

My Bare Hands

Say Anything

Tonight I'm going
To New York city
The place I'll call my home
And tonight I'm going where the climate's shitty
Where I won't feel so alone
And I will build it up right from the ground
With my own bare hands
Until the sun doth set
On the silhouette of this broken promise land
Tonight I'm leaving
For old Manhattan
The place where I was born
And I will fight for hope
Like a peaceful baron
With Broadway lights forlorn
And as the buildings weep
I will not sleep
Until I dry their tears
And I will not rest 'til east and west side
Thunder with the cheers
For the land we hold so dear
Let's go
Have a good time
I'll build it up
Right from the ground
With my own bare hands
'Til the sun doth set
On the silhouette
Of this broken promise land

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