

Ellis Paul, King Of 7th Avenue

King of 7th Avenue I can count all the lights in the city from the ledge on the twenty- seventh floor.
There must be ten thousand window or more.
It's a hobby I can count on, helps me forget about the cold.
And I get to meet the neighbors for as long as the ledge will hold.

In the window across from me, a man is committing a robbery.
It's another form of the New York City lottery.
His ears must be burning, he drops the bag and he stares.
I'm the man out on the building.
Yes, there's no net down there...
And there's a woman below that I see.
Her silhouette is quite beautiful.
It plays tricks on my memory.

Puts a face on the shadows in front of me.
A crowd below is forming, beneath this
window ledge, my throne.
I am the King of Seventh Avenue,
New York City is my home.

I think the sirens have come for me,
Their searchlights reach up to the balcony.
They bathe me in light, blind me so I can't see.

I hear the crowd all ask for jumping,
While the cops all ask for calm.
Even the pigeons think I'm something,
The whole city is in my palms.
My daughter Lisa says to me,

"Dad the world is yours, and it's beautiful.
Don't throw it all away on memories.

You've got to meet new people..."
Yeah, that will be good for me.
Good for me.
Good for me.
So I watch the lovers behind their shades.
I've seen them embrace after their furious fights.
I've watched them mend their fences, make their love all night.
Only to tear them down again,

Change the limits, change the boundaries.
The same beginning, the same end.

Yet the story still astounds me.
The whole world now is watching.
From this window ledge my throne,
I'm the King of Seventh Avenue
And tonight I'm not alone. I'm not alone.