

# Pogues, Dark Streets Of London

I like to walk in the summer breeze  
Down Dalling Road by the dead old trees  
And drink with my friends  
In the Hammersmith Broadway  
Dear dirty delightful old drunken old days

Then the winter came down and I loved it so dearly  
The pubs and the bookies where you'd spend all your time  
And the old men that were singing  
When the roses bloom again  
And turn like the leaves  
To a new summertime

Now the winter comes down  
I can't stand the chill  
That comes to the streets around Christmas time  
And I'm bugged to damnation  
And I haven't got a penny  
To wander the dark streets of London

Every time that I look on the first day of summer  
Takes me back to the place where they gave ECT  
And the drugged up psychos  
With death in their eyes  
And how all of this really  
Means nothing to me

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