

# The Old Main Drag

The Pogues

When I first came to London I was only sixteen  
With a fiver in my pocket and my ole dancing bag  
I went down to the dilly to check out the scene  
And I soon ended up on the old main drag

There the he-males and the she-males paraded in style  
And the old man with the money would flash you a smile  
In the dark of an alley you'd work for a fiver  
For a swift one off the wrist down on the old main drag

In the cold winter nights the old town it was chill  
But there were boys in the cafes who'd give you cheap pills  
If you didn't have the money you'd cajole or you'd beg  
There was always lots of tuinol on the old main drag

One evening as I was lying down by Leicester Square  
I was picked up by the coppers and kicked in the balls  
Between the metal doors at Vine Street I was beaten and mauled  
And they ruined my good looks for the old main drag

In the tube station the old ones who were on the way out  
Would dribble and vomit and grovel and shout  
And the coppers would come along and push them about  
And I wished I could escape from the old main drag

And now I'm lying here I've had too much booze  
I've been spat on and shat on and raped and abused  
I know that I am dying and I wish I could beg  
For some money to take me from the old main drag