

Pogues

"Drunken Boat"

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The wind was whipping shingle through the windows in
the town
A hail of stones across the roof, the slates came
raining down
A blade of light upon the spit came sweeping through
the roar
With me head inside a barrel and me leg screwed in
the floor

Mother pack me bags because I'm off to foreign parts
Don't ask me where I'm going 'cause I'm sure it's off
the charts
I'll pin your likeness on the wall right by my sleeping
head
I'll send you cards and letters so you'll know that I'm
not dead

By this time in a week I should be far away from home
Trailing fingers through the phospor or asleep in
flowers of foam
From Macao to Acapulco from Havana to Seville
We'll see monoliths and bridges and the Christ up on
the hill

An aria with the Russians at the piano in the bar
With ice floes through the window we raised glasses to
the Czar
We squared off on a dockside with a couple a hundred
Finns
We dallied in the 'dilly and we soaked ourselves in gin

Now the only deck that I'd want to walk
Are the stalks of corn beneath my feet
And the only sea I want to sail
Is the darkned pond in the scented dusk
Where a kid grow's full of sadness
Let's all go drifting out into the evening sun

We sailed through constellations and were ruttid by
the storm
I crumpled under cudgel blows and finally came
ashore

I spent the next two years or more just staring at the
wall
We went to sea to see the world and what d'you think
we saw?

If we turned the table upside down and sailed around
the bed
Clamped knives between our teeth and tied bandannas
round our heads
With the wainscot our horizon and the ceiling as the sky
You'd not expect that anyone would go and fuckin' die

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At nights we passed the bottle round and drank to our
lost friends
We lay alone upon our bunks and prayed that this
would end
A wall of moving shadows with rows of swinging keys
We dreamed that whole Leviathans lay rotting in the
weeds

There's a sound that comes from miles away if you
lean your head to hear
A ship's bell rings on board a wreck when the air is still
and clear
And up above that means another angel's got his wings
But all below it signifies is a ship's gone in the drink

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