Ny Nights

Jesse Malin

When my high top sneakers hit the ground
On the run from heavens' hand me downs
I want to see your face
When I fall from grace, babyHold me close in the New York night
A holy ghost or a satellite
And promise me it will be okay
Your mother dreamed of a better dayStorefront gypsies laying tarot cards
On my TV they're still playing God
I'm sick of politricks
I need another kiss, babyHold me close in the New York night
A holy ghost or a satellite
And promise me it will be okay
Your mother dreamed of a better dayAnd if you ever change your mind
I'd feel a lot better
Looking for the perfect crime
Or giving up, never baby, noFrom the desert to this love stained town
I still find comfort in the underground
It's written in my soul
It's unconditional, babyHold me close in the New York night
A holy ghost or a satellite
And promise me it will be okay
Your mother dreamed of a better day andHold me close in the New York night
Be my ghost, be my satellite
And promise me it will be okay
When we touch down at JFKLal, lal, la, la, la
Lal, lal, la, la, la
Lal, lal, la, la, la
Lal, lal, la, la, la
Lal, lal, la, la, la

Songwriters
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