

## Responsible

Freedy Johnston

She has gone to New York City  
That old suitcase holds no funny stories  
I packed it once on her first birthday  
Now that wasted shame has grown up with her

The streets are slick with dew and motor oil  
A girl walks in and out of the morning sun  
A barred window reflects the cloudless sky  
No blue reaches those eyes

She has gone to New York City  
Through that arch on a summer night  
I went there once on her first birthday  
Lay my burning head on the cool stone

Its raining blossoms down in the concrete park  
A girl walks in and out of the evening shade  
A broken angel weeps through her spray paint smile  
No tears can reach me while

I know I'm not responsible  
I know I'm not responsible

I know I'm not responsible  
I know I'm not responsible

But I want somebody to lie  
And release me into the past  
And I want to know what I knew  
For the secret word to tell you that

I know I'm not responsible  
I know I'm not responsible

But I want somebody to lie  
And to lock me out of the years  
And I want my problem again  
And a secret word you will not hear

Goodnight my dear  
Goodnight my cold little one  
Has your dream begun

She has gone to New York City