



# Dirty Old Town

Ewan MacColl

I found my love, on the gas works crofts  
 Dreamed a dream, by the old canal  
 Kissed my girl by the factory wall  
 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 smokey wind  
 Dirty Old Town; Dirty Old Town

Clouds are drifting across the moon  
 Cats are prowling on their beat  
 Spring's a girl in the streets at night  
 Dirty Old Town; Dirty Old Town

I'm going to make a good sharp ax  
 Shining steel tempered in the fire  
 I'll chop you down like an old dead tree  
 Dirty Old Town, Dirty Old Town


