

NYC Is Dead

Tor Miller

All the bars on Bowery
Have closed their doors on Christmas Eve
Broken bottles in the street
Oh, hallelujah, don't let them fool ya

I'm one in a million
Praying the snow falls in time
That all will be quiet
And Santa stays sober tonight
And bullets may fly
Over the lower east side
Right over my head, over my head
And New York City is dead

Snowflakes over Central Park
Dirtied by the passing cars
Blackens every beating heart
Oh, hallelujah, it runs right through ya

I'm one in a million
Praying the snow falls in time
That all will be quiet
And Santa stays sober tonight
And bullets may fly
Over the lower east side
Right over my head, over my head
And New York City is dead

From Brownstone cowboy, bankers' wives
To the paper bag of warm cyanide
It's never quiet, always bright
Oh, hallelujah, so what's it to ya?