

## Sunday In New York

Bobby Darin

New York on Sunday  
Big City taking a nap  
Slow down, it's Sunday  
Life's a ball, let it fall in your lap

If you've got troubles  
Just take them out for a walk  
They'll burst like bubbles  
In the fun of a Sunday In New York

You can spend time without spending a dime  
Watching people watch people pass  
Later you pause, and in one of those stores  
There's that face next to yours in the glass

Two hearts stop beating  
You're both too breathless to speak  
Love smiles her greeting  
Then the dream that has seen you thru the week  
Comes true on Sunday In New York

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