

# Pogues, London You're A Lady

Ah London you're a lady  
Laid out before my eyes  
Your heart of gold it pulses  
Between your scarred up thighs  
Your eyes are full of sadness  
Red busses skirt your hem  
Your head-dress is a ring of lights  
But I would not follow them  
Your architects were madmen  
Your builders sane but drunk  
Among your faded jewels  
Shine acid house and punk

You are a scarlet lady  
Your streets run red with blood  
Oh my darling they have used you  
And covered you with mud  
It was deep down in your womb my love  
I drank my quart of sin  
While chinamen played cards and draughts  
And knocked back mickey finns

Your piss is like a river  
Its scent is beer and gin  
Your hell is in the summer  
And you blossom in the spring  
September is your purgatory  
Christmas is your heaven  
And when the stinking streets of summer  
Are washed away by rain  
At the dark end of a lonely street  
That's where you lose your pain  
'Tis then your eyes light up my love  
And sparkle once again