

City and Colour "New York Times"

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Turning pages. glancing through the classified
The whole night's sleep was in my eyes
Spilling coffee on my shoes, I noticed you
Saw it all in black and white: "The Broadway Girl
Makes Good Tonight"
Then some old friend decides to phone
To ask me how I got to know

Read it in the New York Times
It was a smile I recognized
With an unfamiliar- name and another fool by your side
And it really hurt my pride
Cause it's a bitch to realize
You're only second prize, just another New York time

Sunday afternoon, and those old movies make me cry
I'll never know the reasons why
Don't know why I waste my time recalling lines
From a letter by the bed, much better left unread
But old times come on back again when you
Think you heard the last of them

I read it in the New York Times
It was a smile I recognized
With an unfamiliar name and another fool by your side
And it really hurt my pride
Cause it's a bitch realize
You're only second prize. just another New York time

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