

Dirty Old Town

The Pogues

Met my love, by the gas yard wall
Dreamed 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
Dirty old town, dirty old town

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