

New York, New York – Frank Sinatra

Start spreading the news,
I'm leaving 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 wanna 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
And if I can make it there
I'm gonna make it anywhere
It's up to you
New York, New York
New York



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych