

# The Pogues, Oretown

The night stank of diesel  
And a stranger came to town  
A cold wind blowing  
And the rain pouring down  
Street lights flicker  
And the power lines moan  
The moon beat down  
On a river of bone  
Someone put the lights out  
No one make a sound  
You won't find a thing  
Down in Oretown

Foundry spits fire and smoke  
Air's foul and choking  
Sky full of sulphur  
Mountains flat and broken  
Black fogs and whirlwinds  
Thunder and rain  
Open drink madness  
And purple mad pain  
The circus is over  
Exit the clowns  
Nobody's laughing  
Down in Oretown

The ship's in the harbour  
Cargo's been pawned  
Barrooms spilling sailors  
All shipwrecked at dawn  
Smelling of salt and rust  
Uniforms torn  
Came looking for flowers  
Only found thorns  
Dreaming of mermaids  
In pearly white gowns  
tain is sleeping  
Down in Oretown

There's a madman down on mainstreet  
Eyes all aflame  
Laughing in the thunder  
Of the Number 9 train  
Selling old postcards in rusty frames  
A thousand views of Oretown  
And they all look the same  
Dressed up in sandals  
And a barbed wire crown  
A lot of people loose their minds  
Down in Oretown

Lock up the lawman  
Let go the thief  
Rounding up the grey men  
Nail them to a tree  
This town was a palace  
This town was aglow  
Then the sky burned orange  
And the iron river flowed  
The night stank of diesel  
A stranger came to town  
The night folded over  
Down in Oretown