Leaving Home

Michael Hoenig

East Coast trains run slow
And Edinburgh seems cold
For eighteen year old's freedom

But Leith feels like New York
All the cars and talk
Moving down the walk all day

So I'm lying in this hotel
Hearing sirens and drunken fights
But I paid cash to the angels
Guarding me tonight

So I'm lying in this hotel
Hearing sirens and drunken fights
And I paid cash to the angel
Guarding me tonight

Dundee's on my own
Cry when I come home
Have to carry on somehow

Leith could be New York
All the cars and talk
Moving down the walk all day

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