

I Happen to Like New York

John Barrowman

I happen to like New York, I happen to love this town
I like the city air, I like to drink of it
The more I see New York, the more I think of it
I like the sight and the sound and even the stink of it
I happen to like New York

I like to go to Battery Park and watch the liners booming in
I often ask myself why should it be
That they come so far across the sea?
I suppose it's because they all agree with me
They happen to like New York

Last Sunday afternoon, I took a trip to Hackensack
But after I gave Hackensack the once over
I took the next train back
I happen to like New York

And oh, the Easter Show at the Music Hall
A perfect delight
And oh, pastrami on rye at the Carnegie Deli
There's joy in each pie

And Madison Square for a Friday night fight
Or a walk along Broadway to guest at the lights
And at Carnegie Hall where the atmosphere's right
Life at the lights, at the night

I happen to like New York, I happen to love this burg
And when I have to give the world my last farewell
And the undertaker comes to ring my funeral bell
I don't wanna go to heaven, don't wanna go to [unverified]
I happen to like New York, I happen to like New York
I happen to like New York