove in town  
That s gonna catch them all.

So every New Year we come to Times Square  
and we all howl there when the big ball drops.  
Don t trust your junk mail, don t touch the third rail,  
and baby don t you dare hail the King of pop.  
Cos the day they found him and brought his body  
in the things that Doctor did was enough to strike you blind.

So make my Lilly white lover, oh and oh my brother,  
never make the cover of the New York Times