

Apple Of My Eye

Damien Dempsey

Flying o'er the sea
My guitar and me
Forty thousand feet
What a brilliant feat

Go west, don't go east
A famine or a feast
We're treated better there
A homeless one is rare

I feel the city's lure
The apple of my eye
I cherish her

Everybody's here
From all across the earth
Tongues and tribes galore
There isn't any war

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The apple of my eye
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New York, New York, I'm comin'
New York, New York, I'm comin'
New York, New York, I'm comin'
New York, New York, I'm comin'