

# New York

## U2

In New York freedom looks like  
Too many choices  
In New York I found a friend  
To drown out the other voicesVoices on the cell phone  
Voices from home  
Voices of the hard sell  
Voices down the stairwell  
In New York, just got a place in New YorkIn New York summers get hot  
Well, into the hundreds  
You cant walk around the block  
Without a change of clothingHot as a hairdryer in your face  
Hot as a handbag and a can of mace  
In New York, I just got a place in New York  
New York, New YorkIn New York you can forget  
Forget how to sit still  
Tell yourself you will stay in  
But it's down to AlphavilleNew York, New York, New York  
New York, New York, New YorkIrish have been coming here for years  
Feel like they own the place  
They got the airport, city hall, asphalt, asphalt  
They even got the policeIrish, Italian, Jews and Hispanics  
Religious nuts, political fanatics in the stew  
Living happily not like me and you  
That's where I lost you in New YorkNew York, New York, New York  
New York, New York, New York  
New YorkIn New York I lost it all  
To you and your vices  
Still I'm staying on to figure out  
My mid life crisisI hit an iceberg in my life  
But you know I'm still afloat  
You lose your balance, lose your wife  
In the queue for the lifeboatYou got to put the women and children first  
But you've got an unquenchable thirst for New YorkNew York, New York  
New York, New YorkIn the stillness of the evening  
When the sun has had its day  
I heard your voice whispering  
Come away, childNew York, New York  
New York

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