

***Dark Streets Of London - by Shane MacGowan

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

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

F Bb F
Then the winter comes down and I can't stand the chill
F Bb C
That comes to the streets around Christmas time
F Bb F
And I'm buggered to damnation and I haven't got a penny
F C Bb F
To wander the dark streets of London

And 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

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

And 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

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