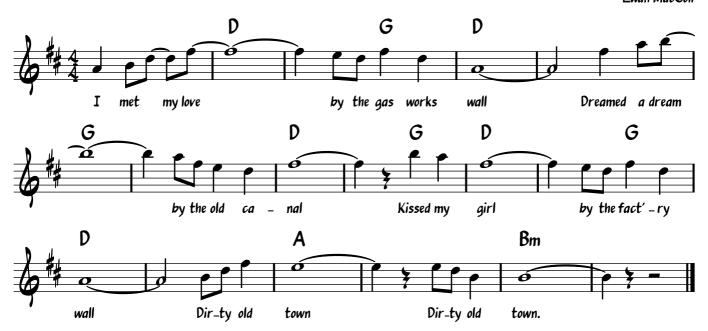
Dirty Old Town

Ewan MacColl



Clouds are driftin' across the moon
Cats are prowlin' on their beat
There springs a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I heard a siren coming from the docks
I saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I'm going to make me a good sharp axe Sharpen steel tempered in the fire I'll cut you down like an old dead tree Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I met my love by the gas works wall Dreamed a dream by the old canal Kissed my girl by the fact'ry wall Dirty old town, dirty old town.