**Seize The Day**

(Press play on Seize The Day part 1)

Now is the time to seize the day.

Stare down the odds and seize the day.

Minute by minute, that’s how you win it.

We will find a way. But let us seize the day.

Now is time to seize the day.

Stare down the odds and seize the day.

Once we’ve begun, if we stand as one,

Someday becomes somehow, and a prayer becomes a vow

And the strike starts here and now!

(Press play on Seize The Day part 2)

(3,4,5,6) Now is the time to seize the day!

(K,1,2) Now is the time to seize the day!

(3,4,5,6) Answer the call and don’t delay!

(k,1,2) Answer the call and don’t delay!

Wrongs will be righted if we’re united!

Let us seize the day!

Houston to Harlem look what’s begun!

One for all and all for one!

Strike!

Strike!

Strike!

Strike!

Strike!

Strike!

Strike!

Strike!

Strike!

Strike!

Ohhh

Strike!

Now is time to seize the day!

Now is time to make’em pay!

Nothing can break us,

no one can make us quit before we’re done!

One for all and all for

One for all and all for

One for all and all for one!

**King of New York**

A pair of new shoes with matchin laces

A permanent box at the sheepshead races

Pastrami on rye with a sour pickle

My personal mug on a wooden nickel

Look at me, I'm the king of New York!

Suddenly I’m respectable, starin right at’cha lousy with sta’tcha.

Nobbin’ with all the muckety mucks,

I’m blowin’ my dough and goin’ deluxe.

And there I be! Ain’t I pretty? It's my city. I'm the king of New York!

A solid gold watch with a chain to twirl it

My very own bed with an indoor terlet

A barbershop haircut that costs a quarter

A regular beat for the star reporter!

Amscray punk, she's the king of New York!

We was sunk, pale and pitiful bunch of wet noodles

Pulitzer’s poodles.

I gotta be either dead or dreamin’

Cause look at that pape with my face beamin’

Tomorrow they may wrap fishes in it,

But I was a star for one whole minute!

Look at me I’m the king of New York!

Wait and see: This is gonna make both the Delanceys pee in their pantsies.

Flashpots are shootin’ bright as the sun!

I’m one highfalutin son of a gun!

I guarantee: Though I scrapped out, I aint tapped out!

I’m the king of New

Friends may flee.

Let’em ditch ya! Snap one pitcha, you’re the king of New

History! Front page story guts and glory, I’m the king…of New York!