

# New York's Not My Home

Jim Croce

Well, things were spinning round me  
And all my thoughts were cloudy  
And I had begun to doubt all the things that were me

Been in so many places  
You know I've run so many races  
And looked into the empty faces of the people of the night  
And something is just not right

Cause I know that I gotta get out of here  
I'm so alone  
Don't you know that I gotta get out of here  
Cause, New York's not my home

Though all the streets are crowded  
There's something strange about it  
I lived there about a year and I never once felt at home

I thought I'd make the big time  
I learned a lot of lessons awful quick  
And now I'm telling you  
That they were not the nice kind

And it's been so long since I have felt fine

That's the reason that I gotta get out of here  
I'm so alone  
Don't you know that I gotta get out of here  
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