

New York

The Boxer Rebellion

I don't believe the things I say
About us when I'm drunk
And distance leaves a bitter taste
When you're gone
When you're gone

In New York, in New York
In New York, in New York

I walk the line of great unknowns
But I never question those
and I go back to where we last met
and tell you so
Tell you so...

In New York, in New York
In New York, in New York
In New York, in New York
In New York
In New York