

New York Song

Chumbawamba

First time in New York, just seventeen
in a motel full of poets, drunks and
queens. I walk the city streets into the
night to see Manhattan in the early
morning light. On the corner of a
street they laugh and talk, the young
men watch me coming, block my walk;
they see me slow right down - they
know I don't belong. Then all at once
... they all break into song.