Pogues, Misty Morning Albert Bridge

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 so cold 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 dawnbirds sing
On a cold and misty morning
By the Albert Bridge