

# Manhattan

## Stacey Kent

Summer journeys  
To Niag'ra  
And to other places  
Aggravate all our cares.  
We'll save our fares.  
I've a cozy little flat  
In what is known as old Manhattan.  
We'll settle down  
Right here in town. We'll have Manhattan,  
The Bronx and Staten  
Island too.  
It's lovely going through  
The zoo.  
It's very fancy  
On old Delancey  
Street, you know.  
The subway charms us so  
When balmy breezes blow  
To and fro.  
And tell me what street  
Compares with Mott Street  
In July?  
Sweet pushcarts gently gliding by.  
The great big city's a wondrous toy  
Just made for a girl and boy.  
We'll turn Manhattan  
Into an isle of joy. We'll go to Greenwich,  
Where modern men itch  
To be free;  
And Bowling Green you'll see  
With me.  
We'll bathe at Brighton  
The fish you'll frighten  
When you're in.  
Your bathing suit so thin  
Will make the shellfish grin  
Fin to fin.  
I'd like to take a  
Sail on Jamaica

Bay with you.  
And fair Canarsie's lake  
We'll view.  
The city's bustle cannot destroy  
The dreams of a girl and boy.  
We'll turn Manhattan  
Into an isle of joy. We'll go to Yonkers  
Where true love conquers  
In the wilds.  
And starve together, dear,  
In Childs'.  
We'll go to Coney  
And eat baloney  
On a roll.  
In Central Park we'll stroll,  
Where our first kiss we stole,  
Soul to soul.  
Our future babies  
We'll take to "Abie's  
Irish Rose."  
I hope they'll live to see  
It close.  
The city's clamor can never spoil  
The dreams of a boy and girl.  
We'll turn Manhattan  
Into an isle of joy.

Songwriters

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