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