

The Pogues

"Down In The Ground Where The Dead Men Go"

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(Shane MacGowan) Hello boys I've been away On a bit
of a holiday To the land where the rivers freely flow
And the cattle roam on the wild callagh Walking home
three parts pissed I stumbled and fell in the morning
mist I fell and rolled in the hungry grass That tells the
tale of a terrible past I screamed and ran and dreamt I
fell Down in the depths of a freezing hell Four million
people starved to death Could smell the curse on their
dying breath Where no one ever wants to go Down in
the ground where the dead men go To hell which is
circular all around Down in the belly of the big cold
ground The moving shadows were everywhere The
very trees seemed to bend and stare I remembered
the dunes on a Sligo shore Screamed and ran till I
could run no more Over the fields and across the moor
I ran in the house and slammed the door What the
hell's that over there A putrefying corpse sitting in that
chair Where no one ever wants to go Down in the
ground where the dead men go Been drunk as a skunk
since I've been home From bar to bar like a ghost I
roamed I can't forget those things I saw Been down
with the devil in the Dalling Road One place I don't want
to go Down in the ground where the dead men go

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