

# The City

## Fleetwood Mac

Gonna stay out of New York  
There's somethin' there that gives me crazy  
No I won't go back  
There's somethin' there that bleeds me dry  
It gets so bad that I stop breathin'  
And then the sun don't wanna shine  
Well there's somethin' wrong with New York  
It's a prison without walls  
I won't sit with them  
I just don't like that place at all  
Now you might call it sophistication  
But I say time is runnin' out  
I say, I won't go back to New York  
There's a darkness all around  
No, I just can't handle it  
You know that place is gettin' me down  
Now you might say, it's sophistication  
But I say time is runnin' out

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