

New York Girls (Can't You Dance The Polka)

G C G D
As I walked out on Broadway, One evening last July
G C G D G
I met a maid who asked me trade, "A Sailor Lad" said I
G C G D
To Tiffany's I took her, I didn't mind expense
G C G D G
I bought her a pair of gold earrings, they cost me fifteen cents.

(Chorus)

G C G D
And it's way Santee, my dear Annie
G C G D G
Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?
G C G D
She said "Me lime-juice sailor, Now take me home you may."
G C G D G
But when we reached her cottage door, She this to me did say
G C G D
"My flashman he's a Yankee, With his hair cut short behind
G C G D G
He wears a pair of black sea boots, he sails in the Black Ball Line."

(Chorus)

G C G D
And it's way Santee, my dear Annie
G C G D G
Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?
G C G D
"And He's homeward bound this evening, And with me he will stay.
G C G D G
So get a move on, sailor-boy. Get cracking on your way."
G C G D
I kissed her hard and proper, before her flashman came
G C G D G
Saying "Fare you well me Bowery girl, I know your little game."

(Chorus)

[then instrumental bridge of half verse and chorus]

G C G D / G C G - D - G (x2)

G C G D
I wrapped me glad rags 'round me, and to the docks did steer
G C G D G
I'll never court another girl; I'll stick to rum and beer.
G C G D
I joined a Yankee blood-boat And sailed away next morn
G C G D G
Don't mess around with women, Boys, You're safer 'round Cape Horn

(Chorus x2)

G C G D
And it's way Santee, my dear Annie
G C G D G
Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?

Coda: (instrumental of chorus)