

T.Love, Dirty streets of London

I came from fuckin' Poland
And tried to find some money in the West
I chose this fuckin' city
Because I thought it could be the best
To break my misery
To drink one drop of happiness
With my rock'n'roll heart
You know I was a special guest

Oh dirty streets Oh dirty, dirty streets of London
Red buses in the rain
Oh dirty streets of pain

I spend some time in subways
And then I found some fuckin' pub
Some drunken guys were singing
The old sad song about the thing called love

I was looking for you babe
Where city lights are shining bright
Oh, babe i saw you there
Where a dirty river gently cries

Oh dirty streets Oh dirty, dirty streets of London
Red buses in the rain
Oh dirty streets of pain

I wake up in the morning
And walked along the crowded streets
Where a thousands of people sailed
Between the cars in the midday heat

I love this fucking city
Where neon lights could make you rest
I come from fuckin' Poland
To find some money in the West
Oh dirty streets Oh dirty, dirty streets of London
Red buses in the rain
Oh dirty streets of pain