

# Dirty Old Town

www.franzdorfer.com

F Bb

I met my love, — By the gas works wall. — Dreamed a dream, — By the old ca-

7 F Dm F

nal. — Kissed my girl, — By the fac-t o - ry wall. —

12 C7 Dm

— Dir-ty old town, — Dir-ty old town. —

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.