

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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New York Girls

New York Girls

A D E7 A
As I walked out on South Street, a fair maid I did meet
A D E7 A
Who asked me please to see her home, she lived on Bleecker Street
A D E7 A

cho:: And away, you Johnny, my dear honey

A D E7 A
Oh you New York girls, you love us for our money
I said, "My dear young lady, I'm a stranger here in town
I left my ship just yesterday, from Liverpool I was bound."

I took her out to Tiffany's, I spared her no expense
I bought her two gold earrings, they cost me fifteen cents.

She said, "Come with me, dearie, I'll stand you to a treat
I'll buy you rum and brandy, dear, and tab-nabs for to eat."

And when we reached the barroom, boys, the drinks was handed round
That liquor was so awful strong, my head went round and round.

When the drinking it was over, we straight to bed did go
And little did I ever think she'd prove my overthrow

When I came to next morning, I had an aching head
And there was I, Jack-all-alone, stark naked on the bed

I looked all around the room, but nothing could I see
But a lady's shift and apron which now belonged to me
Everything was silent, the hour was eight o'clock
I put my shift and apron on and headed for the dock

My shipmates seein' me come aboard, these words to me did say
"Well well, old chap, you've lost your cap since last you went away."

"Is this the new spring fashion the ladies wear ashore?
Where is the shop that sells it? Have they got any more?"

The Old Man cried, "Why Jack, my boy, I'm sure I could have found
A better suit than that, by far, to buy for eighty pounds."

So come all you bully sailormen, take warning when ashore

Or else you'll meet some charming girl who's nothing but a whore

Your hard-earned cash will disappear, your rig and boots as well
For Yankee girls are tougher than the other side of Hell.

From John Roberts and Tony Barrant

Alternate chorus:

Oh you New York girls, can't you dnace the polka? [RG]

RPf