

Gaelic Storm

"New York Girls"

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

Chorus
Away Santee
My Dear Annie
Oh, you New York girls
can't you dance the polka?

To Tiffany's I took her
I didn't mind expense
I bought her a pair of gold earrings
And they cost me fifteen cents

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

Away Santee
My Dear Annie
Oh, you New York girls
can't you dance the polka?

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

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

Away Santee
My Dear Annie
Oh, you New York girls
can't you dance the polka?

I kissed her hard and proper
Afore her flash man came
So fare thee well, you Bowery girl
I know your little game

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

I joined a Yankee blood-boat
And sailed away next morn
Don't mess around with women boys
You're safer 'round Cape Horn

Away Santee
My Dear Annie
Oh, you New York girls
can't you dance the polka?
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