

new york city

Paula Cole

You left me standing there
At the top of the stoop
Of a federal brown stone

You left me standing there
With my heart in my hands
At Hudson & Barrow

Oh, life didn't let me
Oh, pity

New York City

You left us standing there
In our favorite cafe
Mon Petit [?]

I saw the future landscape
Of different families
Divided in two states

Oh, life didn't let me
Oh, pity

New York City

All those dreams
On my sleeve
Star maker machinery looking down at me
Laughing at my idiocy

All those dreams
So naive

What am I gonna do now I've lost everything?
What am I gonna do now I've lost everything
In the same city
In the same city that made me?

I left you wiser there
With realizations
Of romance and sorrow

I sailed up North again
Back to my homeland
And left you forever

Oh, she loved you, didn't she?
Oh, pity

New York City