

# The Pogues, A Rainy Night In Soho

I've been loving you a long time  
Down all the years, down all the days  
And I've cried for all your troubles  
Smiled at your funny little ways  
We watched our friends grow up together  
And we saw them as they fell  
Some of them fell into Heaven  
Some of them fell into Hell

I took shelter from a shower  
And I stepped into your arms  
On a rainy night in Soho  
The wind was whistling all its charms  
I sang you all my sorrows  
You told me all your joys  
Whatever happened to that old song  
To all those little girls and boys

Now the song is nearly over  
We may never find out what it means  
But there's a light I hold before me  
And you're the measure of my dreams  
The measure of my dreams

Sometimes I wake up in the morning  
The gingerlady by my bed  
Covered in a cloak of silence  
I hear you in my head  
I'm not singing for the future  
I'm not dreaming of the past  
I'm not talking of the fist time  
I never think about the last

Now the song is nearly over  
We may never find out what it means  
Still there's a light I hold before me  
You're the measure of my dreams  
The measure of my dreams