

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

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

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

To wander the dark streets of London
To wander the dark streets of London