New York

U2

In New York freedom looks like
Too many choices
In New York I found a friend
To drown out the other voicesVoices on a cell phone
Voices from home
Voices of the hard sell
Voices down a stairwell
In New York
Just got a place in New YorkIn New York summers get hot
Well into the hundreds
You can't walk around the block
Without a change of clothingHot as a hair dryer in your face
Hot as a handbag and a can of mace
New York
I just got a place in New YorkNew York New YorkIn New York you can forget
Forget how to sit still
Tell yourself you will stay in
But it's down to AlphavilleNew York
New York, New YorkNew York, New York
New YorkThe Irish been coming here for years
Feel like they own the place
They got the airport, city hall
Asphalt, asphalt
They even got the policeIrish, Italians, Jews and Hispanics
Religious nuts, political fanatics in the stew
Happily not like me and you
That's where I lost youNew York
New York, New York
New York
New York, New YorkNew York
New YorkIn New York I lost it all
To you and your vices
Still I'm staying on to figure out
Midlife crisisI hit an iceberg in my life
You know I'm still afloat
You lose your balance, lose your wife
In the queue for the lifeboatYou got to put the women and children first
But you've got an unquenchable thirst for New YorkNew York
New York

New York, New YorkIn the stillness of the evening
When the sun has had its day
I heard your voice whispering
Come away nowNew, New York
New
New York
Oh
New York

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