

Autumn in New York

Bobby Short

Autumn in New York,
Why does it seem so inviting?
Autumn in New York,
It spells the thrill of first-nighting.
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,
They sigh for exotic lands,
It's Autumn in New York,
It's good to live again.

This Autumn in New York
Transforms the slums into Mayfair.
Autumn in New York,
You need no castles in Spain.
Lovers that bless the dark
On benches in Central Park,
It's Autumn in New York,
It's good to live again.

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