## 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?