

Cold Hands From New York

Gordon Lightfoot

I came down through Albany to New York
To find what I'd been missin'
I looked across the river to the city
Where the windows all stood glistenin'
I stood listenin'

Into a tunnel I did rise, like a grave inside
But I was young and able
When I came out the other end
Ah through the smoke, the winter light was feeble
Unreadable

I was optimistic though, a cabbie told me where to go
I thanked him
A face of white, a face of brown
Ah here a smile and there a look of danger
For a stranger

It was too unreal for me
I found no one who trusted me
There was no man could offer me
A cold hand from New York

Cold hands from New York
A voice within you cries, "Won't someone please help me
I'll do the same for you one day
If you should ever pass my way and need me"

I came down to live alone in New York
The city of the living
There were fortunes at my feet but most of men
Were taking, none we giving
Or forgiving

Children ran and children played and roses grew in alleyways
I saw them
There were men who lived in style and others who had died
Where no one knew them
Beause they couldn't win

There were parks where old men slept and dingy rooms
Where babies crept unwanted
Till I began to ask myself if there were hope
Or if it mattered what they did
Or if they lived

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And there were prophets in the squares
And people there who smiled and said, "Forget it"
There were lovers in the park
And there was danger in the dark, I felt it
So afraid of it

And there were preachers of the Word and poets
Who were never heard, I heard them
There were those who would not try to learn
The measure of the lie they're livin'

I heard a young musician play in a place
Where they paid you not to listen
I heard a woman scream for help while men stood by
And offered their best wishes
That's how it is

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