

# New York

## Blind Pilot

I hear the train all night  
Sound of its wind blowing through our subtle lives  
And I have a job to do walking these cars  
Walking all asleep to get to you  
But I don't feel your stir beside me  
And your not in my morning hour  
Some ties are made to break  
Some stalks grow high and green to run away  
And feel the wake  
And these lines tell the truth  
These city veins answer all you do  
So could you keep me in the pulses  
Could you keep me in the sound  
I got wise and I got old  
Not once, not once did I fall  
So don't you know  
Maybe you bet on me  
While we were still young enough to know  
Or to believe  
For every year you took  
  
For every soft breathe or loving look  
Believe me  
And don't keep me like you have me  
And don't kiss me like you don't  
I got wise and I got old  
Not once, not once did I fall  
So don't you now  
Some land holds a home  
Some of my years only hold me to Rome  
But I tell myself its true  
You see a home you see a man  
You see it too  
And I say don't you know you have her  
Go on kiss her now you boy  
I got wise and I got old  
Not once, not once did I fall  
So don't you now  
I got wise and I got old

Not once, not once did I fall  
So don't you now

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