

New York

Daniel Johns

Monsters waltz on fragile shelves
Only the shallow truly know themselves
Do you really need all these faces?
When we can have fun in dangerous places
You see me, but you don't know me

Drive steel pins through my heart
How will this one end and will it ever start?
Youth is so divine and such a waste
It goes on and on when all we need's a taste

New York, New York
Don't call me your lover
New York, New York
We are under cover
New York, New York
Been waiting for hours
New York, New York
Been sending no flowers

What doesn't kill us just makes us stronger
We don't need to hide any longer
What doesn't kill us just makes us stronger

New York, New York
Don't call me your lover
New York, New York
We are under cover
New York, New York
Been waiting for hours
New York, New York
Been sending no flowers

I'm comin' my lover
I got this feelin' inside of me
I'm comin' my lover
I got this feelin' inside of me
I got this feelin' inside of me
I'm comin' my lover
I got this feelin' inside of me
I got this feelin' inside of me
I'm comin' my lover