

# Ben Lee, Grammercy Park Hotel

It's 3 AM in New York  
Sometime in 1995  
The other half of the world  
The other side

It might have been warm outside, maybe cold  
Who could tell?  
Three of us stumbled into room 421  
At the Grammercy Park Hotel

It's 3 AM in New York  
We sat for a while  
We started to talk  
We started to smile

Then he played a song I knew very well  
3 AM in New York  
At the Grammercy Park Hotel

He passed the guitar around  
Over and over and over again  
Till one of us broke a string  
It was probably him

But the songs came out strong  
They were loud, they were long  
There were songs about girls, about boys  
Sung a lot, screamed a lot  
We made lots of noise

It's 3 AM in New York  
It's the time of my life  
Minstrels and maidens and heartbroken songs  
Made me cry

And we were anonymous, androgynous  
Bearers of truth  
And the indie rock columnists would have freaked out  
If they knew

It's 3 AM in New York  
And I knew we were right  
We were young, not so young  
And in love with our lives

3 AM in New York  
I went back to bed  
Three lone true prophets  
With songs in our heads

It's 3 AM in New York  
And I just felt God  
Lying awake in the dark  
I was in awe

And I know in reality  
It might not be true  
But for three of us here in New York  
It's all we could do

I know it's just songs, played on guitars  
It's not rocket science, flying to Mars  
And I know it's not much, but it's all that I have  
To be sure that I'm real

Again and again

And If there comes a day  
When my fingers don't work  
Or my voice loses sound  
Gives me grief, gives me hurt  
Well, I swear on that day  
When I lose what's worthwhile  
From that day forth I never shall smile

It's 3 AM in New York  
I feel fine, I feel well  
Sound asleep  
At the Grammercy Park Hotel