

Dirty Old Town

Roger Whittaker

Found my love by the gaswork croft
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard a siren from the dock
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelled the spring on the sulfured wind
Dirty old town, whoa-oh, dirty old town

We're goin' to take a good sharp axe
Shining steel, tempered in the fire
And we'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town
Dirty old town, whoa-oh, dirty old town

And, oh, we'll chop you down
Oh, dirty, dirty, dirty old town
Dirty old town, dirty old town
And, oh, whoa-oh dirty old town
Chop you down one of these days