

U2, New York

In New York freedom looks like
Too many choices
In New York I found a friend
To drown out the other voices

Voices on a cell phone
Voices from home
Voices through the hard sell
Voices down a stairwell
In New York
Just got a place in New York

In New York summers get hot
Well into the hundreds
You can walk around the block
Without a change of clothing

Hot as a hair dryer in your face
Hot as handbag and a can of mace
New York
I just got a place in New York

New York New York

In New York you can forget
Forget how to sit still
Tell yourself you will stay in
But it's down to Alphaville(?)

New York
New York, New York

New York, New York
New York

The Irish been coming here for years
Feel like they own the place
They got the airport, city hall
The asphalt dance floor (??)
They even got the police

Irish, Italians, Jews and Hispanics
Religious nuts, political fanatics in the stew
Happily not like me and you
That's where I lost you

New York
New York, New York
New York
New York, New York

New York
New York

In New York I lost it all
To you and your vices
Still I'm staying on to figure out
Midlife crisis

I hit an iceberg in my life
You know I'm still afloat
You lose your balance, lose your wife
In the queue for the lifeboat

You better put the women and children first
But you've got an unquenchable thirst for New York

New York
New York
New York, New York

In the stillness of the evening
When the sun has had its day
I heard your voice whispering
Come away now

New, New York
New...
New York

New York