

Tammany Hall NYC, Time to head home

crossing the bridge is bringing me back.
the city's asleep in a cab.
taking the high road to my dreams.
finding loose change in smoky old jeans.
time to head home
too late to atone.
it seems my way has lost its way again
since i'm going nowhere, i'll make my own time.
watching the snowfall blanket the ground.
new york's just like any old town.
seems like a good time to come clean
'cause what you mean is not what you mean.
time to head home
too late to postpone.
it seems my way has lost its way again
since i'm going nowhere, i'll make my own time.
the dead-end streets i pass
the evening like this, that succotash
there's something about energy,
there's something about being who you want to be.
'cause then you can sleep at night.
that way when you're tired, your tired's alright.
then your way to dreams is clean.
time to head home
too late to postpone.
it seems my way has found its way again
since i'm going somewhere, i'll make my own time.
mmmmm... mmmmm