New York, New York, New York

Martha Wainwright

Winter's coming on Only one place to be With my baby On those streets of

New York in the fall No rooms to be had But I can get an add on I haven't booked ahead

Thought I had some sort of poll Certainly the money to spend But I've been walking up and down Must be some sort of trend

Or just New York in the fall The leaves are all turned to red But I can get an add on I haven't booked ahead

New York, New York, New York New York, New York in the fall No rooms, no rooms, no rooms, no rooms

Guess I'll come back in the spring Get drenched in the rain I'll see you then instead This time I'll book ahead

Oh, New York in the fall Only place to be But don't blame me There just ain't no vacancy

New York, New York, New York New York, New York, New York in the fall