

Black 47, Rockin' The Bronx

I got a job in a band called Black 47
I was doin' nothin' special after 11
Oh we learned some tunes and wrote some songs
And we bought ourselves a drum machine to keep the beat strong

Well we bought the Irish People, the Echo and the Voice
And we rang a few bars, said "We got a new noise
And it would please us greatly to come on uptown
And show you paddies how we get on down";

One o'clock, two o'clock, give us a chance
All we wanna do is be rockin' the Bronx
3 o'clock, 4 o'clock what does she want?
The girl in black leather wants to
Rock in the, rock in the Bronx

Oh we got a gig in the Village Pub
But the regulars there all said that we sucked
Then Big John Flynn, said "Oh, no no
You'll be causin' a riot if I don't let you go";

Then a flintstone from the Phoenix gave us a call
When he heard the beat, he was quite appalled
"D'yez not know nothin' by Christy Moore?";
The next thing you be wantin' is Danny Boy!

Chris is chillin' on the uileann but he isn't alone
Here comes Freddy on the slide trombone
Add a little guitar, Geoff Blythe on the sax
Gonna shoot you full of our New York fix

Then we went into the studio and made a tape
Frank Murray from the Pogues said "I think that it's great";
Galigula said "It could be a hit,
And if it falls on its face, who gives a shit!";

Now everywhere we go we cause a fuss
Coz we play what we like and our sound is us
It's got a whole lot of hell and a little bit of heaven
That's the story so far of Black '47