

# Streets of New York

## Celtic Thunder

I was 18yrs old when I went down to Dublin  
With a fistful of money and a cartload of dreams  
"Take your time" said me father  
Stop rushing like hell and remember all's not what it seems to be  
For there's fellas would cut ye for the coat on  
yer back  
Or the watch that you got from your mother  
So take care me young bucko  
And mind yourself well and will ya give this wee note to me brother  
At the time Uncle Benjy was a policeman in  
Brooklyn  
And me father the youngest, looked after the farm  
When a phone-call from America said  
'Send the lad over'  
And the oul' fella said 'Sure wouldn't do any harm'  
For I've spent me life working this dirty old ground  
For a few pints of porter and the smell of a pound  
And sure maybe there's something you'll learn or you'll see  
And you can bring it back home make it easy on me  
So I landed in Kennedy and a big yellow taxi  
Carried me and me bags through the streets and the rain  
Well me poor heart was thumpin' around with excitement  
And I hardly even heard what the driver was sayin'  
We came in the Shore Parkway through the flatlands of  
Brooklyn  
To me Uncle's apartment on East 53rd  
I was feeling so happy I was humming a song  
And I sang "You're as free as a bird"  
Well to shorten the story what I found out that day  
Was that Benjy got shot down in an uptown foray  
And while I was flying my way to New York  
Poor Benjy was lying in a cold city morgue.  
Well I phoned up the old fella told him the news  
I could tell he could hardly stand up in his shoes and he wept as he told me  
'Go ahead with the plans  
Never forget be a proud Irishman  
So I went to Nellies beside Fordham road  
And I started to learn about lifting the load  
But the heaviest thing that I carried that year  
Was the bittersweet thought of my hometown so dear  
I went home that December 'cause the oul' fella died,  
Had to borrow some money from Phil on the side  
And all the bright flowers and brass couldn't hide  
The poor wasted face of my father  
I sold up the oul' farmyard for what it was worth  
And into my bag stuck a handful of earth  
Then I caught me a train and I boarded a plane

And I found myself back in the US againIt's been 22yrs since I've set foot in Dublin  
Me kids know to use the correct knife and fork  
But I'll never forget the green grass and the rivers  
As I keep law and order on the streets of New York.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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