

Shane Macgowan And The Popes

"Back In The County Hell"

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Well oh well I'm back in the County Hell
I just flew in and my arms they feel like hell
I'm so glad to be back in the County Hell
I missed the smack, I missed the crack,
I missed the killings too
I missed the London Irish girls
but especially missed you
The USA never fails to make me blue

Put me in charge I'd execute the Artistic Queers
And all the fuckin' bastards that drink trendy Irish
beers
My death squads would be kids from flats
All high from sniffing glue
I'd use them to kill rich Brits
and the journalistic whores

The park bench Aristocrats
are drinking in the park
And the junkies are still sneaking
in for fix up after dark
And Jock laid out on his park bench
like it was his home settee
Singin' like a fallen angel Me and Bobby McGee

When I've done my patriotic chore
And burnt London to the ground
I'll go back home to Nenagh
and get pissed every night in town
Like the ol' folks say,
you can't keep a good man down

And the park bench Aristocrats
still drinking in the park
The junkies are still sneaking in
for fix up after dark
Jock's still layed out on his park bench
like it was his own settee
Singing like a fallen angel
Me and Bobby McGee

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose
Nothin ain't worth nothin if ain't free
Feelin good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the blues
Feelin good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee

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