

New York's Not My Home by Jim Croce (1971)

Bb Bbma7 Bb7 Gm7 Cm Cdim7 Bbma7 F7

Bb well things are spinning round me *Dm7* and all my thoughts were cloudy *Fm6* *G7*
Cm7 and I had begun to doubt all the things that were me *Cdim* *Bb* *F7*
Bb been in so many places *Dm7* you know I've run so many races *Fm6* *G7*
Cm7 I've looked into the empty faces of the people of the night - something is just not right *Bb* *Gm7*

Bb Cause I know that I've got to get out of here *Gm*
Bb I'm so alone *Gm*
Bb don't you know that I got to get out of here *Gm*
Eb Cause New York's not my home *Bb F7 Bb F7*

Though all the streets are crowded there's something strange about it
I've lived there about a year and I never once felt at home
I thought I make the big time, I learned a lot of lessons awful quick and now I'm
Telling you that they were not the nice kind. It's been so long since I have felt fine

That's the reason that I've got to get out of here
I'm so alone
Don't you know that I got to get out of here
Cause New York's not my home