

## **Prefab Sprout "Hey Manhattan !"**

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Guess what? Summer's arrived  
I feel the world's on my side  
The Brooklyn Bridge stretches below me  
A billion souls, all dying to know me

Well, here I am, loaded with promise  
And knee deep in grace  
What I want is here on my face and  
I feel like I own the whole damn

Hey Manhattan! Here I am  
Call me star-struck Uncle Sam  
Strolling Fifth Avenue  
Just to think Sinatra's been here too

These myths we can't undo  
They lie in wait for you  
We live them till they're true

Manhattan, doobie doo  
Hey Manhattan! Doobie doo

Some days you've got to get outside  
Look there's, "The Carlyle"  
That's the place where Kennedy stayed and  
Where were you when he died?  
(Yeah, some things are slow to fade)

There they were, loaded with promise  
And knee deep in fate  
When what you want shows on your face  
And all that's left litters the whole damn place

Hey Manhattan! Here I am  
Call it bad-luck Uncle Sam  
Scrounging Fifth Avenue  
Just to think the poor could live here too

But what are they to do?  
These myths belong to you  
We live them till they're true

Manhattan, doobie doo  
Hey Manhattan! Doobie doo

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