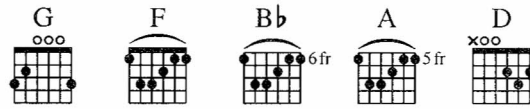
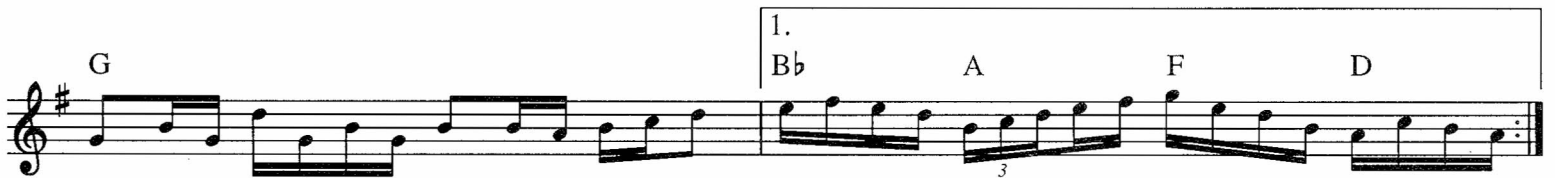


ROCKIN' THE BRONX



Words and Music by
LARRY KIRWAN

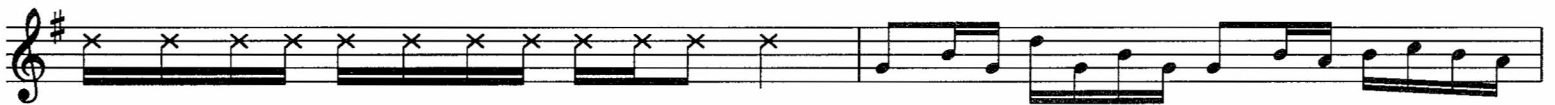
Rock steady
Excerpt from "Miss McLeods" Trad. Reel



1. I got a job in a band _ called Black _ For - ty - Sev - en I was
2.,3. See additional lyrics



do - in' noth - in' spe - cial af - ter e - lev - en Oh we learned some tunes, wrote some songs _ (And)



bought our - selves a drum ma - chine to keep the beat strong.



B \flat A F D G

Oh then we bought the I-rish peo-ple, the Ec - ho and the Voice

Rang a few bars - said, "We got - a new noise - And it would please us great - ly to come on up - town - And

To Coda ⊕

show you Pad - dies how we get on down - One o'clock, two o'clock give us a chance -

F G

All we wan-na do is be rock-in' the Bronx - Three o'clock four o'clock what do we want -

B \flat A F D G

All we wan-na do is be rock-in' the rock-in' the Bronx -

F G

1.
B \flat A F D

2. Oh oh we

2.
B \flat A F D G

B \flat A F D G

(Well) Chris is chill-in' on the uille-ann but he is-n't a-lone -



Here comes Fred - dy on the slide trom-bone Add a lit - tle gui - tar _ Geoff Blythe_ on the sax _ Gon - na



shoot you full _ of our New York fix Noise



3. Then we



One o'clock, two o'clock give us a chance _ All we wan-na do is be rock-in' the Bronx _



Three o'clock four o'clock { what do we want _ all we wanna do is be } rock-in' the rock-in' the
 { what does she want _ The girl in black leath-er wants to }

Additional lyrics

2. (Oh oh) We got a gig in the Village Pub
 But the regulars there all said that we sucked (You suck!)
 Then big John Flynn said, "Oh, no no
 You'll be causin' a riot if I don't let you go"
 (But) then a flintstone from the Phoenix gave us a call
 When he heard the beat he was quite appalled
 "Do yez not know nothin' by Christy Moore?"
 The next thing you'll be wantin' is Danny Boy!

3. Then we went into the studio, made a tape
 Frank Murray from the Pogues said, "I think that it's great"
 Galigula said, "It could be a hit
 And if it falls on its face, who gives a shit!"
 Now everywhere we go we cause a fuss
 'Cause we play what we like and our sound is us
 It's got a whole lotta hell, a little bit of heaven
 That's the story so far of Black 47