

Victoria

Shane MacGowan And The Popes

Down the dirty old streets
The Angel of the East is calling
And with a trembling hand
I open up a can
I can hear a baby bawling Before I open up my eyes
I can feel her love inside me
But then I realize
My girl with green eyes
Is no longer there beside me Victoria, you left me in opium euphoria
With a fat monk singing Gloria
My girl with green eyes Only you see that I am lazy
Don't care about fame
Nor money like a child
And I'm just like a child
Who's forgotten how to smile All the people are so busy
I have nothing to bother about
It seems that I'm different
Seems that I am strange
I'm a bumpkin, I'm a lout Some day I know
I'll put my pipe aside and hit the road
However far away I have to go
To find my girl with green eyes Some day I know
I'll put my pipe aside and hit the road
However far away I have to go
To find my girl with green eyes Victoria, my girl with green eyes

Songwriters

MACGOWAN, SHANE PATRICK LYSAGHT Published by

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