

# New York, New York

Moby

New York, New York  
Does it taste right? Does it feel right?  
New York, New York  
Does it burn bright, all the starlight?

Do you know my name? Do you even care?  
Do you love when I take you up there?

New York, New York  
Does it taste nice? Does it feel right?  
New York, New York  
Does it taste like what it burns like?

Do you know my name? Do you even care?  
Do you love when I take you up there?

Baby, won't you take me there?  
Make it like you really care  
I am feeling good up there  
Just keep the diamonds in my hair

Make me feel good right now  
Like everything does in this town  
Lines of snow and popping corks  
Money, drugs in old New York

Baby, won't you really hurt?  
Make it like it really burns  
I am feeling good right there  
Just keep the diamonds in my hair

Make me feel good right now  
Like everything does in this town  
Lines of snow and popping corks  
Money, drugs in old New York

New York, New York  
Does it taste right? Does it feel right?  
New York, New York  
Does it burn bright, all the starlight?

Do you know my name? Do you even care?  
Do you love when I take you up there?

Baby, won't you take me there?  
Make it like you really care  
I am feeling good up there  
Just keep the diamonds in my hair

Make me feel good right now  
Like everything does in this town  
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Baby, won't you take me there?  
Make it like you really care  
I am feeling good up there

Just keep the diamonds in my hair

Make me feel good right now  
Like everything does in this town  
Lines of snow and popping corks  
Money, drugs in old New York

Baby, make it really hurt  
Like everything that ever burned  
I am feeling good up there  
Just keep the diamonds in my hair

Make me feel good right now  
Like everything does in this town  
Lines of snow and popping corks  
Money, drugs in old New York

Baby, won't you take me there?  
Make it like you really care  
I am feeling good up there  
Just keep the diamonds in my hair

Make me feel good right now  
Like everything does in this town  
Lines of snow and popping corks  
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