

New York Girls

Steeleye Span

As I walked down through Chatham Street
A fair maid I did meet.
She asked me to see her home,
She lived in Bleeker Street. Chorus (after each verse):
And away you Santi,
My dear honey,
Oh you New York girls,
Can't you dance the polka? And when we got to Bleeker Street,
We stopped at forty four.
Her mother and her sister there
To meet her at the door.
And when I got inside the house,
The drinks were passed around.
The liquor was so awful strong,
My head went round and round. And then we had another drink
Before we sat to eat.
The liquor was so awful strong,
I quickly fell asleep. [Ah, come on, Min, play that modern banjo, Min] When I awoke next
morning,
I had an aching head.
There was I Jack-all-alone,
Stark naked in my bed. My gold watch and my pocket-book
And lady friend were gone.
And there was I Jack-all-alone,
Stark naked in my room.
On looking round this little room,
There's nothing I could see,
But a woman's shift and apron
That were no use to me. With a flour barrel for a suit of clothes
Down Cherry Street forlorn,
There Martin Churchill took me in
And sent me round Cape Horn. [I say, are you a matelote? Careful what you say, sir - we're on
board ship here.]

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