

## Wolfe Tones "Streets Of New York"

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I was 18yrs old when  
I went down to Dublin with a fistful  
Of money and a cartload of dreams  
"Take your time" said me father  
Stop rushing like hell and remember all is not what it  
seems to be  
For there's fellas that would cut ye for the coat on yer  
back  
or the watch that you got from your mother so take  
care me old bucko  
And mind yourself well and will ya give this wee note to  
me brother

At the time Uncle Benjy was a policeman in Brooklyn  
And me father the youngest, looked after the farm  
When a phonecall from America said  
'Send the lad over'  
And the oul fella said 'Sure wouldn't do any harm' for  
I've spent me life working this dirty old ground  
For a few pints of porter and the smell of a pound  
And sure maybe there's something you'll learn or you'll  
see  
And you can bring it back home make it easy on me

So I landed in Kennedy and a big yellow taxi  
Carried me and me bags through the streets and the  
rain  
Well me poor heart was thumpin around with  
excitement  
And I hardly even heard what the driver was sayin  
We came in the Shore Parkway to the faltlands of  
Brooklyn  
To me Uncle's apartment on East 53rd  
I was feeling so happy I was humming a song and I  
sang "You're as free as a bird"

Well to shorten the story what I found out that day was  
that Benjy got shot down in an uptown foray and while I  
was flying my way to New York  
Poor Benjy was lying in a cold city morgue.  
Well I phoned up the old fella told him the news  
I could tell he could

Hardly stand up in his shoes and he wept as he told me  
'Go ahead with the plans  
And not to forget be a proud Irish man'

So I went to Nellies beside Fordham road and i started  
to learn about lifting the load  
But the heaviest thing that I carried that year  
Was the bittersweet thought of my hometown so dear  
I went home that December 'cause the oul fella died  
Had to borrow the money from Phil on the side  
And all the brught flowers and brass couldn't hide  
The poor wasted face of me father

I sold up the oul farmyard for what it was worth and  
into my bag stuck  
A handful of earth then I boarded a train and I caught  
me a plane  
And I found meself back in the US again  
It's been 22yrs since  
I've set foot in Dublin  
Me kids know to use the correct knife and fork  
But I'll never forget the green grass and the rivers  
As I keep law and order in the streets of New York.

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