

Gordon Goodwin's Big Phat Band

"Cold Hands From New York"

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I came down from Albany to New York to find what I'd
been missin'
I looked across the river to the city where the windows
all stood glistenin'
I stood listenin'
Into a tunnel I did rise, like a grave inside, but I was
young and able
When I came out the other end, ah through the smoke
the winter light was feeble
Unreadable
I was optimistic though, a cabbie told me where to go
I thanked him
A face of white a face of brown, here a smile, there a
look of danger
For a stranger
It was too unreal for me
I found no one who trusted me
There was no man could offer me
A cold hand from New York

Cold hands from New York
A voice within you cries won't someone please help me
I'll do the same for you one day
If you should ever pass my way and need me

I came down to live alone in New York the city of the
living
There were fortunes at my feet but most of men were
taking, none we giving
Or forgiving
Children ran and children played and roses grew in
alleyways
I saw them
There were men who lived in style and others who had
died where no one knew them
'Cause they couldn't win
There were parks where old men slept and dingy
rooms where babies crept unwanted
Till I began to ask myself if there was hope or if it
mattered what the did
Or if they lived

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I came down from Albany to New York to find what I'd
been missin'
I looked across the river to the city where the windows
all stood glistenin'
I stood listenin'
There were prophets in the squares and people there
who smiled and said forget it
There were lovers in the park and there was danger in
the dark, I felt it
So afraid of it
There were preachers of the word and poets who were
never heard
I heard them
There were those who would not try to learn the
measure of the lie
They're livin'
I heard a young musician play in a place where they
paid you not to listen
I heard a woman scream for help while men stood by
and offered their best wishes
That's how it is

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