

# My Coney Island Girl - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

MY CONEY ISLAND GIRL.

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Written and Composed by James Thornton.

I am to love with a nice little girl, she's only sweet sixteen;  
She works down town, just near Park Row And Pearl, she's my queen;  
She has a bicycle, I've got one, too; oh, how delightful it feels;  
On Sunday morning, as daylight is dawning, taking a spin on our wheels.

Chorus.

My Coney Island girl, she's just the sort that you'd like:  
She's got no medals, but oh, don't she look nice on a "bike:"  
She dresses dainty and neat, on her forehead a Marguerite curl;  
I take a trip Sunday, and sometimes on Monday, with my Coney Island girl.

When we reach Coney the pleasure begins, meeting the girls and boys;  
Then take a ride on the big carousal, oh, what joys;  
If we don't want to ride home on a "bike," sometimes we take the last train;  
We sing every ditty that's sung in the city, but always end with this refrain:-Cho.