

Bobby Bare, New York City Snow

I was learning how to fly when I left Boise City
Like summer I was headin' for the fall
Now the bitter taste of truth it's gettin' hard to swallow
For a country boy who thought he knew it all
So cold and tired and broke I can't even pay attention
And loneliness ain't fit and warm to wear
And home is just a word it hurts me now to mention
Yes I've gone too far to get back there from here
Hear the Salvation Army band a playin' I hear questions but the answers I don't know
The silence fell the truth for me will soon be dead rain
Through this cold and lonely New York City snow

These old New York City sidewalks sure did thrill me
I guess the right way was the wrong way after all
Lord I'd sell my soul if just one friend could hear me callin' for 'im
I wish I could afford to make a call
Hear the Salvation Army...
Through this cold and lonely New York City snow