

Dirty Old Town

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

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
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
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I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
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