



Dirty old town

I met my love by the gas works wall
 Dreamed a dream by the old canal
 I kissed my girl by the factory wall
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Clouds are drifting across the moon
 Cats are prowling on their beat
 Spring's a girl from the streets at night
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I heard a siren from the docks
 Saw a train set the night on fire
 I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
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I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe
 Shining steel tempered in the fire
 I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
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Photographies :
 Patrick Donald "Dublin"
 Chanson écrite par : Ewan MacColl
 en 1949 et popularisée par :
 The Dubliners, The Pogues

