

Pogues, If I Should Fall From Grace With God

If I should fall from grace with God
Where no doctor can relieve me
If I'm buried 'neath the sand
Where the ANGELS WON'T RECEIVE ME

Let me go, boys
Let me go, boys
Let me go down in the mud
Where the rivers all run dry

This land was always ours
Was the proud land of our fathers
It belongs to us and them
Not to any of the others

Let them go, boys
Let them go, boys
Let them go down in the mud
Where the rivers all run dry

Bury me at sea
Where no murdered ghost can haunt me
If I rock upon the waves
NO CORPSE SHALL LIE UPON ME

It's coming up three, boys
Keeps coming up three, boys
Let them go down in the mud
Where the rivers all run dry

If I should fall from grace with God
Where no doctor can relieve me
If I'm buried 'neath the sod
Where the ANGELS WON'T RECEIVE ME

Let me go, boys
Let me go, boys
Let me go down in the mud
Where the rivers all run dry