New York, New York

By Frank Sinatra

Start spreading the news

I am 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 that city

That doesn't sleep

And find I'm king of the hill

Top of the heap

My little town blues

They are melting away

I gonna 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 that city

That never sleeps

And find I'm king of the hill

Top of the list

Head of the heap

King of the hill

These are little town blues

They have all melted away

I am about to make a brand new start of it

Right there in old New York

And you bet [Incomprehensible] baby

If I can make it there

You know, I'm gonna make it just about anywhere

Come on, come through

New York, New York, New York