

# Dirty Old Town

## The Dubliners

I met my love by the gas works wall  
Dreamed a dream by the old canal  
I 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 from the streets at night  
Dirty old town  
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I heard a siren from the docks  
Saw a train set the night on fire  
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind  
Dirty old town  
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I'm going to make me a good sharp axe  
Shining steel tempered in the fire  
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree  
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