

# Gaelic Storm, New York Girls

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 didnt 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?