

Dirty old town.

The Pogues

I met my love
by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream
by the old canal
I kissed my girl
by the factory wall

Dirty old town
Dirty old town

Clouds are drifting
across the moon
Cats are prowling
on their beat
Spring's a girl
from the streets at night

Dirty old town
Dirty old town

I heard a siren
from the docks
Saw a train
set the night on fire
I smelled the spring
on the smoky wind

Dirty old town
Dirty old town

I'm gonna make me
a good sharp axe
Shining steel
tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down
like an old dead tree

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