Dirty Old Town

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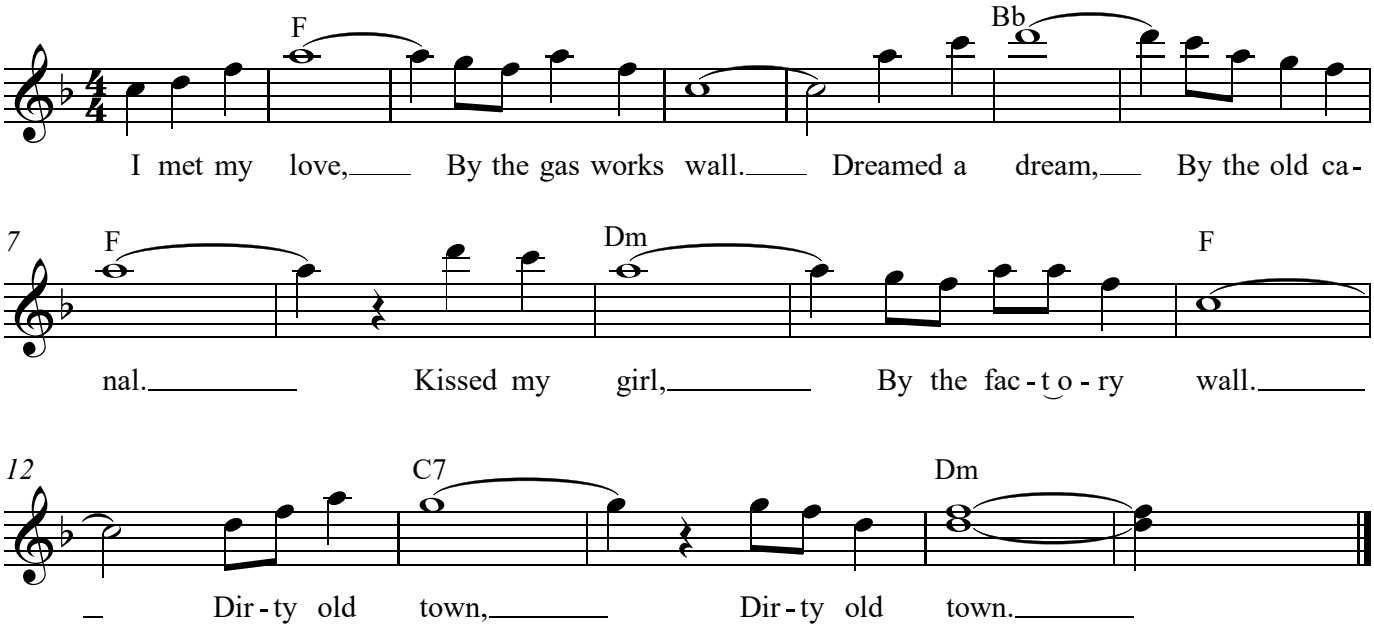

Clouds are drifting,
Across the moon.
Cats are prowling,
on their beat.
Spring-s-a girl,
From the streets at night.

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,
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.

Dirty old town,
Dirty old town.