

New York, New York?

Cue the band! And a one, and a two...



I'm spreading the news,

Your taxings grow worse.
Still want to be a part of it?
New York, New York?

Those vagabond shoes,
Can't choose but to stay.
You walk around so blind to it
New York, New York?

I want to wake up the big city
That is asleep,
To show your king on the hill
Heaps upon you!

These are your town's blues,
That are here to stay.
Unless you stop and hit restart
In the "new" York...
If you won't make the choice,
You won't have any more.
It's up you.
New York, New York.

Hey New York, New York!

You need to wake up—you big city,
Yes, you're asleep!
Don't find you're king of the hill,
Top on the list,
A-Number-One,

King of Taxes...

Yours will be town blues...

That won't go away.

This is your brand new start of life...

In the "new" York.

And...if you don't make the choice...

It'll happen...everywhere...

Come on, come through...

New York...New York!