

# Empire State of Mind

Lang Lang, Andra Day, Vinnie Colaiuta, Dan Lutz, Peter Illenyi & Hungarian Studio Orchestra

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 marquee found down on Broadway  
Even if it ain't all it seems  
I got a pocket full 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  
Far more than an empty fridge  
But I'm going to make it by any means  
I got a pocket full 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 compare  
Put your lighters in the air  
Everybody say yeah, yeah  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

