

Autumn In New York

Bud Powell

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
May sigh for exotic lands
It's autumn in New York
It's good to live it again
Autumn in New York
The gleaming rooftops at sundown
Oh, autumn in New York
It lifts you up when you run down
Yes, jaded rous and gay divorces
Who lunch at the Ritz
Will tell you that it's divine
This autumn in New York
Transforms the slums into Mayfair
Oh, autumn in New York
You'll need no castles in Spain
Yes, lovers that bless the dark
Oh, on the benches in Central Park
Greet autumn in New York
It's good to live it again
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 it again

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