

The Pogues, Oretown

The night stank of diesel
And a stranger came to town
A cold wind blowing
And the rain pouring down
Street lights flicker
And the power lines moan
The moon beat down
On a river of bone
Someone put the lights out
No one make a sound
You won't find a thing
Down in Oretown

Foundry spits fire and smoke
Air's foul and choking
Sky full of sulphur
Mountains flat and broken
Black fogs and whirlwinds
Thunder and rain
Open drink madness
And purple mad pain
The circus is over
Exit the clowns
Nobody's laughing
Down in Oretown

The ship's in the harbour
Cargo's been pawned
Barrooms spilling sailors
All shipwrecked at dawn
Smelling of salt and rust
Uniforms torn
Came looking for flowers
Only found thorns
Dreaming of mermaids
In pearly white gowns
tain is sleeping
Down in Oretown

There's a madman down on mainstreet
Eyes all aflame
Laughing in the thunder
Of the Number 9 train
Selling old postcards in rusty frames
A thousand views of Oretown
And they all look the same
Dressed up in sandals
And a barbed wire crown
A lot of people loose their minds
Down in Oretown

Lock up the lawman
Let go the thief
Rounding up the grey men
Nail them to a tree
This town was a palace
This town was aglow
Then the sky burned orange
And the iron river flowed
The night stank of diesel
A stranger came to town
The night folded over
Down in Oretown