

Ari Herstand

"A Different Song"

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Woke up in your bed
Thinking 'bout where you have gone
New friends to call yours
New air passing through your lungs
New place to call home
This winter my bird has flown

It's hard to get used to New York City
When you ain't been around for so long
I can still hear you sing with the same resolve
But it sounds like a different song

I slept in my clothes
Didn't know what else to do
My sweater is warm
These old boots they stick like glue
And I know that you're right
This ocean, it won't stay this blue

Chorus

I am a hand on a clock
That forgot which way to turn
One day by surprise
It seems my case was adjourned
Could you be my guide
To a place where I can learn?

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