

# Jim Croce, New York's Not My Home

Things were spinnin' 'round me  
And all my thoughts were cloudy  
And I had begun to doubt all the things that were me  
Been in so many places, you know I've run so many races  
I looked into the empty faces of the people of the night  
Somethin' is just not right

'Cause I know that I've gotta get outta here  
I'm so alone  
Don't you know that I gotta get outta here  
'Cause New York's not my home

Though all the streets are crowded  
There's somethin' strange about it  
I lived there 'bout a year and I never once felt at home  
I thought I'd make the big time  
I learned a lot of lessons awfully quick  
And now I'm tellin' you that they were not the nice kind  
It has been so long since I have felt fine

That's the reason that I've gotta get outta here  
I'm so alone  
Don't you know that I gotta get outta here  
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