

Going Home With Nelly After Five - song lyrics

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Going Home with Nelly After Five.

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, Broadway is a thoroughfare for both the high and low.
There side by side, just like the tide, it's up and down we go.
It's laboring men and working girls, like bees out of a hive.
Among the crowd I'm going home with Nelly after five.

Chorus.

When I hear the whistle blow, then up Broadway I go.
My happiest hour in all the day. as sure as you're alive;
Oh, when I've done my daily toil, oh, with this working girl.
Among the crowd contentedly with Nelly after five.

My Nelly is but seventeen, so gentle, mild and coy;
Quite pretty, too, with eyes of blue, at every working boy.
You'd easy see, they envy me, oh, how they push and strive
To take my place in going home with Nelly after five. - Chorus.

Oh, merchants in the doorways there, and hackmen on the walk.
Oh, young policemen now and then, they all turn round and talk.
"Oh, there she goes!" "Ain't she a rose!" "I knew they would arrive!"
Oh, that's what I hear when going home with Nelly after five.-Chorus.