

New York
Frank Sinatra

(D D7M D)

Start spreading the news. I'm leaving today.
I want to be a part of it, New York, New York.
These vagabond shoes, are longing to stray.
Right through the very heart of it, New York, New York,
I wanna wake up in the city that doesn't sleep.
And find I'm king of the hill, top of the heap

These tittle town blues 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 never sleeps
And find I'm a number one, top of the list,
King of the hill, a number one,
These little town blues. Are melting away.
I'm gonna make a brand new star of it, in old New York
A|-a-a-nd if I can make it there, I,m gonna make it anywhere
It's up to you, New York, New York, New York, New Y