

## Ballad of Nyc

Fun Lovin' Criminals

Sand in my socks, and tears in my eyes  
Theres blood on my hands, and smoke in the skies  
My brothers are gone, and I'm numb to the pain  
Can't pick up the phone, now  
I'm dreamin again  
See, y'all can't relate, see i'm all by myself  
And where can i turn, When there's nobody else  
I'm back in the world, And i'm livin your lie  
I smile at the girls, But I'm dying inside  
Where do i begin? New York city, The place that has  
become my friend  
i've walked my pain over your streets once again  
Yet you're always there for me (for me)  
I'm on the westside. And I'm down by the river my dog  
starts to bark. And  
the wind starts to whimper  
there's not enough time. To leave it all behind  
see all you love my voice in your mind... Drag the  
river for my soul.  
And dust my sugar from the fold. Although my sins are  
gettin' cold. Drag the river for my soul  
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become my friend.  
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