

# Pogues, White City

Here a tower shinning bright  
Once stood gleaming in the night  
Where now there's just the rubble  
In the hole here the paddies and the frogs  
Came to gamble on the dogs  
Came to gamble on the dogs not long ago

Oh the torn up ticket stubs  
From a hundred thousand mugs  
Now washed away with dead dreams in the rain  
And the car-parks going up  
And they're pulling down the pubs  
And its just another bloody rainy day

Oh sweet city of my dreams  
Of speed and skill and schemes  
Like Atlantis you just disappeared from view  
And the hare upon the wire  
Has been burnt upon your pyre  
Like the black dog that once raced  
Out from trap two