Dirty old town

I met my love by the gas works wall Dreamed a dream by the old canal Kissed my 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 from the streets at night

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I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelled the spring on the smoky wind

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I'm going to make me a good sharp axe Shining steel tempered in the fire Will chop you down like an old dead tree

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