

# New York City

Norah Jones

I can't remember what I planned tomorrow  
I can't remember when it's time to go  
When I look in the mirror  
Tracing lines with a pencil  
I remember what came before I wanted to think there was endless love  
Until I saw the light dim in your eyes  
In the dead of the night I found out  
Sometimes there's love that won't survive New York City  
Such a beautiful disease  
New York City  
Such a beautiful,  
Such a beautiful disease Laura kept all her disappointments  
Locked up in a box behind her closet door  
She pulled the blinds and listened to the thunder  
With no way out from the family store We all told her things could get better  
When you just say goodbye  
I'll lay awake one more night  
Caught in a vision I want to deny And did I mention the note that I found  
Taped to my locked front door  
It talked about no regrets  
As it slipped from my hand to the scuffed tile floor I rode the train for hours on end  
And watched the people pass me by  
It could be that it has no end  
Just an action junkie's lullaby New York City  
We were full of the stuff that every dream rested  
As if floating on a lumpy pillow sky  
Caught up in the whole illusion  
That dreams never pass us by  
Came to a tattooed conclusion  
That the big one was knocking on the door  
What started as a mass delusion  
Would take me far from the place I adore New York City

Songwriters

LOVETT, WINFRED /Published by

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