

# The Pogues, Misty Morning, Albert Bridge

(Jem Finer)

I dreamt we were standing  
By the banks of the Thames  
Where the cold grey waters ripple  
In the misty morning light  
Held a match to your cigarette  
Watched the smoke curl in the mist  
Your eyes, blue as the ocean between us  
Smiling at me

I awoke alone and lonely  
In a faraway place  
The sun fell cold upon my face  
The cracks in the ceiling spelt hell  
Turned to the wall  
Pulled the sheets around my head  
Tried to sleep, and dream my way  
Back to you again

Count the days  
Slowly passing by  
Step on a plane  
And fly away  
I'll see you then  
As the dawn birds sing  
On a cold and misty morning  
By the Albert Bridge