

# Apple of My Eye

**Damien Dempsey**

Flying o'er the sea  
My guitar and me  
Forty thousand feet  
What a brilliant feat Go west, don't go east  
A famine or a feast  
We're treated better there  
A homeless one is rare I feel the city's lure  
The apple of my eye  
I cherish her Everybody's here  
From all across the earth  
Tongues and tribes galore  
There isn't any war I feel the city's lure  
The apple of my eye  
I cherish her I feel the city's lure  
The apple of my eye  
I cherish her New York, New York, I'm comin'  
New York, New York, I'm comin'  
New York, New York, I'm comin'  
New York, New York, I'm comin'

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