

Kirsty MacColl, Manhattan Moon

The ship was heaving with a mass of humankind
My heart was grieving for the the land that lay behind
The cruel ocean echoed all those sad goodbyes
That at my leaving almost made me change my mind
The night was darker than my scared and lonely eyes

And then that old Manhattan moon began to rise
And there stood Liberty in silhouetted skies
And from that moment on I knew that I'd embrace
Each opportunity to be a part of this place
Five points and then Hell's Kitchen
All stops in between
Somewhere to find an itchin' for this keen Colleen
Didn't stop me yearning now and then for my old world
Dreamed I might return just once again to that old world
But in my heart a piano roll played ragtime like it stirred my soul
The moment that it greeted me and skilfully entreated me
To make my new home beneath that old Manhattan moon
I love that old Manhattan moon

I swore allegiance at each rising of the moon
And learned by heart each swinging Yankee Doodle tune
And from the moment it first caught me in its beam
I knew that moon would guide my old American dream
Five points to Fifth Avenue Central
All stops in between
No time to get too sentimental for any shade of green
That don't stop me yearning now and then for that funny old world
Could be I'll return just once again to that funny old world
But in my heart a piano roll plays ragtime like it stirred my soul
The moment that it greeted me and skilfully entreated me
To make my new home beneath that old Manhattan moon
I love my old Manhattan moon