

the Fire by The Pogues

"Sit Down by the Fire"

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(Shane MacGowan) Sit down by the fire And I'll tell you
a story To send you away to your bed Of the things You
hear creeping When everyone's sleeping And you wish
you Were out here instead It isn't the mice in the wall It
isn't the wind in the well But each night they march Out
of that hole in the wall Passing through on their way Out
of hell They're the things that You see when you wake
up and scream The cold things that follow you Down
the Boreen They live in the small wing of Trees on the
hill Up at the top of the field And they dance on the rain
And they dance on the wind They tap on the window
When no-one is in And if ever you see them Pretend
that you're dead Or they'll bite off your head They'll rip
out your liver And dance on your neck They dance on
your head They dance on your chest And they give you
the cramp And the cholic for jest They're in the things
that You see when you wake up and scream The cold
things that follow you Down the Boreen They live in the
small wing of Trees on the hill Up at the top of the field
They play on the wind They sing in the rain They dance
on your eyes They dance in your brain Remember this
place It's damp and it is cold The best place on earth
But it's dark and it's old So lie near the wall And cover
your head Good night and God bless Now fuck off to
bed

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