

The STREETS OF NEW YORK

[G] I WAS EIGHTEEN YEARS [AM] OLD
WHEN I [G] WENT DOWN TO [C] DUBLIN,
WITH A [G] FIST FULL OF [EM] MONEY
AND A [AM] CART LOAD OF [D] DREAMS,
"TAKE YOUR [G] TIME," SAID ME [AM] FATHER -
"STOP [G] RUSHING LIKE [C] HELL -
AND RE- [G] MEMBER NOT [EM] EVERYTHING'S
[D7] ALWAYS WHAT IT [G] SEEMS!
FOR THERE'S [D] FELLAS WOULD [EM] CUT YOU
FOR THE [C] COAT ON YOUR [G] BACK,
OR THE [C] WATCH THAT YOU [EM] GOT FROM YOUR [D] MOTHER,
SO TAKE [G] CARE, ME YOUNG [AM] BUCK-O
AND [G] MIND YOURSELF [C] WELL,
AND WILL YOU [G] GIVE THIS WEE [D7] NOTE TO ME[G] BROTHER?"

AT THE [D] TIME UNCLE BENJE
WAS A [C] POLICE-MAN IN [G] BROOKLYN,
AND ME [D] FATHER THE YOUNGEST
LOOKED [C] AFTER THE [D] FARM,
WHEN A [G] PHONE CALL FROM A - [AM]MERICA
SAID [G] "SEND THE LAD [C] OVER!"
AND THE [G] OULD FELLA [EM] SAID
'TWOULD'NT [D] DO ANY [G] HARM.

"FOR I [C] SPENT ME LIFE [D] WORKING
THIS [G] DIRTY OLD GROUND,
FOR A [C] FEW PINTS OF POR- [D] TER
AND THE [G] SMELL OF A POUND,
AND MAY- [G] BE IF THERE'S [AM] SOMETHING
YOU'LL [G] LEARN OR YOU'LL [C] SEE,
YOU CAN [G] BRING IT BACK [EM] HOME
TO MAKE IT [D] EASY ON [G] ME!"

SO I LANDED AT KENNEDY AND A BIG YELLOW TAXI,
CARRIED ME AND ME BAGS
THROUGH THE STREETS AND THE RAIN,
WELL ME POOR HEART WAS THUMPING AROUND WITH EXCITEMENT,
AND I HARDLY EVEN HEARD WHAT THE DRIVER WAS SAYING.

**WE CAME IN THE SHORE PARKWAY
TO THE FLATLANDS OF BROOKLYN,
TO ME UNCLE'S APARTMENT ON EAST 53RD,
I WAS FEELING SO HAPPY I WAS HUMMING A SONG,
AND I SANG "YOU'RE AS FREE AS A BIRD!"**

**WELL TO SHORTEN THE STORY - WHAT I FOUND OUT THAT DAY
WAS THAT BENJY GOT SHOT DOWN IN AN UPTOWN AFFRAY
AND WHILE I WAS FLYING MY WAY TO NEW YORK,
POOR BENJY WAS LYING IN A COLD CITY MORGUE!**

**WELL I PHONED UP THE OULD FELLA TOLD HIM THE NEWS,
I COULD TELL HE COULD HARDLY STAND UP IN HIS SHOES,
AND HE WEPT AS HE TOLD ME GO AHEAD WITH THE PLAN,
AND NOT TO FORGET - BE A PROUD IRISHMAN!**

**SO I WENT OFF TO NELLY'S BESIDE FORDHAM ROAD,
AND I STARTED TO LEARN ABOUT LIFTING THE LOAD,
BUT THE HEAVIEST THING THAT I CARRIED THAT YEAR,
WAS THE BITTER SWEET THOUGHT OF MY HOME TOWN SO DEAR.**

**I WENT HOME THAT DECEMBER CAUSE THE OULD FELLA DIED
HAD TO BORROW THE MONEY FROM PHIL ON THE SIDE -
AND ALL THE BRIGHT FLOWERS AND BRASS COULDN'T HIDE
THE POOR WASTED FACE OF ME FATHER.**

**I SOLD UP THE OLD FARMYARD FOR WHAT IT WAS WORTH,
AND INTO ME BAG STUCK A HAND FULL OF EARTH,
THEN I BOARDED A TRAIN AND I CAUGHT ME A PLANE,
AND I FOUND MYSELF BACK IN THE U.S. AGAIN!**

**IT'S BEEN TWENTY TWO YEARS SINCE I SET FOOT IN DUBLIN,
THE KIDS KNOW TO USE THE CORRECT KNIFE AND FORK,
BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET THE GREEN GRASS AND THE RIVERS,
AS I KEEP LAW AND ORDER ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK!**