

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