

# The Streets of New York

The Wolfe Tones

I was eighteen years old  
When I went down to Dublin,  
With a fistfull of money  
And a cartload of dreams,  
Take your time  
Said me father,  
Stop rushing like hell,  
And remember all is not  
What it seems to be,  
For there's fellas would cut ye  
For the coat on yer back,  
Or the watch that ye got  
From yer mother,  
So take care me young buck-o  
And mind yourself well,  
And will ye give this wee note  
To me brother.

At the time Uncle Benjy  
Was a policeman in Brooklyn,  
And me father the youngest  
Looked after the farm,  
When a phonecall from America  
Said 'Send the lad over',  
Well the old fella said  
'It wouldn't do any harm',  
For I spent me life working  
This dirty old ground,  
For a few pints of porter  
And the smell of a pound,  
And sure maybe there's something  
You learn loyalty,  
And you can bring it back home,  
Make a duty on 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 thumpin'  
Around with excitement,  
And I hardly ever heard  
What the driver was saying,  
We came in the Shore Parkway  
To the Flatlands of Brooklyn,  
To my Uncles apartment  
On East 53rd,  
I was fellin' so happy  
I was hummin' 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 foray,  
And while I was flyin'

My way to New York,  
Poor Benjy was lying  
In a cold city morgue,  
Well I phoned up the old fella  
Told him the news,  
I could tell he could hardly  
Stand up in his shoes,  
And he wept as he said  
'Go ahead with the plan',  
And not to forget  
Be a proud Irishman.

So I went up to Nellies  
Beside Fordham Road,  
And I started to learn  
About lifting the load,  
But the heaviest thing  
I carried that year,  
Was the bittersweet thoughts  
Of my hometown so dear,  
I went home that December  
'Cause the old fella died,  
Had to borrow some money  
From a 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 handful of earth,  
Then I boarded a train  
And I caught me a plane,  
And I found myself back  
In the US again,  
Its been twenty two years  
Since I set foot in Dublin,  
Me kids know to use  
The correct knife and fork,  
But I never will forget  
The green grass and the rivers,  
As I keep law and order  
On the streets of New York.