New York, New York

Ryan Adams

Well, I shuffled through the city on the 4th of July
I had a firecracker waiting to blow
Breakin' like a rocket who makin' its way
To the cities of Mexico
Lived in an apartment out on Avenue-A
I had a tar-hut on the corner of 10th
Had myself a lover who was finer than gold
But I've broken up and busted up sinceAnd love don't play any games with me
Anymore like she did before
The world won't wait, so I better shake
That thing right out there through the door
Hell, I still love you, New YorkFound myself a picture that would fit in the folds
Of my wallet and it stayed pretty good
Still amazed I didn't lose it on the roof of the place
When I was drunk and I was thinking of you
Every day the children they were singing their tune
Out on the streets and you could hear from inside
Used to take the subway up to Houston and 3rd
I would wait for you and I'd try to hideAnd love won't play any games with you
Anymore if you don't want 'em to
The world won't wait and I watched you shake
But honey, I don't blame you
Hell, I still love you, New York
Hell, I still love you, New York
New YorkI remember Christmas in the blistering cold
In a Church on the upper west side
Babe, I stood there singing, I was holding your arm
You were holding my trust like a child
Found a lot of trouble out on Avenue-B
But I tried to keep the overhead low
Farewell to the city and the love of my life
At least we left before we had to goAnd love won't play any games with you
Anymore if you don't want 'em to
So we better shake this old thing out the door
I'll always be thinkin' of you
I'll always love you though New York
I'll always love you though New York
I'll always love you though New York
I'll always love you though New York

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Songwriters
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