

Croce Jim

"New Yorks Not My Home"

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Well things were spinnin' round me

And all my thoughts were cloudy

And I had begun to doubt all the things that were me

Been in so many places

You know I've run so many races

And looked into the empty faces of the people of the
night

And something is just not right ... 'cause I know

CHORUS:

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

Though all the streets are crowded

There's something strange about it

Lived there 'bout a year and I never once felt at home

I thought 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 kind

And it's been so long since I have felt fine ... that's the
reason

(Repeat Chorus

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