

Maybe Love Is in NYC

The Pretenders

Standing on a rooftop
Overlooking the park
Eyes are glowing
In the dark

The smell of horses lingers in the air
It feels like something else is out there

Maybe love is in New York City
Fluorescent streets might lead me to it
I've been to Barcelona, Lima, and Hong Kong
If it was here, I never knew it
If it was here all along

The clouds are low
And cast a misty spell
As if they've got
A story to tell

A constellation overhead
A cross like an ancient gift something, let me here

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Is it ever too late?
To do what's never been done
Things change and they're never quite the same
For anyone

Never understandin'
But now that people told me
This city own its own mess
Like arms still hold me

I just heard traffic rushin' past
Everything goin', goin' too fast
Everything goin', goin' too fast

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