

A Heart in New York

Art Garfunkel

New York, to that tall skyline I come, flyin' in from London to
your door
New York, lookin' down on Central Park
Where they say you should not wander after dark

New York, like a scene from all those movies
But you're real enough to me, but there's a heart
A heart that lives in New York

A heart in New York, a rose on the street
I write my song to that city heartbeat
A heart in New York, a love in her eye, an open door and a friend
for the night

New York, you got money on your mind
And my words won't make a dime's worth a difference, so here's
to you New York

New York, now my plane is touching down