

## Ny Nights

Jesse Malin

When my high top sneakers hit the ground  
On the run from heavens' hand me downs  
I want to see your face  
When I fall from grace, baby

Hold me close in the New York night  
A holy ghost or a satellite  
And promise me it will be okay  
Your mother dreamed of a better day

Storefront gypsies laying tarot cards  
On my TV they're still playing God  
I'm sick of politricks  
I need another kiss, baby

Hold me close in the New York night  
A holy ghost or a satellite  
And promise me it will be okay  
Your mother dreamed of a better day

And if you ever change your mind  
I'd feel a lot better  
Looking for the perfect crime  
Or giving up, never baby, no

From the desert to this love stained town  
I still find comfort in the underground  
It's written in my soul  
It's unconditional, baby

Hold me close in the New York night  
A holy ghost or a satellite  
And promise me it will be okay  
Your mother dreamed of a better day and

Hold me close in the New York night  
Be my ghost, be my satellite  
And promise me it will be okay  
When we touch down at JFK

Lal, lal, la, la, la  
Lal, lal, la, la, la  
Lal, lal, la, la, la  
Lal, lal, la, la, la  
Lal, lal, la, la, la