

## Streets of New York

Celtic Thunder

I was 18 years old when I went down to Dublin  
With a fistful 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 you for the coat on yer back  
Or the watch that you got from your mother  
So take care, me young bucko, and mind yourself well  
And will ya give this wee note to me brother?"

At the time Uncle Benji was a policeman in Brooklyn  
And me father, the youngest, looked after the farm  
When a phone call from America said, "Send the lad over."  
The old fella said, "Sure. Wouldn't do any harm  
For I've spent my 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'll learn or you'll see  
And you can bring it back home make it easy on me."

So I landed in Kennedy and a big yellow taxi  
Carried me and my bags through the streets and the rain  
Well, me poor heart was thumpin' around with excitement  
And I hardly even heard what the driver was sayin'  
We came in the Shore Parkway to the flatlands of Brooklyn  
To me Uncle's apartment on East 53rd  
I was feeling so happy I was humming 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 Benji got shot down in an uptown foray  
And while I was flying my way to New York  
Poor Benji 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 told me, "Go ahead with the plans  
Never forget: Be a proud Irish man."

So I went down to Nellie's beside Fordham Road  
And I started to learn about lifting the load  
But the heaviest thing that 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 Phil on the side  
And all the bright flowers and brass couldn't hide  
The poor, wasted face of my father

I sold up the old farmyard for what it was worth  
And into my bag stuck a handful of earth  
Then I caught me a train and I boarded a plane  
And I found myself back in the US again  
It's been twenty two years since I've set foot in Dublin  
My kids know to use the correct knife and fork  
But I'll never forget the green grass and the rivers  
As I keep law and order on the streets of New York  
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