

## Irving Berlin "Manhattan Madness"

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Manhattan, Manhattan, Manhattan, Manhattan  
Manhattan madness  
You've got me at last  
I'm like a fly upon a steeple  
Watching seven million people  
Do a rhythm  
That draws me with 'em

Manhattan, Manhattan, Manhattan, Manhattan  
Manhattan madness  
You're going too fast  
I'm like a baby on a rocker  
Watching Father Knickerbocker  
Being busy  
I'm getting dizzy

When shadows creep, in my bed I tumble  
But never sleep for I hear the rumble  
In the street, the tramping of feet  
That haunt me the whole night long  
And through the day I'm watching the drama  
That people play in your panorama  
And I hear in tones very clear  
The sound of your restless song

Subways below and trains above racing  
Packed with humanity  
Taxis and trucks and trolley cars chasing  
Busy as they can be  
Steaming machines and riveters grating  
Motors instead of men  
Buildings go up with wrecking crews waiting  
To tear them down again

Newsies that shout sensational headlines  
Peddlers with things to sell  
Noisy cafes and whispering breadlines  
Children that scream and yell  
Whistles and bells and siren horns blowing  
Pistols that crack and roar  
Traffic that stops and goes without knowing  
What's all the shooting for

Manhattan, Manhattan, Manhattan, Manhattan  
Manhattan madness  
You've got me at last  
I'm like a fly upon a steeple  
Watching seven million people  
Do a rhythm  
That draws me with 'em  
And it's mad!

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