

Lily Allen "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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