

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 a city
That doesn't sleep
And find I'm king of the hill
Top of the heap These little town blues
Are melting away
I'm 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 doesn't sleep
And find I'm king of the hill, top of the list
King of the heap These 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 If I can make it there
You know, I'm gonna make it just about anywhere
Come on come true
New York, New York, New York

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