

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 oh wait with me
On silent snow filled streets
Sing to me one song for joy and one for redemption
And whatever is in between that I call mine
With the street lamp light to ILLUMINATE the gray
And the bells of New York City calling me the stay
The bells of New York City calling me to stay
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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