

# New York's Not My Home

[Jim Croce](#)

Well, things were spinnin' 'round me  
And all my thoughts were cloudy  
And I had begun to doubt  
All the things that were meBeen in so many places  
You know I've run so many races  
And looked into the empty faces  
Of the people of the nightAnd something is just not right  
'Cause I know that I gotta get out of here, I'm so alone  
Don't you know that I gotta get out of here  
'Cause New York's not my homeThough all the streets are crowded  
There's something strange about it  
I lived there 'bout a year  
And I never once felt at homeI though I'd make the big time  
I learned a lot of lessons awful quick  
And now I'm tellin' you  
That they were not the nice kindAnd it's been so long since I have felt fine  
That's the reason that I gotta get out of here, I'm so alone  
Don't you know that I gotta get out of here  
'Cause New York's not my homeThat's the reason that I gotta get out of here, I'm so alone  
Don't you know that I gotta get out of here  
'Cause New York's not my home

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