

Kristin Hersh

"New York City"

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(Hoffmann)

New York City takes me over
In these nights when I'm alone
Café corners, hung with strangers
Gulping down a bitter soul
Wouldn't mind the peace of going back home
And meeting a knowing smile
Where Sunday tastes of confession booth sins
And Monday comes with new denial

I am pretty good at nothing
When I think that I'm a star
Flying ego over mountains
Spacious skies of who we are
Wouldn't mind the peace of rewinding the time
Give me blank paper and pen
I'd feel ease in calling you mine
But then I'd know it's just pretend

Gotta find a better space
Where I recognize my face
I begin to cry
Emotions churning
Gotta find some peace of mind
Somewhere in between these lines
'Cause I begin to die when my fire's burning
Ocean turning

New York City, I'm uncertain
Think I lost round Chelsea Town
Café corner, I'm a stranger
Hold me close and take me down

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