

THE GREAT CITY

*Curtis / R Lewis
Version Les McCann*

If ever you're restless and feelin' low,
Don't think that the city is the place to go!
Well, I'll tell you one thing worth thinkin' about,
If you come in be sure you can get back out!

The great city's playboys, they're always around,
To help build your hopes up, then help drag you down!
They'll leave you with nothing worth singin' about,
'Cause when you're in it's so hard to get back out!

The great city, cold cruel stone!
Ten million people, and each one standin' alone!

You're caught in a whirlpool of east side cafes,
Where life is a cocktail of beads and berets!
And blues are the main things you're drinkin' about,
'Cause now you're in and now, now you won't back out!

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