# Singin' New York Town

## Defeater

My savior, this city,
My comfort, her pity
Or so I hoped.
My heartache, my hard luck,
My war time, my struggle
That no one knows.In the allys where I sleep
I beg and beg for the food I eat
All the pain and the hurt
In your gut where it burns
Every man here is just like me.
The wind blowing round the snow
Makes a man freeze straight to the bone
So I drink and drink and I try not to think
Of the people I lost at homeThese six strings I'm playing
These songs I'm singing
Keep me alive.
These strangers
That curse me
The hero
They don't see
Just waiting to dieI ain't the man that I used to be
I feel the city as it's crushing me
I am losing ground on these empty streets
New York town has got the best of me
The southern ground where my mamma sleeps
She found death and she found peace
There's an empty grave next to where she lay
That's where I'm supposed to be.

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