

# Dogs Damour, Cardboard Town

(3:10)

Life is wicked in wino city  
Life down here just ain't pretty  
We get to the "Nitty Gritty"  
You can smell the stench of vagabond city  
Life used to be sex, smack and tears  
For a dirty hero playin' guitars for those years  
To make a few Quid for breakfast at Sids  
And a pack o'ten tabs for him n' his missus  
An all those people hit me  
They just knock me down  
in cardboard town, come on down, cardboard town  
>From the Irish to the rich who have fallen from grace  
To the battered wife took one too many on the face  
The husband is drunk n' so absurd  
To the people who give up the world  
An all those people hit me  
They just knock me down  
in cardboard town, come on down, cardboard town  
Down in the gutter sleepin' with the dogs  
Talkin' to the fleas, rats, n' the hogs  
Drinkin' the grain that'll rot my brain  
Leavin' thunderbird city on the next nighttrain  
An all those people hit me  
They just knock me down  
in cardboard town, come on down, cardboard town  
Come on down, irish n' slick guys hang around  
25 cents if you got any sense