

New York City

Keith Caputo

Deserve to be I see you in me
Hollow waters with Catfish wings
Germs spread straight from sorrow

A space in a hole
You're selling your soul
Illusions you hold, I tell you no joke
Germs spread straight from sorrow

I'm chewing hate and spitting faith
You're oceans are drained and the fish can't mate
It's easy come, it's easy go, shouting a whisper
Sex in the head

So get back to New York City
My heavenly home
Crime can be so pretty
So get back to New York City

Would you bleed for me
'Cause I'll bleed for you
Princess charming, where's your king?
Germs spread straight from sorrow

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