

Autumn in New York

Frank Sinatra

Autumn in New York
Why does it seem so inviting?
Autumn in New York
It spells the thrill of first-knighting
Glittering crowds and shimmering clouds
In canyons of steel
They're making me feel
I'm home
It's autumn in New York
That brings the promise of new love
Autumn in New York
Is often mingled with pain
Dreamers with empty hands
May sigh for exotic lands
It's autumn in New York
It's good to live it again
Lovers that bless the dark
On benches in Central Park
It's autumn in New York
It's good to live it again

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