

## Frank Sinatra - New York

```
Tom: D
                                                            (D D D )
                                                            It's up to you, New York,
                                                                                              New York.
                                                       \mathsf{Em}
Start spreading the news. I'm leaving today.
                                                            New York, New York
                                                                                                                 Eb
                                                                                             Ahm
                                                             I want to wake up in a city that never sleeps
I want to be a part of it, New York, New York.
                                                             And find I'm a number one, top of the list,
                                                                                     Bb
                                                            King of the hill, a number one,
These vagabond shoes, are longing to stray.
                                                                                                               Fh
                                                                                                                   Fm
Right through the very heart of it, New York, New York,
                                                            These little town blues. Are melting away.
                              Gm
I wanna wake up in the city that doens't sleep.
                                                            I'm gonna make a brand new star of it, in old New York
                     Gbm
And find I'm king of the hill, top of the heap
                                                             Eb7
                                                                                  Ab
                                                             Gm
                                                            A|-a-a-nd if I can make it there, I,m gonna make it anywhere
These tittle town blues are melting away.
                                                                            Fm
                                                                                 Gm Ab Bb
                                                         D7 Bb
                                                                 Eb
I'll make
                    brand new start of it, in old New York
                                                            It's up to you, New York, New York, New York, New Y
```

## Acordes

