

The Streets of New York

G Am7 G6/B C
I was eighteen years old when I went down to Dublin

G Em Am7 D D
with a fist full of money and a cartload of dreams

G Am7 G6/B C
"Take your time" said me father, "stop rushin' like Hell,

G Em D G G
and remember all's not what it seems to be"

D Em C G
"For there's fellas that will cut you for the coat on your back,

C Em D D
or the watch that you got from your mother"

G Am7 G6/B C
"So take care me young bucko and mind yourself well,

G D G G
and would you give this wee note to my brother?"

D D C G
At the time Uncle Benjy was a policeman in Brooklyn

D D C D D
my father the youngest looked after the farm

G Am7 G6/B C
then a phone call from America said, "Send the lad over!"

G Em D G G
and the old fellow said, "Sure it wouldn't do any harm."

C D G G
"For I spent my life working this dirty old ground

C D G G
for a few pints of porter and the smell of a pound.

G Am7 G6/B C
Sure then maybe there's somethin' you'll learn or you'll see

G Em D G Am7 G6/B D
you can bring it back home, make it easy on me."

G Am7 G6/B C
So I landed at Kennedy and a big yellow taxi
G Em Am7 D D
carried me and my bags through the streets and the rain
G Am7 G6/B C
My poor heart was thumpin' around with excitement
G Em D G G
I hardly even heard what the driver was sayin'.

D Em C G
We came in the Shore Parkway through the flatlands in Brooklyn
C Em D D
to my uncle's apartment on East 53rd
G Am7 G6/B C
I was feeling so happy I was hummin' a song
G D G G
and I sang "You're as Free as a Bird."

D D C G
But to shorten the story what I found out that day
D D C G G
was that Benjy got shot down in an uptown foray
G Am7 G6/B C
and while I was flyin' my way to New York
G Em D G G
poor Benjy was lyin' in a cold City morgue.

C D G G
I phoned up the ould fella told him the news
C D G G
I could tell he could hardly stand up in his shoes
G Am7 G6/B C
and he wept when he told me, "Go ahead with the plan,
G Em D G Am7 G6/B E7
and not to forget, be a proud Irish man."

A Bm C#m D
So I went up to Nelly's beside Fordham Road
A F#m Bm E E
and I started to learn about liftin' a load
A Bm C#m D
but the heaviest thing that I carried that year
A F#m E A A
were the bittersweet thoughts of my hometown so dear.

E F#m D A
I went home that December 'cause the ould fella died
D F#m E E
had to borrow the money from Phil on the side
A Bm C#m D
and all the bright flowers and brass couldn't hide
A E A A
the poor wasted face of me father.

E E D A
I sold off the old farmyard for what it was worth
E E D E E
and into my bag stuck a handful of earth
A Bm C#m D
then I boarded a train and I caught me a plane
A F#m E A A
and I found myself back in the US again.

D E A A
It's been twenty two years since I set foot in Dublin
D E A A A
my kids know to use the correct knife and fork
A Bm C#m D
But I'll never forget the green grass and the rivers
A F#m E A Bm C#m E
as I keep law and order in the streets of New York.

A Bm C#m D A F#m Bm E E
Na na na ----
A Bm C#m D A F#m E A
Na na na -----