

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

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