

# New York Story

## Psychic TV & PTV3

Life is a vacuum pump, always sucking me dry (x2)  
Anyway, I love you anyway you say.  
And you lie on the bed  
The sheets are crumpled around your head  
Maybe that's how we meet  
We need to feel that we're complete  
Communicate or die through it  
Sometimes that's the lie of it  
These things we shouldn't do  
Always end up destroying you  
Anyway, I love you anyway you say This is a new york story (x3)  
Anyway, I love you anyway you say  
Sucking me dry  
And the salt and the sugar on your table  
They enable us to do these stupid things we do  
These lives we steal aren't even true  
My fantasy was never you  
And the blood is blossoming like flowers  
Up inside the glass  
Eating up our living hours  
Draining us of all our powers  
It's obvious, I know  
One of us should really go  
Step outside the door  
Run away and be the cure This is a new york story (x3)  
Anyway, I love you anyway you say  
Sucking me dry  
And the lies and the legacies  
And all those wasted destinies  
Your body is so cold  
It's turning blue, you look so old  
Not human anymore  
I think we've lost this hopeless war  
And you're soiled and spoiled and so lost my friend  
I think that this could be the end  
But fear we'll do it all again  
And I can pour cold water onto you  
And your eyes open and see right though  
You suddenly look so gray

Look me in my eyes and say  
Anyway This is a new york story (x3)  
Anyway, I love you anyway you say  
How do you deal? (how do I deal?) (x3)  
Anyway

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>