

# New York, New York (Live In Copenhagen)

Ryan Adams

Well, I shuffled through the city on the 4th of July  
I had a firecracker waiting to blow  
Breakin' like a rocket who makin' its way  
To the cities of Mexico  
Lived in an apartment out on Avenue-A  
I had a tar-hut on the corner of 10th  
Had myself a lover who was finer than gold  
But I've broken up and busted up since And love don't play any games with me  
Anymore like she did before  
The world won't wait, so I better shake  
That thing right out there through the door  
Hell, I still love you, New York Found myself a picture that would fit in the folds  
Of my wallet and it stayed pretty good  
Still amazed I didn't lose it on the roof of the place  
When I was drunk and I was thinking of you  
Every day the children they were singing their tune  
Out on the streets and you could hear from inside  
Used to take the subway up to Houston and 3rd  
I would wait for you and I'd try to hide And love won't play any games with you  
Anymore if you don't want 'em to  
The world won't wait and I watched you shake  
But honey, I don't blame you  
Hell, I still love you, New York  
Hell, I still love you, New York  
New York I remember Christmas in the blistering cold  
In a Church on the upper west side  
Babe, I stood there singing, I was holding your arm  
You were holding my trust like a child  
Found a lot of trouble out on Avenue-B  
But I tried to keep the overhead low  
Farewell to the city and the love of my life  
At least we left before we had to go And love won't play any games with you  
Anymore if you don't want 'em to  
So we better shake this old thing out the door  
I'll always be thinkin' of you  
I'll always love you though New York  
I'll always love you though New York  
I'll always love you though New York  
I'll always love you though New York

New York, New York

Songwriters

RYAN ADAMS Published by

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