

New York, New York

transposé un ton ↓

Musique de John Kander sur des paroles de Fred Ebb. Thème musical du film de Martin Scorsese, sorti en 1977.

Modéré

5

Start spread · in' the news,

f Si⁷sus mf Mi¹

10

I'm lea ving to - day. I wan - na be a part of it, New · York, New ·

Fam7 Si⁷ Fam7/si¹ Si⁷ Mi¹ Mi⁶

15

- York. These va · ga · bond shoes are lon · ging to stray

Fam7 Si⁷ Mi¹ Fam7 Si⁷

1 2 12

and step a - round the heart . of it,
New - York, New .

Fam7/do Si♭7 Mi♭ Mi♭ Mi♭M7

20

- York.
I wan - na wake up in the ci - ty that does - n't sleep

Mi♭7 Ré♭/mi♭ Mi♭7 La♭M7 La♭6 Mi♭

25 Da ♪

to find I'm king of the hill, _____ top of the heap.
My lit - tle town

Mi♭M7 Fam7 Mi♭M7 Solm7 Do7 Fam7 Si♭7

30

blues
are mel - ting a - way.
I'll make a brandnew start. of it

Mi♭ Fam7 Si♭7 Fam7 Si♭ 7 Mi♭

35

in old New - York.
If I can make it there, — I'd make it

Mi♭6 Si♭m7 Mi♭ La♭ La♭m6

40

an - y - where. — It's up to you, New - York, New - York.

Mi♭/si♭ Mi♭/sol Do7#5 Do7 Si♭7/réDo7/mi Fam7 Solm7 La♭M7 Si♭9sus Mi♭

45

Du signe ♫ à la Coda ♪

Fam7 *mf* Si♭7sus Si♭7Fam/do Si♭7

♪ Coda

king of the hill, head of the list,

Solm7 Do9

50

Plus lent

cream of the crop at the top of the heap.

My lit - tle town blues

La♭m7 Do♭7 Mi

55

are melting a - way.

I'll make a brand new start . of it

Si7 Fa#m7 Si7 Do#dim Solm7b5 Mi

60

in old New - York.

If I can make it there, -

Mi Sim7 Mi La Lam6

65

— I'd make it a - ny - where. — Come on, come through, New -

Mi Mi/sol# Do#7#5 Do#7 Si7/re#Do#7/mi# Fa#m7 Sol#m7

70

- York, New - York.

La6 La/si Mi

Start spreadin' the news,
I'm leaving today
I wanna be a part of it
New York, New York

These vagabond shoes,
Are longing to stray
And step around the heart of it
New York, New York

I wanna wake up in a city,
That doesn't sleep
To find I'm king of the hill
Top of the heap

My little town blues,
Are melting away
I'll make a brand new start of it
In old New York

If I can make it there,
I'd make it anywhere
It's up to you,
New York, New York

Répandez la nouvelle,
Je pars aujourd'hui
Je veux faire partie de
New York, New York

Ces chaussures de vagabond,
Ont très envie d'errer
Dans le coeur même de
New York, New York

Je veux me réveiller dans la ville
Qui ne dort jamais
Me retrouver roi de la colline
Au sommet de l'échelle

Ces déprimes de petites villes,
Se fondent au loin
Je repartirai de zéro
Dans la vieille New York

Si je peux réussir là-bas,
Je réussirai n'importe où
Ca dépend de toi,
New York, New York