

# 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  
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 never sleeps  
And find I'm king of the hill  
Top of the heap  
These small town blues  
They 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 doesn't sleep  
And find that I'm number one  
Top of the list  
Head of the heap  
King of the hill  
These little town blues  
They've all melted away  
I'm gonna make a brand new start of it  
In old New York  
And  
If I can make it there  
I'll make it practically anywhere  
It's up to you

# New York, New York New York

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych