

Lucy Kaplansky

"Love song/new york"

Visit "[Love song/new york](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I remember his frightened eyes and his mouth so quick
to mock
Listening late at night to his soft Midwestern talk
In the corner of the cafe, as dark as an eclipse
He tried to smile, but his cheek lines put parentheses
around his lips

Walk down Grand Street, the wind would blow us round
and round
And all his talk was incomplete, so I just listened to the
sound
He could never see my heart, it was a blur back then
Oh but it's true I was the prettiest girl in New York
when I walked down the street with him

We were walking, sort of dancing, up on the rooftop
real slow
Quietly waiting to get stung by Lester Young over that
tiny radio
There were so many women in his eyes, I knew he
never could be mine
But everyone must die alone,
and that's just how some men will always walk the loine

It was out at the newsstand, the corner of MacDougal
and West Third
He took back his hand and said goodbye, to this day I
pretend I never heard
Let the years roll away, let the seasons disappear
And if I seem to be okay I'm just thinking of the time I
held him near

Visit [Lucy Kaplansky](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.