

Christmas in the City

Elizabeth Chan

On the highline I see the Skyline
Snow Falls Down On Me
As I hail a taxi, roll through the city
To see the Rockefeller tree

I watch the skaters and I think
Do they even know of Wollman Rink?

There ainâ€™t nothing like Christmas in the City
There ainâ€™t nowhere Iâ€™d rather be
And I know youâ€™d like Christmas in the City
There ainâ€™t nowhere Iâ€™d rather be

On fifth avenue, tourists want a better view
Of windows on the street
Sights in Times Square could(will) never compare
To the snowflake on 57th Street

The city lights illuminate
Shine the red and green on the Empire State

There ainâ€™t nothing like Christmas in the City
There ainâ€™t nowhere Iâ€™d rather be
And I know youâ€™d like Christmas in the City
There ainâ€™t nowhere Iâ€™d rather be

Of all the places I do roam
The only place I call home
Of all the places I do roam
Thereâ€™s no place like home.
(Itâ€™s the only place thatâ€™s home)

There ainâ€™t nothing like Christmas in the City
There ainâ€™t nowhere Iâ€™d rather be
And I know youâ€™d like Christmas in the City
There ainâ€™t nowhere Iâ€™d rather be

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