

# Dirty Old Town

by Ewan MacColl (1946)

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

I heard a siren from the docks. Saw a train set the night on fire  
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind. Dirty old town, dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon. Cats are prowling on their beat  
Springs a girl from the streets at night. Dirty old town, dirty old town

G G C G Em G D Em

I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe. Shining steel tempered in the fire  
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree. Dirty old town, dirty old town

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