Alright!

In New York I found Rome,

I found Milan, I found Paris

New York is made of Buenos Aires, Istambul, Venice

Grandmaster flash, new eve, guitaring, Beastie Boys

I wanna wake up in the city with Frankie and his voice

L.A.'s nice, but New York's my home

It's all good, but I'm so tired

L.A.'s fine but it's not home

It's very nice but I'm Brooklyn for life

There's no \acute{a}^1 -lace where you can find the peace of every place New York is like a mirror where the world reflects its face

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I miss the melting of the voices mixing in my street

I want to feel the midnight train underneath my feet

This land is your land, from New Zealand to Sicily

Home is where the heart is, and I keep my heart with me

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