London Girl

The Pogues

The devil moon took me through the alley
Down by the Kardomah and the Centrale
To the mews running through the backstreets
Where the Blacks sold fire and sleep

The devil moon took me out of Soho
Up to Camden where the cold north winds blow
Sucked along by a winter shower
To stand beside your shining tower

This could be our final dance
This could be our very last chance
Just the sound of your voice
Wherever I may be changes everything
And then the world's all right with me

You're my London girl
The way that you walk
You're my London girl
The way that you talk
Just the sound of your voice
And I ain't got no choice

The light was going out, the moon was dying
The night was turning to a fine spring morning
The dogs were barking and the kids were shouting
The sun was splashing in a crystal fountain

When the cold winds come and find you
Blowing down from the top of the high rise
I'll come and take you back down to Soho
Away from all those mad men's eyes

This could be our final dance
This could be our very last chance
And if you cut me, don't you think I feel
Is this body made of clay, is this heart made of steel

You're my London girl
The way that you walk

You're my London girl
The way that you talk
Just the sound of your voice
And I ain't got no choice

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