

New York's Not My Home

[Jim Croce](#)

Well, things were spinning round me
And all my thoughts were cloudy
And I had begun to doubt all the things that were me
Been in so many places
You know I've run so many races
And looked into the empty faces of the people of the night
And something is just not right 'Cause I know that I gotta get out of here
I'm so alone
Don't you know that I gotta get out of here
'Cause, New York's not my home
Though all the streets are crowded
There's something strange about it
I lived there about a year and I never once felt at home
I thought I'd make the big time
I learned a lot of lessons awful quick
And now I'm telling you
That they were not the nice kind
And it's been so long since I have felt fine
That's the reason that I gotta get out
of here
I'm so alone
Don't you know that I gotta get out of here
'Cause New York's not my home
That's the reason that I gotta get out of here
I'm so alone
Don't you know that I gotta get out of here
'Cause New York's not my home

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