

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 wanta 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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