New York, New York

Words by Fred Ebb
Music by John Kander

J = 120

F

Gm7

C7

Fsus4

F

Fsus4

C7

Fsus4

F

Gm7

Fsus4

F

Blö maj7

Blö m6

F6

Am7

Am6

Gm7

C7

Gm7

C7

Gm7

City That does n't sleep

And find I'm king of the hill

Top of the heap
These little town blues

Are melting a way

I'll make a

brand new start of it

In old New York

If I can make it there

I'll make it any where

Come on, come through New York, New York

Come on, come through New York, New York