

New York

Ken Hensley

New York, you're such a fickle city
You've got a heart
But you won't admit it
You've got a soul
And I'd like to get in it
But you can't have
My dreams in exchange

'Cause I came to you
With an open mind
With my heart full of hope
Of a special kind
But the doors stayed closed
For the longest time
So I thought of inside
Wondering what I might find

But you played with my illusion
'Till my image laughed in my face
I would have loved to love you
But my heart needs a different space

New York, New York