

# Frida Hyv, N.y.

Today the first snow went to see the ground  
The white and innocent to watch and learn  
In silent houses quiet christmas trees  
stand sadly wrapped in electricity  
Na na na na na na  
The smell of winter makes me sick for love  
It brings back memories from another world  
Streets full of strangers stories unheard  
six hours back across the ocean  
Calling me pretty names, New York  
Flattering me way too much, New York  
Romance is in the air, New York  
I wanna be a part of you, New York  
For this kind of hunger there is no word  
This kind of rage that doesn't know how to  
make itself heard  
A universe expanding out of hand  
drawn towards its hollow black surroundings  
Sing me your final call, New York  
No need to tease me more, New York  
My heart ain't where I'm at, New York  
I wanna be a part of you New York