

Take Me Back To Manhattan

Rosemary Clooney

The more I travel across the gravel
The more I sail the sea
The more I feel convinced of the fact
New York's the town for me

Its crazy skyline is right in my line
And when I'm far away
I'm able to bear it for several hours
And then I break down and say

Take me back to Manhattan
Take me back to New York
I'm just longing to see once more
My little home on the hundredth floor

Can you wonder I'm gloomy?
Can you smile when I frown?
I miss the East Side, the West Side, the North Side and the South Side
So, take me back to Manhattan that dear old dirty town

Take me back to Manhattan
Take me back to New York
I'm just longing to see once more
My little home on the hundredth floor

Can you wonder I'm gloomy?
Can you smile when I frown?
I miss the East Side, the West Side, the North Side and the South Side
So, take me back to Manhattan that dear old dirty town
The East, West, [Incomprehensible]
That dear old, sweet old dirty town