

# New York Town

## Black 47

### NEW YORK TOWN

Too much pain, too much sorrow  
Eyes bone dry, get on with our tomorrows  
I wake up in a pool of tears and sweat  
Cryin' for some friends I ain't never even met  
Then I hear the drone of a low-flyin' plane  
And oh my God, here we go again!

Skyscrapers blowin' up inside my head  
Screamin' at a fireman whose radio is dead  
Flyin' in a chopper over the Towers  
Get out of there, my sisters and brothers  
I been tellin' everybody since 1993  
These radios are gonna be the death of me  
Ain't no smoke without a fire  
The people want answers not patronizin'  
Somethin' goin' down, New York Town  
Somethin' goin' down  
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Somethin' goin' down

I been talkin' to a man from the CIA  
Hey we got you covered, kid, everything is okay  
Then why the hell ain't we had an investigation  
It's just too complicated  
'sides you just don't get the political implications  
And you sound like a commie from the United Nations.

Too man friends, too many heroes  
Dust in the wind - Ground Zero  
Too many cowboys, too many martyrs  
Too many questions, not enough answers  
Was no one lookin' out for us, is that so simplistic  
Brothers and sisters all becomin' statistics

Ain't no smoke.

I dreamed I saw the White House - an oil well in the yard  
Was I just bein' paranoid?

SUVs, SOBs, gas guzzlers  
Didn't conservation go out with Jimmy Carter  
Is it just me and my imagination  
Or have we sold out the very spirit of this nation?

The talkin' heads are chattering on television  
In between ads - the new religion  
I wish they'd leave me here just broken-hearted  
Right back where I started  
Then I hear the rumble of a low flyin' plane  
And, oh my God, this thing is happenin' again

Ain't no smoke

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Lyrics submitted by Larry.

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