

Roger Miret And The Disasters

"New York City"

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New York City, a city so great
Her pride, her beauty so pure
Her birth of my soul, so honest, so strong
Her mecca - How I adore

As a child I remember her dark alleyways
Where we learned how to fight
And we learned to be brave

We played handball all day and kissed girls at night
Fought off rival gangs
How we were so alive

I grew older and watched the neighborhood change
I saw my friends perish
To ruthless violent ends

I remember just yesterday's city streetlights
Where the boys hung all night
And the gang fought with pride - In New York City...

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