

Adams Ryan, New York, New York

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Gold

New York, New York

Well, I shuffled through the city on the 4th of July

I had a firecracker waiting to blow

Breakin' like a rocket who makin' its way

To the cities of Mexico

Lived in an apartment out on Avenue A

I had a tar-hut on the corner of 10th

Had myself a lover who was finer than gold

But I've broken up and busted up since

And love don't play any games with me

Anymore like she did before

The world won't wait, so I better shake

That thing right out there through the door

Hell, I still love you, New York

Found myself a picture that would fit in the folds

Of my wallet and it stayed pretty good

Still amazed I didn't lose it on the roof of the place

When I was drunk and I was thinking of you

Every day the children they were singing their tune

Out on the streets and you could hear from inside

Used to take the subway up to Houston and 3rd

I would wait for you and I'd try to hide

And love won't play any games with me

Anymore if you don't want it to

The world won't wait and I watched you shake

But honey, I don't blame you

Hell, I still love you, New York

Hell, I still love you, New York

New York

I remember Christmas in the blistering cold

In a church on the upper west side

Babe, I stood their singing, I was holding your arm

You were holding my trust like a child

Found a lot of trouble out on Avenue B

But I tried to keep the overhead low

Farewell to the city and the love of my life

At least we left before we had to go

And love won't play any games with you

Anymore if you want 'em to

So we better shake this old thing out the door

I'll always be thinkin' of you

I'll always love you though New York

I'll always love you though New York, New York, New York