

# 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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