**New York, New York**

*Frank Sinatra*

Start spreadin' the news, I'm leavin' 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 want to wake up, in a city that doesn't sleep

And find I'm king of the hill

Top of the heap

These little 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'll make a brand new start of it

In old New York

And

If I can make it there

I'm gonna make it anywhere

It's up to you, New York

New York

New York

*Songwriters: Fred Ebb / John Kander*

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