

## **Bono**

# **"New York"**

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In New York freedom looks like many choices  
In New York I found a friend to drown out the other  
voices  
Voices in the cell phone  
Voices from home  
Voices of the hard sell  
Voices down the stairwell  
In New York, just got a place in New York

In New York summers get hot, well into the hundreds  
You can't walk around the block without a cange of  
clothin'  
Hot as a dryer in your face  
Hot as a handbag and a can of mace  
In New York, I just got a place in New York  
(New York, New York, New York)

In New York you can forget, forget how to sit still  
Tell yourself you will stay in  
But it's down to Alphaville

New York, New York, New York  
New York, New York, New York

The Irish have been coming here for years  
Feel like they own the place  
They got the airport, city hall, concrete, asphalt  
They even got the police  
Irish, Italian, Jews and Hispanic  
Religius nuts, political fanatics in the stew  
Livin' happily not like me and you  
That's where I lost you... New York

New York, New York, New York  
New York, New York, New York

In New York I lost it all  
To you and your vices  
Still I'm stayin' on to figure out my mid life crisis  
I hit an iceberg in my life  
But you know I'm still afloat  
You lose your balance, you lose your wife

in the queue for the lifeboat

You got to put the woman and children first  
But you've got an unquenchable thirst for New York

In the stillness of the evening  
When the sun has had its day  
I heard your voice a-whispering  
Come away Child

New York, New York

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