

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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