Empire Of Mind Part II – Alicia Keys

Oooh oooh, New York Oooh oooh, New York

Grew up in a town, That is famous as a place of movie scenes Noise is always loud There are sirenes all around And the streets are mean If I could make it here I could make it anywhere That's what they say Seeing my face in lights Or my name in marquees found down Broadway

Even if it ain't all it seems I got a pocketful of dreams Baby, I'm from

New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made of There's nothing you can't do Now you're in New York These streets will make you feel brand new Big lights will inspire you Hear it for New York, New York, New York

On the avenue, there ain't never a curfew Ladies work so hard Such a melting pot on the corner selling rock Preachers pray to God Hail a gypsy cab Takes me down from Harlem to the Brooklyn Bridge Someone sleeps tonight with a hunger For more than from an empty fridge

I'm going to make it by any means I got a pocketful of dreams Baby, I'm from New York, concrete jungle where dreams Are made of There's nothing you can't do Now you're in New York These streets will make you feel brand new Big lights will inspire you Hear it for New York, New York, New York

One hand in the air for the big city Street lights, big dreams, all looking pretty No place in the world that can compared Put your lighters in the air Everybody say yeah, yeah yeaah

New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made of There's nothing you can't do Now you're in New York These streets will make you feel brand new Big lights will inspire you Hear it for New York



Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych