

# Kristin Hoffmann, New York City

New York City takes me over  
In these nights when I'm alone  
Caf corners, hung with strangers  
Gulping down a bitter soul  
Wouldn't mind the peace of going back home  
And meeting a knowing smile  
Where Sunday tastes of confession booth sins  
And Monday comes with new denial

I am pretty good at nothing  
When I think that I'm a star  
Flying ego over mountains  
Spacious skies of who we are  
Wouldn't mind the peace of rewinding the time  
Give me blank paper and pen  
I'd feel ease in calling you mine  
But then I'd know it's just pretend

Gotta find a better space  
Where I recognize my face  
I begin to cry  
Emotions churning  
Gotta find some peace of mind  
Somewhere in between these lines  
'Cause I begin to die when my fire's burning  
Ocean turning

New York City, I'm uncertain  
Think I lost round Chelsea Town  
Caf corner, I'm a stranger  
Hold me close and take me down