

# Ray Charles, Manhattan

Summer journeys to Niag'ra  
And to other places aggra-  
Vate all our cares.  
We'll save our fares!  
I've a cozy little flat in  
What is known as old Manhattan  
We'll settle down  
Right here in town!  
We'll have Manhattan  
The Bronx and Staten  
Island too.  
It's lovely going through  
The zoo!  
It's very fancy  
On old Delancy  
Street you know.  
The subway charms us so  
When balmy breezes blow  
To and fro.  
And tell me what street  
Compares with Mott Street  
In July?  
Sweet pushcarts gently gli-ding by.  
The great big city's a wonderous toy  
Just made for a girl and boy.  
We'll turn Manhattan  
Into an isle of joy!  
We'll go to Yonkers  
Where true love conquers  
In the whiles  
And starve together dear, in Chiles  
We'll go to Coney  
And eat baloney on a roll  
In Central Park we'll stroll  
Where our first kiss we stole  
Soul to soul  
And "My Fair Lady" is a terrific show they say  
We both may see it close, some day  
The city's glamour can never spoil  
The dreams of a boy and goil  
We'll turn Manhattan  
Into an isle of joy!

[Another version:]

Summer journeys to Niag'ra  
And to other places aggra-  
Vate all our cares.  
We'll save our fares;  
I've a cozy little flat in  
What is known as old Manhattan,  
We'll settle down  
Right here in town.

We'll have Manhattan,  
The Bronx and Staten  
Island too.  
It's lovely going through the Zoo.  
It's very fancy  
On old Delancey  
Street you know.  
The subway charms us so,  
When balmy breezes blow  
To and fro.

And tell me what street  
Compares with Mott Street  
In July?  
Sweet pushcarts gently gliding by.  
The great big city's a wondrous toy  
Just made for a girl and boy --  
We'll turn Manhattan  
Into an isle of joy.

We'll go to Greenwich,  
Where modern men itch  
To be free,  
And Bowling Green you'll see with me.  
We'll bathe at Brighton,  
The fish you'll frighten  
When you're in,  
Your bathing suit so thin  
Will make the shellfish grin,  
Fin to fin.  
I'd like to take a  
Sail on Jamaica  
Bay with you,  
And fair Canarsie's Lakes we'll view.  
The city's bustle cannot destroy  
The dreams of a girl and boy --  
We'll turn Manhattan  
Into an isle of joy.

We'll go to Yonkers,  
Where true love conquers  
In the wilds  
And starve together, dear, in Childs'.  
We'll go to Coney  
And eat bologna  
On a roll,  
In Central Park we'll stroll  
Where our first kiss we stole,  
Soul to soul.  
And South Pacific  
Is a terrific  
Show they say,  
We both may see it close some day.  
The city's clamour can never spoil  
The dreams of a boy and girl --  
We'll turn Manhattan  
Into an isle of joy.

We'll have Manhattan,  
The Bronx and Staten  
Island too,  
We'll try to cross Fifth Avenue.  
As black as onyx  
We'll find the Bronx  
Park Express,  
Our Flatbush flat, I guess,  
Will be a great success,  
More or less.  
A short vacation  
On Inspiration  
Point we'll spend,  
And in the station house we'll end.  
But Civic Virtue cannot destroy  
The dreams of a girl and boy --  
We'll turn Manhattan  
Into an isle of joy!

