

Ray Charles, Manhattan

Summer journeys to Niag'ra
And to other places aggra-
Vate all our cares.
We'll save our fares!
I've a cozy little flat in
What is known as old Manhattan
We'll settle down
Right here in town!
We'll have Manhattan
The Bronx and Staten
Island too.
It's lovely going through
The zoo!
It's very fancy
On old Delancy
Street you know.
The subway charms us so
When balmy breezes blow
To and fro.
And tell me what street
Compares with Mott Street
In July?
Sweet pushcarts gently gli-ding by.
The great big city's a wonderous toy
Just made for a girl and boy.
We'll turn Manhattan
Into an isle of joy!
We'll go to Yonkers
Where true love conquers
In the whites
And starve together dear, in Chiles
We'll go to Coney
And eat baloney on a roll
In Central Park we'll stroll
Where our first kiss we stole
Soul to soul
And "My Fair Lady" is a terrific show they say
We both may see it close, some day
The city's glamour can never spoil
The dreams of a boy and goil
We'll turn Manhattan
Into an isle of joy!

[Another version:]

Summer journeys to Niag'ra
And to other places aggra-
Vate all our cares.
We'll save our fares;
I've a cozy little flat in
What is known as old Manhattan,
We'll settle down
Right here in town.

We'll have Manhattan,
The Bronx and Staten
Island too.
It's lovely going through the Zoo.
It's very fancy
On old Delancey
Street you know.
The subway charms us so,
When balmy breezes blow
To and fro.

And tell me what street
Compares with Mott Street
In July?
Sweet pushcarts gently gliding by.
The great big city's a wondrous toy
Just made for a girl and boy --
We'll turn Manhattan
Into an isle of joy.

We'll go to Greenwich,
Where modern men itch
To be free,
And Bowling Green you'll see with me.
We'll bathe at Brighton,
The fish you'll frighten
When you're in,
Your bathing suit so thin
Will make the shellfish grin,
Fin to fin.
I'd like to take a
Sail on Jamaica
Bay with you,
And fair Canarsie's Lakes we'll view.
The city's bustle cannot destroy
The dreams of a girl and boy --
We'll turn Manhattan
Into an isle of joy.

We'll go to Yonkers,
Where true love conquers
In the wilds
And starve together, dear, in Childs'.
We'll go to Coney
And eat bologna
On a roll,
In Central Park we'll stroll
Where our first kiss we stole,
Soul to soul.
And South Pacific
Is a terrific
Show they say,
We both may see it close some day.
The city's clamour can never spoil
The dreams of a boy and girl --
We'll turn Manhattan
Into an isle of joy.

We'll have Manhattan,
The Bronx and Staten
Island too,
We'll try to cross Fifth Avenue.
As black as onyx
We'll find the Bronx
Park Express,
Our Flatbush flat, I guess,
Will be a great success,
More or less.
A short vacation
On Inspiration
Point we'll spend,
And in the station house we'll end.
But Civic Virtue cannot destroy
The dreams of a girl and boy --
We'll turn Manhattan
Into an isle of joy!

