

Can't You Dance the Polka?

Men: As I came down the Bowery
One evening in July;
I met a maid who asked my trade
And a sailor John said I

Refrain: **Then away, you santee,**
My dear Annie,
Oh, you New York girls,
Can't you dance the Polka?

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

Refrain

Women: Sez she, "you lime juice sailor,
Now see me home you may."
All: But when we reached her cottage door,
She unto me did say:

Refrain

All: "My young man he's a sailor,
With his hair cut short behind,
He wears a tarry jumper,
An' he sails the Black Ball line."

Refrain x2