

# I Happen to Like New York

Judy Garland

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