

Can't ye Dance the Polka

Also known as New York Girls

As I walked out on Broadway, one evening in July
I met a maid who asked my trade, "A Sailor John" said I

Chorus

*Then away, you Santee, my dear Annie
Oh you New York girls, can't ya dance the polka?*

To Tiffany's I took her, I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings, they cost me fifty cents.

Sez she "You lime-juice sailor, Now take me home you may."
But when we reached her cottage door, she this to me did say:

"My flashman he's a Yankee, with his hair cut short behind
He wears a pair of long sea boots, he's a Bosun in the Black Ball
Line."

"He's homeward bound this evening, and with me he will stay.
And so be gone you sailor-boy, you'd best be on your way."

I kissed her hard and proper, afore her flashman came
Then "Fare you well you Bowery girl, I know your little game."

I wrapped my glad rags around me, and to the docks did steer
I'll never court another maid, I'll stick to me rum and beer.

I joined a Yankee blood-boat, and sailed away next morn
Don't ever trust no Bowery gals, yer safer round Cape Horn.