

## Pogues

### "I Come Old Friend from Hell Tonight"

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Across the rotting sea  
Nor the nails of the cross  
Nor the blood of christ  
Can bring you help this eve  
The dead have come to claim a debt from thee  
They stand outside your door  
Four score and three  
Did you keep a watch for the dead mans wind  
Did you see the woman with the comb in her hand  
Wailing away on the wall on the strand  
As you danced to the turkish song of the damned

You remember when the ship went down  
You left me on the deck  
The captains corpse jumped up  
And threw his arms around my neck  
For all these years Ive had him on my back  
This debt cannot be paid with all your jack

And as I sit and talk to you I see your face go white  
This shadow hanging over me  
Is no trick of the light  
The spectre on my back will soon be free  
The dead have come to claim a debt from thee

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