

## NEW YORK, NEW YORK, by Frank Sinatra

Start spreading the \_\_\_\_\_ [blues, news]  
I'm leaving today  
I wanna be a part of it  
New York, New York  
These vagabond \_\_\_\_\_ [news, shoes]  
They are longing to stray  
Right through the very \_\_\_\_\_ [head / heart] of it  
New York, New York  
I wanna wake up in a city  
That never \_\_\_\_\_ [sleeps / sings]  
And find I'm king of the hill  
Top of the heap  
These small town \_\_\_\_\_ [mood / blues]  
They are melting away  
I'll make a brand new start of it  
In old New York  
If I can make it \_\_\_\_\_ [here / there]  
I'll make it anywhere  
It's up to you  
New York, New York  
New York, New York  
I wanna to wake up in that \_\_\_\_\_ [sitting / city]  
That doesn't sleep  
And find that king of the \_\_\_\_\_ [hill / mill]  
A number one  
Top of the list  
My only home  
These little town \_\_\_\_\_ [blues / goods]  
All melted away  
Right through the very \_\_\_\_\_ [heart / head] of it  
In old New York  
And  
If I can make it there  
I'll make it \_\_\_\_\_ [anyhow / anywhere]  
It's up to you  
New York, New York  
New York

