

Dirty Old Town

Fiddler's Green

I met my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the breeze on the smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the streets
Cats are prowling on their beat
Spring's a girl on the streets at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm going to make me a big sharp axe - axe!
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll cut you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town

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