

# Riding To New York (Acoustic)

## Passenger

Well, I met him in Minnesota  
He was dark and overcast  
With long, grey hair and eyes that stared  
Through me like I was glass  
I asked "Where are you going to?"  
He said, "I'm the wind I'm just blowing through."  
He lit up a cigarette and began to talk "See the doctors told me that my body won't hold me  
My lungs are turning black  
Been a lucky strike's fool since I was at school  
And there ain't no turning back  
They can't tell me how long I've got  
Maybe months but maybe not  
I'm taking this bike and riding to New York 'Cause I wanna see my grand-daughter one last time  
Wanna hold her close and feel her tiny heartbeat next to mine  
Wanna see my son and the man he's become  
Tell him I'm sorry for the things I've done  
And I'd do it if I had to walk  
I'm taking this bike and riding to New York Through the forests of Wisconsin that I knew as a boy  
Past the sky line of Chicago  
Round the lakes of Illinois  
I lay my head in a motel bed where my back is sore and my eyes turn red  
Listen to the trucks roll past my door  
Through the fields of Ohio as the sunshine paints them gold  
I run just like a river runs, rapid, quick and cold  
And fly through Pennsylvania and the Jersey turnpike tolls  
And I won't stop 'till I get to New York 'Cause I wanna see my grand-son one last time  
Wanna see his eyes sparkling and stare back into mine  
Now my time is shorter  
I wanna see my daughter  
Tell her all the things that I should have taught her  
And I'd do it if I had to walk  
Oh, I'm taking this bike I'm riding to New York And I'd go up to the churchyard one last time  
Lay flowers down for the woman who gave me the best years of my life  
And I'd do it if I had to walk  
I'd do it if I had to walk  
I'm taking this bike and riding to New York"

Songwriters

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