

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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New York Girls (2)

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As I walked down the Broadway
One evening in July
I met a maid who asked me trade
And a sailor John says I

AND AWAY, YOU SANTEE
MY DEAR ANNIE
OH, YOU NEW YORK GIRLS
CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA?

To Tiffany's I took her
I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings
And they cost me fifteen cents

Says she, 'You Limejuice sailor
Now see me home you may'
But when we reached her cottage door
She this to me did say

My flash man he's a Yankee
With his hair cut short behind
He wears a pair of long sea-boots
And he sails in the Blackball Line

He's homeward bound this evening
And with me he will stay
So get a move on, sailor-boy
Get cracking on your way

So I kissed her hard and proper
Afore her flash man came
And fare ye well, me Bowery gal
I know your little game

I wrapped me glad rags round me
And to the docks did steer
I'll never court another maid
I'll stick to rum and beer

I joined a Yankee blood-boat
And sailed away next morn

Don't ever fool around with gals
You're safer off Cape Horn

MC