

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