

# Dirty Old Town

[Steve Earle](#)

I met my love by the gas works wall  
Dreamed a dream by the old canal  
Kissed a 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 in the street at night  
Dirty old town  
Dirty old town Heard a siren from the docks  
Saw a train set the night on fire  
Smelled the spring on the smokey wind  
Dirty old town  
Dirty old town I'm going to make 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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