

Leona Naess, New York Baby

Well the heat has fallen down
All across this desolate town
And the concrete jungle is dead
As I lie here in my bed
And I'll stand here till the fall
And ignore the summer's call
You know what they say...

New York, baby is no place to be
When you're standing alone
I'm no one's baby, I'm no one's girl
Come home, baby come home

Well the city she throws and throws
While the restless collect sand
through their toes
And you try to get from A to B
Spend your weekends by the sea
But I'm just waiting for you
Yeah, I'm just waiting for you
You know what they say...

New York, baby is no place to be
When you're standing alone
I'm no one's baby, I'm no one's girl
Come home, baby come home