

Sinead O' Connor, I Guess The Lord Must Be In New York City

I say goodbye to all my sorrows
And by tomorrow I'll be on my way
I guess the Lord must be in New York City

I'm so tired of getting nowhere
Seeing my prayers going unanswered
I guess the Lord must be in New York City

Well here I am, Lord
Knocking on your back door
Ain't it wonderful to be
Where I've always wanted to be
For the first time I'll be free in New York City

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