

# Dirty Old Town

The Pogues

Met my love, by the gas yard wall  
Dreame'd a dream, by the old canal

Kissed my girl, by the factory wall  
Dirty old town, dirty old town

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

Heard a siren from the dock  
Saw a train set the night on fire  
smelled the breeze on the smokey wind  
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm going to make a big sharp axe  
Shining steel tempered in the fire  
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree  
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