

# The Pogues, Dark Streets Of London

(Shane MacGowan)

I liked 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 old drunken  
Delightful 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 once again  
To a new summertime

Then the winter comes down  
And 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 all of this really  
Means nothing to me