

Bells Of New York City

[Josh Groban](#)

There's a pale winter moon in the sky coming through my window
And the park is laid out like a bed below
It's a cold dark night and my heart melts like the snow
And the bells of New York City tell me not to go
It's always this time of the year that my thoughts undream
With the ghosts of many a lifetime's all about
But from these bad heights I can always hear the sound
Of the bells of New York City singing all around
Stay with me, stay with me
A refuge from these broken dreams
Wait right here, awake with me
On silent snow filled streams
Sing to me one song for joy and one for redemption
And whatever's in between that I call mine
With the street lamp light to illuminate the gray
And the bells of New York City calling me to stay
The bells of New York City calling me to stay

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