

# New York, New York

Text: Fred Ebb †2004

Musik: John Kander

Start spread-in' the news  
I'm lea-ving to day,  
I wan-na be a part of it  
New York, New York  
These vag-a-bond shoes  
are long-ing to stray  
And step a round the heart of it  
New York, New York  
I wan-na wake up in the cit-y that does n't sleep  
to find I'm king of the hill,  
top of the heap  
My lit-tle town blues  
are melt-ing a-way  
I'll make a brand new start of it  
in old New York  
If I can make it there  
I'd make it an-y where  
Its up to you,  
New York, New York

## Intermezzo

New York, New York  
I wan-na wake up in the  
cit-y that doesn't sleep  
to find I'm king of the hill, head of the list  
cream of the crop at the top of the heap.  
My lit-tle town blues  
are melt-ing a-way,  
I'll make a brand new start of it  
in old New York.  
If I can make it there  
I'd make it an-y where  
Come on, come through  
New York, Ne-ew York