

# Dirty Old Town

Frank Black

I met a girl by the factory wall  
I dreamed a dream by the old canal  
And I kissed my girl by the factory wall  
Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

Clouds adrift across the moon  
Cats are prowling on their beat  
Springs a girl from the street at night  
Dirty old town  
Another dirty old town

I heard a siren on the dock  
I saw a train light the night on fire  
I smelled a spring on the smoky wind  
That dirty old town  
Dirty old town

I'm going to build a good sharp axe  
Shining steel tempered in the fire  
And I'll cut you down like an old dead tree  
In that dirty old town  
Dirty old town  
In that dirty old town  
Dirty old town