

# 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