

NYC Loves You

White Sea

You'll always come back to me and I to you
Obsession is all we were ever meant to do
Sweet-talk the next one into loving you
Obsession is all we were ever meant to do I'm the broken one And New York loves you no matter what you've
done
And New York loves you no matter what you've done
I'm coming home (yeah, home)
I'm coming home (yeah, home) You tell the best tall tales and I've heard a few
Obsession is all we were ever meant to do
And we were empty as one, now we're empty as two
Obsession is all we were ever meant to do You're the broken one
You're the broken one And New York loves you no matter what you've done
And New York loves you no matter what you've done
I'm coming home (yeah, home)
I'm coming home (yeah, home) I want to feel small again...
For a man with such big hands you sure let me slip through your fingers
Here's the rush, the sugar high, the crush
A child loves a child 'til one grows up
Oh New York...
I'm coming home (yeah, home)
I'm coming home (yeah, home)

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