

Bells of New York City

Josh Groban

There's a pale winter moon in the sky
Coming through my window
And the park is laid out like a bed below
It's a cold dark night and my heart melts like the snow
And the bells of New York City tell me not to go

Ooooh...

Ooooh...

It's always this time of year that my thoughts undo me
With the ghosts of many lifetimes all about
But from these mad heights I can always hear the sound
Of the bells of New York City singing all around

Ooooh...

Ooooh...

Stay with me
Stay with me
Refuge from these broken dreams
Wait right here
Awake with me
On silent snow-filled streets

Sing to me one song for joy and one for redemption
And whatever's in between that I call mine
With the street lamp light to illuminate the grey
And the bells of New York City calling me to stay
The bells of New York City calling me to stay.

Ooooh...

Ooooh...

Ooooh...

Ooooh...

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