

Clash, The

"Straight To Hell"

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If you can play a fiddle
How's about a British jig and reel?
Speaking King's English in quotation
As railhead towns feel the steel mills rust
Water froze in the generation
Clear as winter ice, this is your paradise

There ain't no need for ya
There ain't no need for ya
Go Straight to Hell boys
Go Straight to Hell boys

Wanna join in a chorus
Of the Amerasian blues?
When it's Christmas out in Ho Chi Minh City
Kiddie say Papa Papa Papa Papa Papa-san take me
home
See me got photo, photo, photograph of you
And Mamma Mamma Mamma-san
Of you and Mamma Mamma Mamma-san
Lemme tell ya 'bout your blood bamboo kid
It ain't Coca-Cola it's rice

Straight to Hell boy
Go Straight to Hell boy
Go Straight to Hell boys
Go Straight to Hell boy

Oh Papa-san, please take me home
Oh Papa-san, everybody, they wanna go home
So Mamma-san says

You wanna play mind-crazed banjo
On the druggie-drag ragtime U.S.A.?
In Parkland International, heh, Junkiedom U.S.A.
Where procaine proves the purest rock man groove
And rat poison, the volatile Molotov says

Straight to Hell

Can you really cough it up loud and strong?

The immigrants, they wanna sing all night long
It could be anywhere
Most likely could be any frontier, any hemisphere
In no man's land
There ain't no asylum here
King Solomon he never lived 'round here

Straight to Hell boy
Go Straight to Hell boy
Go Straight to Hell boys
Go Straight to Hell boy

Oh Papa-san, please take me home
Oh Papa-san

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