

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

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