

## New York Song

Chumbawamba

First time in New York, just seventeen  
in a motel full of poets, drunks and  
queens. I walk the city streets into the  
night to see Manhattan in the early  
morning light. On the corner of a  
street they laugh and talk, the young  
men watch me coming, block my walk;  
they see me slow right down - they  
know I don't belong. Then all at once  
... they all break into song.