

Don Henley, New York Minute

Harry got up, dressed all in black
Went down to the station, and he never came back
They found his clothing scattered somewhere down the track
And he won't be down on Wall Street in the mornin now

He had a home, love of a girl
But men get lost sometimes as years unfurl
One day, he crossed some line, and he was too much in this world
But I guess it doesn't matter anymore

In a New York minute, everything can change
In a New York minute, things can get pretty strange
In a New York minute, everything can change
In a New York minute

Lying here in the darkness, I hear the sirens wail
Somebody going to emergency, somebody's going to jail
You find somebody to love in this world, you better hang on tooth and nail
The wolf is always at the door

In a New York minute, everything can change
In a New York minute, things can get a little strange
In a New York minute, everything can change
In a New York minute

And in these days, darkness falls early
And people rush home to the ones they love
You'd better take a fool's advice than take care of your own
One day they're here, next day they're gone

Pulled my coat around my shoulders, took a walk down through the park
Leaves were falling around me, groaning city in the gathering dark
On some solitary rock, a desperate lover left his mark--
"Baby, I've changed, please come back"

What the head makes cloudy, the heart makes very clear
I know the days were so much brighter in the time when she was here
I know that somebody somewhere can make these dark clouds disappear
But until that day, I have to believe, I believe, I believe

In a New York minute, everything can change
In a New York minute, you can get out of the rain
In a New York minute, everything can change
In a New York minute