

The Pogues

"Transmetropolitan"

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(Shane MacGowan) In the rosy parks of England We'll sit and have a drink Of VP wine and cider 'till we can hardly think And we'll go where the spirits take us To heaven or to hell And kick up bloody murder in the town we love so well Going transmetropolitan, Yip-ay-aye From the dear old streets of Kings Cross To the doors of the ICA Going transmetropolitan, Yip-ay-aye We'll drink the rat's piss, kick the shite And I'm not going home tonight, Yip-ay-aye From Brixton's lovely boulevards To Hammersmith's sightly shores We'll scare the Camden Palace poofs And worry all the whores There's lechers up in Whitehall And queers in the GLC And when we've done those bastards in We'll storm the BBC Going transmetropolitan, Yip-ay-aye From Surrey Docks to Somers Town With a KMRIA Going transmetropolitan, Yip-ay-aye We'll drink the rat's piss, kick the shite And I'm not going home tonight, Yip-ay-aye From a five-bob bet in William Hills To a Soho sex-shop dream From a fried egg in Valtaro's To a Tottenham Court Road ice cream We'll spew and lurch, get nicked and fixed On the way we'll kill and maim When you haven't got a penny, boys It's all the bloody same Going transmetropolitan, Yip-ay-aye From Pentonville Road on a sunset eve To the beauty that's Mill Lane Going transmetropolitan, Yip-ay-aye We'll drink the rat's piss, kick the shite And I'm not going home tonight, Yip-ay-aye This town has done us dirty This town has bled us dry We've been here for a long time And we'll be here 'till we die So we'll finish off the leavings-acap

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