

Sunday In New York

Bobby Darin

New York on Sunday
Big City taking a nap
Slow down, it's Sunday
Life's a ball, let it fall in your lap

If you've got troubles
Just take them out for a walk
They'll burst like bubbles
In the fun of a Sunday In New York

You can spend time without spending a dime
Watching people watch people pass
Later you pause, and in one of those stores
There's that face next to yours in the glass

Two hearts stop beating
You're both too breathless to speak
Love smiles her greeting
Then the dream that has seen you thru the week
Comes true on Sunday In New York

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