Dirty Old Town

The Dubliners

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
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
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town
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