

Paul Van Dyk, New York City

I watch the sky turn black to blush
Head still spinning from the rush
Of all the things I did the night before

And looking down from my hotel
These dawn-lit streets begin to fill
With memories of you and I
On a New York City night

I shake my head to clear the sounds
The traffic horns, the growing crowd
The sun awaking over central park

But still it creeps beneath my skin
All of these heartbeats in the din
With concrete dreams stirring to life
On a New York City night

And I take it with me when I leave
The crowded skyline, the energy
The sleepless city always leaves its mark

Just close my eyes and I'm back again
The neon flush upon our skin
Still wrapped in thoughts of love and wine
On a New York City night