

New York Girls

The Kingston Trio

Aaah, aaah
Shipmates listen unto me.
I'll tell you in my song
Of the things that happened to me
When I come home from Hong Kong.

To me way, you Sandy, my dear Annie.
Oh, you New York girls,
Can't you dance the polka?

As I walked down to Chatham Street,
A fair maid I did meet.
She asked me, please, to see her home.
She lived on Bleecker Street.
Now, if you'll only come with me,
You can have a treat.
You can have a glass of brandy
And something nice to eat.

To me way, you Sandy, my dear Annie.
Oh, you New York girls,
Can't you dance the polka?

Before we sat down to eat,
We had sev'ral drinks.
The liquor was so awful strong,
I quickly fell asleep.

To me way, you Sandy, my dear Annie.
Oh, you New York girls,
Can't you dance the polka?

When I awoke next mornin',
I had an achin' head.
My gold watch and my pocketbook
And the lady friend had fled.
Now looking 'round this little room,
Nothin' could I see
But a woman's shoes, an apron,
Which now belonged to me, to me.

To me way, you Sandy, my dear Annie.
Oh, you New York girls,
Can't you dance the polka?

Now dressed in the lady's apron,
I wandered most forlorn
'Till Martin Churchill took me in
And he sent me round Cape Horn.

To me way, you Sandy, my dear Annie.
Oh, you New York girls,
Can't you dance the polka?
To me way, you Sandy, my dear Annie.
Oh, you New York girls,
Can't you dance the polka?