

Empire State of Mind, Pt. 2

Alicia Keys

Oooh oooh, New York Grew up in a town
That is famous as a place of movie scenes
Noise is always loud
There are sirens 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
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 yeah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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