Hey Manhattan!

Prefab Sprout

Guess what? Summer's arrived
I feel the world's on my side
The Brooklyn Bridge stretches below me
A billion souls, all dying to know meWell, here I am, loaded with promise
And knee deep in grace
What I want is here on my face and
I feel like I own the whole damnHey Manhattan! Here I am
Call me star-struck Uncle Sam
Strolling Fifth Avenue
Just to think Sinatra's been here tooThese myths we can't undo
They lie in wait for you
We live them till they're trueManhattan, doobie doo
Hey Manhattan! Doobie dooSome days you've got to get outside
Look there's, "The Carlyle"
That's the place where Kennedy stayed and
Where were you when he died?
(Yeah, some things are slow to fade)There they were, loaded with promise
And knee deep in fate
When what you want shows on your face
And all that's left litters the whole damnHey Manhattan! Here I am
Call it bad-luck Uncle Sam
Scrounging Fifth Avenue
Just to think the poor could live here tooBut what are they to do?
These myths belong to you
We live them till they're trueManhattan, doobie doo
Hey Manhattan! Doobie doo

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