

# Ace Frehley, N.Y. Groove

Many years since I was here  
On the streets I was passin' my time away  
To the left and to the right, buildings towering to the sky  
It's outta sight, in the dead of night  
Here I am and in this city  
With a fistful of dollars  
And baby, you'd better believe  
I'm back, back in the New York groove  
I'm back, back in the New York groove  
I'm back, back in the New York groove  
Back in the New York groove, in the New York groove  
In the back of my Cadillac  
A wicked lady sittin' by my side  
Sayin', "Where are we?"  
Stop at Third and Forty-three  
Exit to the night, it's gonna be ecstasy  
This place was meant for me

I feels so good tonight  
Who cares about tomorrow?  
So, baby, you'd better believe  
I'm back, back in the New York groove  
I'm back, back in the New York groove  
I'm back, back in the New York groove  
Back in the New York groove, in the New York groove  
I'm back, back in the New York groove  
We're back, back in the U.K. groove  
We're back, back in the U.K. groove  
We're back, back in the U.K. groove  
I'm back, back in the New York groove  
I'm back, back in the New York groove  
I'm back, back in the New York groove  
I'm back in the New York groove, in New York groove  
Alright, back in the New York groove