

CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA

couplet 1: AS I STROLLED DOWN THE BROADWAY,
ONE EVENIN' IN JULY
I MET A MAID WHO AX'D ME TRADE,
AN' A SAILOR JOHN, SEZ I...

refrein: THEN AWAY, YOU SANTEE,
MY DEAR ANNIE,
OH, YE NEW YORK GIRLS,
CAN'T YE DANCE THE POLKA?

couplet 2: TO TIFFANY'S I TOOK HER,
I DID NOT MIND EXPENSE,
I BOUGHT HER TWO GOLD EARRINGS,
AN' THEY COST ME FIFTEEN CENTS.

couplet 3: SEZ SHE, 'YOU LIMEJUICE SAILOR,
NOW SEE ME HOME YOU MAY.'
BUT WHEN WE REACHED HER COTTAGE DOOR,
SHE THIS TO ME DID SAY.

couplet 4: MY FLASH MAN HE 'S A YANKEE,
WID HIS HAIR CUT SHORT BEHIND,
HE WEARS A PAIR O' LONG SEA-BOOTS,
AN' HE SAILS IN THE BLACKBALL LINE

couplet 5: HE 'S HOMEWARD BOUND THIS EVENING,
AN' WID ME HE WILL STAY,
SO GIT A MOVE ON, SAILOR-BOY,
GIT CRACKIN'ON YER WAY.

couplet 6: I KISSED HER HARD AN' PROPER,
AFORE HER FLASH MAN CAME,
AN' FARE-YE-WELL, ME BOWERY GEL,
I KNOW YER LITTLE GAME.

couplet 7: I WRAPPED ME GLAD RAGS ROUND ME,
AN' TO THE DOCKS DID STEER.
I'LL NEVER COURT ANOTHER MAID,
I'LL STICK TO RUM AN'BEER.

couplet 8: I JOINED A YANKEE BLOOD-BOAT,
AN' SAILED AWAY NEXT MORN.
DON'T EVER MESS WITH BOWERY GIRLS,
YER SAFER OFF CAPE HORN!

