

## Dubliners, The

### "Dirty Old Town"

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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.

I heard a siren from the docks,  
Saw a train set the night on fire,  
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind.

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.

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

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