

# 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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