

New York's Not My Home (Harper College 2/5/73)

Jim Croce

Things were spinnin' 'round me
And all my thoughts were cloudy
And I had begun to doubt all the things that were me
Been in so many places, you know I've run so many races
I looked into the empty faces of the people of the night
Somethin' is just not right 'Cause I know that I've gotta get outta here
I'm so alone
Don't you know that I gotta get outta here
'Cause New York's not my home
Though all the streets are crowded
There's somethin' strange about it
I lived there 'bout a year and I never once felt at home
I thought I'd make the big time
I learned a lot of lessons awfully quick
And now I'm tellin' you that they were not the nice kind
It has been so long since I have felt fine That's the reason that I've gotta get outta here
I'm so alone
Don't you know that I gotta get outta here
'Cause New York's not my home
That's the reason that I've gotta get outta here
I'm so alone
Don't you know that I gotta get outta here
'Cause New York's not my home
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