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