

Bells of New York City

Josh Groban

There's a pale winter moon in the sky coming through my window
And the park is laid out like a bed below
It's a cold, dark night and my heart melts like the snow
And the bells of New York City tell me not to go

It's always this time of year that my thoughts undo me
With the ghosts of many lifetimes all around
But from these mad heights I can always hear the sound
Of the bells of New York City singing all around

Stay with me, stay with me
Refuge from these broken dreams
Wait right here awake with me
On silent snow filled streets

Sing to me one song for joy and one for redemption
And whatever's in between that I call mine
With the street lamp light to ILLUMINATE the gray
And the bells of New York City calling me TO stay
The bells of New York City calling me to stay