

# Apple Of My Eye

Damien Dempsey

Flying o'er the sea  
My guitar and me  
Forty thousand feet  
What a brilliant feat

Go west, don't go east  
A famine or a feast  
We're treated better there  
A homeless one is rare

I feel the city's lure  
The apple of my eye  
I cherish her

Everybody's here  
From all across the earth  
Tongues and tribes galore  
There isn't any war

I feel the city's lure  
The apple of my eye  
I cherish her

I feel the city's lure  
The apple of my eye  
I cherish her

New York, New York, I'm comin'  
New York, New York, I'm comin'  
New York, New York, I'm comin'  
New York, New York, I'm comin'