

# New York Times

## Cat Stevens

New York, poor New York  
New York, poor New York  
Cars choking your child to death  
But you don't wanna see  
'Cause you only think about yourself  
How blind can you be  
New York, poor New York  
Sniper on the rooftop, New York  
New York, poor New York  
Not fit for a dog in New York  
Everybody bites on the Big Apple  
Leave the hungry in tears  
But no one gives a damn, no one really cares  
How they feel, they're just paper people not real  
You need a gun to walk into New York  
Now you're broke and  
you're out on a ledge  
Who can help you this time  
Now you're down to your very last cent  
Still you're askin' me who was your friend, I was your friend  
New York poor New York  
Who turned the lights out in New York  
New York, poor New York  
Just another blackout in New York  
Girl dead on the twenty sixth floor  
But no one knew her name  
Found her body behind the door  
Too young for the game  
New York, poor New York  
Devils in the subway, New York  
New York, poor New York  
New York, poor New York  
Talkin', talkin', talkin', watch out  
Harlem touching midtown New York  
New York, poor New York  
Talkin' 'bout New York, New York  
Money's getting tighter, New York  
They're burning the bridges to New York

Songwriters

YUSUF ISLAM, CAT STEVENS  
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