

## New York City Snow

Bobby Bare

I was learning how to fly when I left Boise City  
Like summer I was headin' for the fall  
Now the bitter taste of truth it's gettin' hard to swallow  
For a country boy who thought he knew it all.

So cold and tired and broke I can't even pay attention  
And loneliness ain't fit and warm to wear  
And home is just a word it hurts me now to mention  
Yes, I've gone too far to get back there from here.

Hear the Salvation Army band a playin'  
I hear questions but the answers I don't know  
The silence fell the truth for me will soon be dead rain  
Through this cold and lonely New York City snow.

These old New York City sidewalks sure did thrill me  
I guess the right way was the wrong way after all  
Lord, I'd sell my soul if just one friend could hear me callin'  
for 'im  
I wish I could afford to make a call.

Hear the Salvation Army band a playin'  
I hear questions but the answers I don't know  
The silence fell the truth for me will soon be dead rain  
Through this cold and lonely New York City snow.

Through this cold and lonely New York City snow...