

Streets Of New York

The Mahones

I remember the days, on 204th street,
in the Bronx New York, where everyone would meet
It was Friday Night and we packed the streets
And everyone waited for Rory
Well we went down to the 20s, to shoot some pool,
And there I saw Rocky acting the fool
He had a few too many whiskeys on his dirty bar stool
And everyone's cheeks they were glowing
[Chorus:]

So long to all my friends
fare-thee-well, we'll meet again
Au revoir, rich Americans
On the streets of New York, Sayonnara my friends
We got all our cash and we went to the bars
And we drank til we all had too many jars
I checked out the scene all that I saw were stars
And everyone started to roll
The clock struck four, they locked up the door
And we danced as the bartender, he poured us more
We danced and we drank and I fell to the floor
The we all headed home in the morning
[Chorus]

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