

## War Child Presents Heroes Movie

### "Straight To Hell"

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If you can play  
on the fiddle  
How's about a british  
jig and reel?  
Speaking king's english  
in quotation  
As railhead towns  
feel the steel mills  
rust water froze  
In the generation  
Clear as winter ice  
This is your paradise

There ain't no need for ya  
Go straight to hell boys

Y'wanna join in a chorus  
Of the amerasian blues?  
When it's christmas out  
in ho chi minh city  
Kiddie say papa papa  
papa papa-san take me home  
See me got photo photo  
Photograph of you  
Mamma mamma mamma-san  
Of you  
and mamma mamma mamma-san  
Lemme tell ya 'bout  
your blood bamboo kid.  
It ain't Coca-Cola  
it's rice.

Straight to hell  
Oh papa-san  
Please take me home  
Oh papa-san  
Everybody  
they wanna go home  
So mamma-san says

You wanna play

mind-crazed banjo  
On the druggy-drag  
ragtime u.s.a.?  
In parkland international  
Hah! junkiedom u.s.a.  
Where procaine proves  
the purest rock man groove  
And rat poison  
The volatile molatov says

Pssst...  
Hey chico  
we got a message for ya...  
Vamos vamos muchacho  
From alphabet city  
all the way a to z,  
dead, head

Go straight to hell

Can you really  
cough it up  
loud and strong  
The immigrants  
They wanna sing  
all night long  
It could be anywhere  
Most likely  
could be any frontier  
Any hemisphere  
No man's land  
and there  
ain't no asylum here  
King solomon  
he never lived round here

Go straight to hell boys

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