

Barry Manilow, New York City rhythm

When my heart is torn apart
by love I wish I had,
Well, I spend my nights in the city's lights
and things don't seem so bad.
Ya know the movement seems to soothe me,
and the temp takes control,
and I lose my blues
when the New York City rhythm fill my soul;
it's the New York City rhythm runnin' thru' my life,
the pounding beat of the city streets
that keeps my dreams alive.
I'm lost, I'm found, I'm up, I'm down,
but somehow I survive.
It's got to be the New York City rhythm in my life,
It's got to be the New York City rhythm in my life,
in my life.
When I'm out for love or sin,
Oh, it's good to be in town,
In the funky dives on the old west side
there's always somethin' goin' down.
Oh yes, I live my life with strangers,
and the danger's always there,
but when I hit Broadway and it's time to play,
ya know that I don't care;
It's the New York City rhythm runnin' thru my life,
the poundin' beat of the city streets
that keeps my dreams alive.
I'm lost, I'm found, I'm up, I'm down, ,
but somehow I survive.
It's got to be the New York City rhythm in my life,
in my life.
City rhythm, oo city rhythm