Words by Fred EBB

Music by John KANDER

Moderato (con swing)

Start spreadin' the news, I'm leaving to-day,
I wanna 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 wanna wake up in the cit-y that doesn't sleep
to find I'm king of the hill, top of the heap.

My lit-tle town
I'll make a brand new start of it in old New York.

If I can make it there, I'd make it anywhere. It's up to you, New York, New York.

king of the hill, head of the list, cream of the crop at the top of the list.

My little town

Meno blues are melting away, I'll make a brand new game of it in old New York.

If I can make it there, I'd make it anywhere. Come on, come through New York, New York.

E. 1064 U.A.