

Blind Pilot "New York"

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I hear the train all night
Sound of its wind blowing through our subtle lives
And I have a job to do walking these cars
Walking all asleep to get to you
But I don't feel your stir beside me
And your not in my morning hour
Some ties are made to break
Some stalks grow high and green to run away
And feel the wake
And these lines tell the truth
These city veins answer all you do
So could you keep me in the pulses
Could you keep me in the sound
I got wise and I got old
Not once, not once did I fall
So don't you know
Maybe you bet on me
While we were still young enough to know
Or to believe
For every year you took
For every soft breathe or loving look
Believe me
And don't keep me like you have me
And don't kiss me like you don't
I got wise and I got old
Not once, not once did I fall
So don't you now
Some land holds a home
Some of my years only hold me to Rome
But I tell myself its true
You see a home you see a man
You see it too
And I say don't you know you have her
Go on kiss her now you boy
I got wise and I got old
Not once, not once did I fall
So don't you now
I got wise and I got old
Not once, not once did I fall
So don't you now

