

## The Dubliners

### "Dirty old town"

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I met my love by the gas works wall  
Dreamed a dream by the old canal  
Kissed my girl by the factory wall

Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

Clouds a drifting across the moon  
Cats a prowling on their beat  
Spring's a girl from the streets at night

Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

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  
Dirty old town

I'm going to make me a good sharp axe  
Shining steel tempered in the fire  
Will chop you down like an old dead tree

Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

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Dreamed a dream by the old canal  
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