Pogues, Dirty Old Town

I met my love by the gas works wall Dreamed a dream by the old canal Kissed my girl by the factory wall Dirty old town Dirty old town Clouds a drifting across the moon Cats a 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 going to make me a big sharp axe Shining steel tempered in the fire I'll chop you down like an old dead tree Dirty old town

Dirty old town

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