

New York

Paul Weller

That kiss, that kiss
That crystal kiss
Who could have thought
It would begin like this

It lingered long
Upon our lips
It stayed for days
Days turned weeks
Weeks grew years

Something went on
In that New York air
Not much reason
For us both to be there

It lingered long
Upon our lips
It stayed for days
Days turned weeks
Weeks grew years

Everyday I pray for
And every moment grateful
Oh New York

That thrilling dare
From nought to where
I wasn't looking
I had no idea

I was looking for nothing
Just another drink
I didn't go in blindly
Or have time to think

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And every moment grateful
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And every moment grateful
Oh New York

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New York, New York...