

New York, New York

Frank Sinatra

Start spreading the news
I am leaving today
I want to be a part of it
New York, New York These vagabond shoes
They are longing to stray
Right through the very heart of it
New York, New York I want to wake up in that city
That doesn't sleep
And find I'm king of the hill
Top of the heap My little town blues
They are melting away
I gonna make a brand new start of it
In old New York If I can make it there
I'll make it anywhere
It's up to you
New York, New York New York, New York
I want to wake up in that city
That never sleeps
And find I'm king of the hill
Top of the list
Head of the heap
King of the hill These are little town blues
They have all melted away
I am about to make a brand new start of it
Right there in old New York And you bet [Incomprehensible] baby
If I can make it there
You know, I'm gonna make it just about anywhere
Come on, come through
New York, New York, New York

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