

## **Bobby Short**

# **"Autumn In New York"**

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It's time to end my lonely holiday  
And bid the country a hasty farewell  
So on this gray and melancholy day  
I'll move to a Manhattan Hotel

I'll dispense with my rose-colored chattels  
And prepare for my share of adventures and battles  
Here on the twenty-seventh floor  
Looking down at the city I hate and adore

Autumn in New York  
Why does it seem so inviting?  
Autumn in New York  
It brings the thrill of first-nighting

Where glittering crowds and shimmering clouds  
In canyons of steel  
Are making me feel I'm home

It's autumn in New York  
It brings a promise of new love  
Autumn in New York  
Is often mingled with pain

Dreamers with empty hand  
May sigh for exotic land  
It's autumn in New York  
It's great to live again

Where [Incomprehensible] roulettes  
And Incomprehensible]  
Who lunch at the Ritz  
Will tell you that it's divine

Its autumn in New York  
Transforms the slums into Mayfair  
Autumn in New York  
You'll need no castle in Spain

Lovers who bless the dark  
From benches in Central Park  
Greet autumn in New York

It's great to live it again

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