

Limelitters, The "Harry Pollitt"

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Introduction: This one is the story of Harry Pollitt.
Harry Pollit was at one time a very influential member
of the Communist Party in England,
until he was finally throwm out; and when they threw
him out,
they wrote a song about him as if he were dead.
And it goes like this:

Harry Pollit was a work; one of Lenin's lads
He was foully murdered by those counter revolutionary
cads
Counter revolutionary cads, counter revolutionary cads
He was foully murdered by those counter revolutionary
cads!

Old Harry went to heaven
He reached the Gates with ease,
Said, "May I speak with Comrade God;
I am Harry Pollitt please
I'm Harry Pollitt please, I'm Harry Pollitt please,
May I speak with Comrade God, I am Harry Pollitt
please."

"Who are you' said Saint Peter, "Are you humble and
contrite?"
"I'm a friend of Lady Astors."
"Well, OK. that's quite alright.
OK, that's quite alright, well OK. that's alright
You're a friend of Lady Astor, well OK that's quite
alright."

They put him in the choir, but the hymns he did not like
So he organized the angels and he led them out on
strike
Led them out on strike, Led them out on strike
He organized the angels and he led them out on strike!

One day when God was walking around heaven to
meditate,
Who should he see but Harry chalking slogans on the
gate?

Chalkin' slogans on the gate, slogans on the gate
Who should he see but Harry chalkin' slogans on the
gate?

Well, they brought him up for trial before the Holy
Ghost
For spreadin' disaffection amongst the heavenly hosts
Amongst the heavenly hosts, amongst the heavenly
hosts
For spreadin' disaffection amongst the heavenly hosts

Well, the verdict it was guilty, Harry said "Ah, well"
And he tucked his nightie 'round his knees and he
drifted down to hell
Yes, he drifted down to hell, he drifted down to hell
He tucked his nightie 'round his knees and he drifted
down to hell.

Now seven long years have passed, Harry's doing
swell
He's just been made the first people's commissar for
soviet hell,
Commissar of soviet hell, commissar of soviet hell
He's just been made the first people's commissar of
soviet hell!

Well the moral of this story is easy for to tell,
If you want to be a Bolshevik,
You'll have to go to hell,
If you want to be a bolshevik, you'll have to go to hell,
Yes, you'll have to go to hell,
If you want to be a Bolshevik,
You'll have to go to hell!

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