

# Honor Bright

## "Welcome To New York, Now Get A Job"

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Each heartbeat becomes miles and  
I'm only feeling further away from home with days left  
to go.

Where the trees mark the horizon line  
like a finger against your lips.

You whisper welcome home when Syracuse is in sight

New York, New York, you're a sight for sore eyes.  
With a sunrise kiss you welcome these boys home with  
open arms.

I'd say we missed you but you see it in our hearts.

Now we're packing our bags and kissing our loved  
ones goodbye

but our bodies are longing to feel the road  
traveling beneath our feet, so don't cry for me.  
We'll be back soon with wide eyes and a thousand  
stories  
to tell fill the end of time.

From the top of the world in the back of the van  
it feels like our hearts are in the palm of your hands.  
No one could ever have told us that it's not a fairy tale.

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