

# Norah Jones & The Peter Malick Group

## "New York City"

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I can't remember what I planned tomorrow  
I can't remember when it's time to go  
When I look in the mirror  
Tracing lines with a pencil  
I remember what came before

I wanted to think there was endless love  
Until I saw the light dim in your eyes  
In the dead o' night, I found out  
Sometimes there's love that won't survive

New York City  
Such a beautiful disease  
New York City  
Such a beautiful  
Such a beautiful disease

Laura kept all her disappointments  
Locked up in a box behind her closet door  
She pulled down the blinds and listened to the thunder  
With no way out from the family store

We all told her things could get better  
When you just say goodbye  
I'll lay awake one more night  
Caught in a vision, I want to deny

And did I mention the note that I found  
Taped to my locked front door  
It talked about no regrets  
As it slipped from my hand to the scuffed tile floor

I rode the train for hours on end  
And watched the people pass me by  
It could be that it has no end  
Just an action junkie's lullaby

New York City  
Such a beautiful disease  
New York City  
Such a beautiful  
Such a beautiful disease

We were full of the stuff that every dream rested  
As if floating on a lumpy pillow sky  
Caught up in the whole illusion  
The dreams never pass us by

Came to a tattooed conclusion  
That the big one was knocking at the door  
What started as a mass delusion  
Would take me far from the place I adore

New York City  
Such a beautiful disease  
New York City  
You are my beautiful  
Such a beautiful disease

That's it [Incomprehensible]

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