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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