

## Dark Streets of London

The Pogues

I like to walk in the summer breeze  
Down Dalling Road by the dead old trees  
And drink with my friends in the Hammersmith Broadway  
Dear, dirty, delightful, old drunken old days

Then the winter came down and I loved it so dearly  
The pubs and the bookies where you'd spend all your time  
And the old men that were singing when the roses bloom again  
And turn like the leaves to a new summertime

Now the winter comes down, I can't stand the chill  
That comes to the streets around Christmas time  
I'm buggered to damnation and I haven't got a penny  
To wander the dark streets of London

And every time that I look on the first day of summer  
Takes me back to the place where they gave ECT  
And the drugged up psychos with death in their eyes  
And how all of this really means nothing to me

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