

New York, New York – Frank Sinatra

Start spreadin' the news, I'm leavin' today
I want to be a part of it
New York, New York
These vagabond shoes, 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'll 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 a city that never sleeps
And find I'm A number one, top of the list
King of the hill, A number one....

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'm gonna make it anywhere
It's up to you, New York..New York New York!!!



Słowa: Fred Ebb
Muzyka: John Kander