

Nanci Griffith, Good Night, New York

My mother came to America
Sailed through the harbor of hopes and of dreams
Back in the Thirties
With the streets paved in gold
And the sky laced with moonbeams

Mothers and daughters, fathers and sons
Here in the free world, we're the lucky ones

All of my yearning
All of my hunger
Maybe I'm learning
Sometimes I wonder
Good night, New York

Before the Kennedys
Before the Beatles
Before the Vietnam War
Back to a time when anything was possible
Having less meant knowing more

Brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts
Here in the free world, for that second chance

All of my yearning
All of my hunger
Maybe I'm learning
Sometimes I wonder
Good night, New York

My mother came to America
Sailed through the harbor of hopes and of dreams
And here in the future
I hope I've not failed her
Cause nothing's the way that it seems

All of my yearning
All of my hunger
Maybe I'm learning
Sometimes I wonder
Good night, New York