

Intro (D D6) X 4

D D6 D D6

1. I'll say goodbye to all my sorrow,

D D6 D A7

and by tomorrow I'll be on my way.

D (D6 D) X 4

I guess the Lord must be in New York City.

D D6 D D6

2. I'm so tired of gettin' nowhere,

D D6 D A7

seein' my prayers goin' unanswered.

D D6 D

I guess the Lord must be in New York City.

CHORUS

D7 G G- F# - E

Well, here I am, Lord, knocking on your back door,

A

ain't it wonderful to be where I've always wanted to be,

A

D (D6 D) X 4

for the first time I'll breathe free here in New York City.

REPEAT SONG

FINISH (D D6 D D6) X 4 D stop

Ahh-ahh-ahh.. etc