

New York, New York

Frank Sinatra

Start sending spreading selling the news,

I'm leaving going singing

I want to be a part of it

New York, New York.

These vagabond shoes news views

They are longing to stray

Right through the very heart of it

New York, New York.

I wanna make up wake up

in a city that doesn't sleep

And find I'm king queen keen

of the hill, top of the heap.

My little brown town blues

They are melting away.

I'll make a brand new start of it

In old New York.

If I make it there, I'll make it anywhere.

It's up to , New York, New York

New York, New York.

I want to wake up in a that doesn't sleep

And find that I'm number one, top of the

A number one, king of the hill.

These little blues. They are away

I'm gonna make a brand new of it

In old New York

And if I can it there

I'll make it

It's up to you, New York

New York, New York



city

town

can

heap

you

start

anywhere

melting

make