

## Ari Hest "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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