



New York City

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No one will talk in a city like New York
Wonder why maybe I ought to know
People don't walk in a city like New York
Makes me cry, don't feel high, feeling low

Feeling low every day, every night on my way
Don't know how, where or why, when or maybe
Looking out, looking in, wonder where I have been
Thinking how, maybe now, wait and we'll see

New York City
Sitting pretty
Pretty city
Have pity on me

Feeling right, feeling wrong
Wonder where love has gone
Wonder when things will change, now or ever
Hoping this town will feel, feelings happy and real
Maybe soon, maybe then, maybe never