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The Boy From New York City

Reference number PT0583

Ba doom doom doom doom
doom doom doom doom doom
Oo wa oo wa cool, cool Kitty
tell us about the boy from New York City.
Oo wa oo wa come on, Kitty,
tell us about the boy from New York City.

He's kinda tall,
He's really fine,
Some day I hope to make him mine, all mine.
And he's neat and oh so sweet,
And just the way he looked at me swept me off my feet.
Oo wee, you ough to come and see how he walks
mm and how he talks.

He's really down and he's no clown
He has the finest penthouse I've ever seen in town.
And he's cute in his mohair suit,
and he keeps his pockets full of spending loot.
Oo wee, say,
you ought to come and see his dueling scar,
and brand new car.

Ev'ry time he says he loves me,
chills run down my spine.
Ev'ry time he wants to kiss me,
oh, he makes me feel so fi-yi-yine.

Oh yeah,
Oh yeah,
Oh he can dance and make romance,
that's when I fell in love with just one glance
He was shy, and so was I.
And now I know I'll never say goodbye.
Oo wee, say, you ought to come and see,
he's the most from coast to coast.

Oh yeah!

Oh yeah!

Talkin' 'bout the boy, the boy from New York City.
Talkin' 'bout the boy, the boy from New York City.