

Streets of New York

Liam Reilly

1

C G7 C/E F C Am7 G7 C F

9

1. I was eight-teen years old when I went down to Dub lin with a fist-ful of mo-ney and a
2. lan-ded at Kennedy and a big yel-low ta xi car-ried me and my bags through the

C C G7 C F C Am7

16

cart-load of dreams Take your time said my fa-ther Stop rush-ing like hell And re-mem-ber all is
streets and the rain Well my poor heart was thum pin' a-round with ex-cite-ment And I hard-ly e-ven

Dm G C Dm C/E F C

23

not what it seems to be. For there's fel-las would cut you for the coat on your back Or the
heard what the driver was saying. We came in the shore Park way to the flat lands in Brook-lyn To my

Am7 G7 C F C G Am7 F C

31 F C G F/A G7/B C Dm C/E F

watch that you got from your mo ther — So take care me young buck-o — and mind your self — well And will you
un cle's a - part ment on East 53rd I was fee lin so hap py I was hum min' a song And I

39 C G7 C F C G F C

give this wee note — to my bro-ther. — At the time un-cle Pad-dy — was a police man in Brook lyn — And my
sang you're as free as a bird. Well to shor ten the sto ry what I found out that day Was that

47 G F G C Dm C/E

fa-ther the youn-gest — looked af-ter the farm — When a phone call from A - me ri ca said 'send the lad —
Ben - jy got shot in an up - town for - ay And while I was fly - in' my way to New

54 F C Am7 G7 C F C F

over' — Well the ould fel-la — said — sure it would n't do a ny — harm. For I spent my life
York Poor Ben - jy was ly ing in a cold ci - ty morgue. Well I phoned up the