

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

Hey, it would please us greatly to come on uptown

And show you Paddys 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 Rocka the - rocka the - rocka the - rocka 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 flintstone 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! Chris is chillin' on the uilleann 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

Galigula 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

'Cause 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

Songwriters

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