

# The Pogues, London Girl

(Shane MacGowan)

The devil moon took me through the alley  
Down by the Kardomah and the Centrale  
To the Mews running through the backstreets  
Where the Blacks sold fire and sleep  
The devil moon took me out of Soho  
Up to Camden where the cold north winds blow  
Sucked along by a winter shower  
To stand beside your shining tower

This could be our final dance  
This could be our very last chance  
Just the sound of your voice  
Wherever I may be changes everything  
And then the world's right with me  
You're my London girl  
The way that you walk  
You're my London girl  
The way that you talk  
Just the sound of your voice  
And I ain't got no choice

The light was going out, the moon was dying  
The night was turning to a fine Spring morning  
The dogs were barking and the kids were shouting  
The sun was splashing in a crystal fountain  
When the cold winds come to find you  
Blowing down from the top of the high rise  
I'll come and take you back down to Soho  
Away from all those mad men's eyes

This could be our final dance  
This could be our very last chance  
And if you cut me  
Don't you think I feel  
Is this body made of clay  
Is this heart made of steel  
You're my London girl  
The way that you walk  
You're my London girl  
The way that you talk  
Just the sound of your voice  
I ain't got no choice

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