

Pogues, Down In The Ground Where The Dead Men Go

Hello boys I've been away
On a bit of a holiday
To the land where the rivers freely flow
And the cattle roam on the wild callagh
Walking home three parts pissed
I stumbled and fell in the morning mist
I fell and rolled in the hungry grass
That tells the tale of a terrible past
I screamed and ran and dreamt I fell
Down in the depths of a freezing hell
Four million people starved to death
Could smell the curse on their dying breath
Where no one ever wants to go
Down in the ground where the dead men go

To hell which is circular all around
Down in the belly of the big cold ground
The moving shadows were everywhere
The very trees seemed to bend and stare
I remembered the dunes on a Sligo shore
Screamed and ran till I could run no more
Over the fields and across the moor
I ran in the house and slammed the door
What the hell's that over there
A putrefying corpse sitting in that chair
Where no one ever wants to go
Down in the ground where the dead men go

Been drunk as a skunk since I've been home
From bar to bar like a ghost I roamed
I can't forget those things I saw
Been down with the devil in the Dalling Road
One place I don't want to go
Down in the ground where the dead men go