

New York Girls

Bellowhead

As I walked down to New York town, a fair maid I did meet

She asked me back to see her place; she lived on Barrack Street
And away, Santy, my dear Annie
Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?And when we got to Barrack Street, we stopped at forty-four

Her mother and her sister were waiting at the door
And away, Santy, my dear Annie

Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?And when I got inside the house, the drinks were passed
around

The liquor was so awful strong, my head went round and round

And then we had another drink before we sat to eat

The liquor was so awful strong, I quickly fell asleep
And away, Santy, my dear Annie

Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?When I awoke next morning, I had an aching head

And there was I Jack all alone, stark naked in me bed

My gold watch and my money and my lady friend were gone

And there was I Jack all alone, stark naked in the room
And away, Santy, my dear Annie

Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?Oh looking round that little room, there's nothing I could see

But a woman's shift and apron that were no use to me

With a barrel for a suit of clothes, down Cherry Street forlorn

Where Martin Churchill took me in and he sent me round Cape Horn
So sailor lads, take warning when you land
on New York shore

You'll have to get up early to be smarter than a whore
And away, Santy, my dear Annie

Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?And away, Santy, my dear Annie

Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?

Songwriters

LAUREN CHRISTY, GRAHAM EDWARDS, SCOTT ALSPACH SPOCK, SAMMY JAMES JR. Published by
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