Oh, You New York Girls

Sea Shanty



She said "My lime juice sailor, now take me home you may,"
But when we reached her cottage door she this to me did say,
"My flash man he's a yankee with his hair cut short behind,
He wears a pair of black sea boots and he sails in the Black Ball Line.

"And he's homeward bound this evening and with me he will stay So get a move on sailor lad, get crackin' on your way!" I kissed her hard and proper before her flash man came It's fare thee well, you bowry girl, I know your little game. I wrapped my glad rags round me and to the docks did steer,
I'll never court another lass, I'll stick to rum and beer!

I joined a yankee blood boat and sailed away next morn,

Don't mess around with women, boys, you're safer 'round Cape Horn.