

## **Jim Croce**

# **"New York's 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 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 somethin' strange about it  
I 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 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

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