

Frank Black, Dirty Old Town

I met a girl by the factory wall
I dreamed a dream by the old canal
And I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

Clouds adrift across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Springs a girl from the street at night
Dirty old town
Another dirty old town "(Hey!)"

I heard a siren on the dock
I saw a train light the night on fire
I smelled a spring on the smoky wind
That dirty old town
Dirty old town

I'm going to build a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
And I'll cut you down like an old dead tree
In that dirty old town
Dirty old town
In that dirty old town
Dirty old town