

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



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych