

Pogues, Dark Streets Of London

I like to walk in the summer breeze
Down Dalling Road by the dead old trees
And drink with my friends
In the Hammersmith Broadway
Dear dirty delightful old drunken old days

Then the winter came down and I loved it so dearly
The pubs and the bookies where you'd spend all your time
And the old men that were singing
When the roses bloom again
And turn like the leaves
To a new summertime

Now the winter comes down
I can't stand the chill
That comes to the streets around Christmas time
And I'm bugged to damnation
And I haven't got a penny
To wander the dark streets of London

Every time that I look on the first day of summer
Takes me back to the place where they gave ECT
And the drugged up psychos
With death in their eyes
And how all of this really
Means nothing to me

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