

Dirty Old Town

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Bb Eb

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

7 Bb Gm Bb

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

12 F7 Gm

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.