

New York Times

The Motels

Take advise while, you despise
All the fast fixed eyes on you
And your first seduction

On skyscraped nights
Take your private life
To taverns of enchantment
And entrapment

Who do you know
Who really cares
Don't ask me
I'm just standing there
Wait in line
Hold my breath
Sitting under city lights

Just New York times
Just New York skies
Just New York times
How happy am I
Just New York times
And I

You hold on
I'll hold too
Together we will dance right through
The everyday madness
Through the streets of sadness

Sometimes I forget
Just how pretty the lady gets
As she smiles on the city
After dark how she glows

I forget
I'm restless
Can't begin until I get
Back in line
Hold my breath
Sitting under city lights

Just New York times
Just New York skies
Just New York times
How happy am I
Just New York times
And I

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Who really cares
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