

What was it I saw in New York?
I'm not the same anymore
How will I hide these feelings inside
Call my girl on the phone
Neon lights shine bright
Taxi cabs glide by
Aeroplanes they fly, high up in the sky
Pretty girl says hi
What's the worst job you've had?
What do you read?
What's driving you mad?

Met the cigarette girl- took a note of her charms
But no cigar
Met the indie-cool queen
Took me out of the bar
And showed me the scene
My little girl I can't find
She's five hours behind
It's the singer not the song
Something's gone wrong
Said the spider to the fly
Do I like this girl?
It's such a big world
I like the tone of her voice
I loved the sound of her voice

When I get back to London from outer space
Will it fall into place?
I'll hold onto my smile
Find my girl in a while
Look myself in the face
Don't know what you see
Am I playing in your movie?
You're in my magazine
Are you talking to me?
Chickfactor