

# Leaving Home

## Steve Mazza

East Coast trains run slow  
And Edinburgh seems cold  
For eighteen year old's freedom

But Leith feels like New York  
All the cars and talk  
Moving down the walk all day

So I'm lying in this hotel  
Hearing sirens and drunken fights  
But I paid cash to the angels  
Guarding me tonight

So I'm lying in this hotel  
Hearing sirens and drunken fights  
And I paid cash to the angel  
Guarding me tonight

Dundee's on my own  
Cry when I come home  
Have to carry on somehow

Leith could be New York  
All the cars and talk  
Moving down the walk all day

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