New York Girls (2009 Remaster)

Steeleye Span

As I walked down through Chatham Street
A fair maid I did meet,
She asked me to see her home--
She lived in Bleecker Street.
Chorus:
And away you santy, my dear honey,
O you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?
And when we got to Bleecker Street,
We stopped at forty-four,
Her mother and her sister there,
To meet her at the door.
Chorus:
And when I got inside the house,
The drinks were passed around,
The liquor was so awful strong,
My head went round and round.
Chorus:
And then we had another drink,
Before we sat to eat,
The liquor was so awful strong,
I quickly fell asleep.
Chorus:
([Spoken] Henry Crun: Oh, come on, Min; play that modern banjo, Min.)
(Minnie Bannister: Ya pa pa pa pa....)
When I awoke next morning
I had an aching head,
There was I, Jack all alone,
Stark naked in me bed.
Chorus:
My gold watch and my pocketbook
And lady friend were gone;
And there was I, Jack all alone,
Stark naked in the room.
Chorus:
On looking round this little room,
There's nothing I could see,
But a woman's shift and apron
That were no use to me.
Chorus:

With a flour barrel for a suit of clothes,
Down Cherry Street forlorn,
There Martin Churchill took me in,
And sent me 'round Cape Horn.
Chorus:
Sam Waring

Songwriters
HART, TIM / JOHNSON, ROBERT / KEMP, RICK / KNIGHT, PETER / PEGRUM, NIGEL / PRIOR, MADDYPublished by
Lyrics Â© Peermusic Publishing, SPIRIT MUSIC GROUP

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/