

Dean Martin, Beau James

Beau James, Beau James, Beau James
He walked along Broadway
They called him Beau James
The city streets were his pals
The lights were his gals
His favorite flames
He wrote on the sidewalk in big white chalk
Jimmy Walker loves New York
Oh how that love affair
Lit up Times Square
He walked along Broadway and blew her a kiss
The many years have gone by
You still hear her sigh
No kiss was like this
And though the town fell out of love with him
And called him a few unkind names
Yet one will always remember, remain
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