**Frank Sinatra New York, New York Lyrics**

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