

# Rockin' The Bronx

## Black 47

I got a job in a band called Black 47  
I was doin' nothin' special after 11  
Oh we learned some tunes and wrote some songs  
And we bought ourselves a drum machine to keep the beat strong  
Well we bought the Irish people, the Echo and  
the Voice  
And we rang a few bars, said, "We got a new noise"  
And it would please us greatly to come on uptown  
And show you paddies how we get on down  
One o'clock, two o'clock, give us a chance  
All we wanna do is be rockin' the Bronx  
3 o'clock, 4 o'clock what does she want?  
The girl in black leather wants to  
Rock in the, rock in the Bronx  
Oh we got a gig in the village pub  
But the regulars there all said that we sucked  
Then big John Flynn, said, "Oh, no no  
You'll be causin' a riot if I don't let you go"  
Then a Flintstones from the Phoenix gave us a call  
When he heard the beat, he was quite appalled  
"D'yez not know nothin' by Christy Moore?"  
The next thing you be wantin' is Danny boy  
One o'clock, two o'clock, give us a chance  
All we wanna do is be rockin' the Bronx  
3 o'clock, 4 o'clock what does she want?  
The girl in black leather wants to  
Rock in the, rock in the Bronx  
Chris is chillin' on the uileann but he isn't alone  
Here comes Freddy on the slide trombone  
Add a little guitar, Geoff Blythe on the sax  
Gonna shoot you full of our New York fix  
Then we went into the studio and made a tape  
Frank Murray from the Pogues said, "I think that it's great"  
Caligula said, "It could be a hit  
And if it falls on its face, who gives a shit!"  
Now everywhere we go we cause a fuss  
'Coz we play what we like and our sound is us  
It's got a whole lot of hell and a little bit of heaven  
That's the story so far of Black 47  
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All we wanna do is be rockin' the Bronx  
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