

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