

Prefab Sprout, Hey Manhattan!

Guess what ! Summer's arrived I feel the world's on my side
The Brooklyn Bridge stretches below me
A billion souls all dying to know me
Well here I am ! Loaded with promise
And knee deep in grace
What I want is here on my face and
I feel like I own the whole damn place

Hey Manhattan ! Here I am ! Call me star-struck Uncle Sam.
Strolling Fifth Avenue
- Just to think Sinatra's been here too
These myths we can't undo they lie in wait for you
We live them till they're true,
Manhattan doobie doo. Hey Manhattan doobie doo.

Someday's you've got to get outside - Look there's "The Carlyle"
That's the place where Kennedy stayed,
And where were you when he died ?
(Yeah some things are slow to fade.)
There they were - Loaded with promise
Knee deep in fate - When what you want shows on your face
All that's left litters the whole damn place

Hey Manhattan ! Here I am ! Call it bad luck Uncle Sam.
Scrounging Fifth Avenue
- Just to think the poor could live here too
But what are they to do ? These myths belong to you,
We live them till they're true,
Manhattan doobie doo. Hey Manhattan doobie doo