

# Pogues, Boat Train

I met with Napper Tandy and I shook him by the hand  
He said hold me up for chrissake, for i can hardly stand  
the most disgraceful journey on which i've ever been  
the last time that i traveled on the boat train

i had a couple of drinks in town, a few more in the port  
i puked up on the gangway but some kind folks helped me board  
they sat me at a table, poured whiskey down my throat  
sat me at a table and i lost my watch and coat

First we drank some whiskey  
then we had some gin  
then we had tequila i think that's what did me in  
then we had some brandy and the women had a dance  
the steward then announced that we could play the game of chance

we crowded round the table with our money in our hands  
i landed on the other side without a penny in my pants  
woke up in the toilet when we got to holyhead  
the doors were all a-banging and i wished that i was dead

then we went through customs  
a couple of credited thugs  
first they looked for bombs and guns  
then they looked for drugs  
stuck a flashlight up my ass  
told some Irish jokes  
said "fuck off now paddy"  
so i headed for the smoke  
on the boat train

we got on board the train and then we had a drink or two  
started playing poker but the booze ran out at crewe  
some people started sleeping, others looked for duty free  
some bastard started singing "little cottage by the lee"  
he then sang "paper roses," "boolavogue," "eileen aru";  
somebody started slagging off the Pakis and the Jews  
found a bottle of whiskey  
found a bottle of gin  
i sat down in the corner and i read the daily news  
first i drank the whiskey  
then i drank the gin  
i tried to make the toilet  
but i broke my fucking shin  
the next thing that i knew i was in london in the rain  
staggering up the platform on the boat train