

Down In the Depths

Tony Bennett

With a million neon rainbows burning below her
And a million blazing taxis raising a roar
Here she sits above the town in her Schiaparelli gown
Down in the depths of the ninetieth floor

When the crowds and all the nightclubs punish the parquet
And the bars are packed with couples calling for more
She's deserted and depressed in her regal-eagle nest
Down in the depths of the ninetieth floor

When the only one she wanted wants another
What's the use of swank and cash in the bank galore?
Why, even the janitor's wife has a perfectly good love life
And here she is facing tomorrow, alone with her sorrow
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