

Pogues, Rain Street

The church bell rings
An old drunk sings
A young girl hocks her wedding ring
Down on Rain Street

Down the alley the icewagon flew
Picked up a stiff that was turning blue
The local kids were sniffin' glue
Not much else for a kid to do
Down Rain Street

Father McGreer buys an ice cold beer
And a short for Father Loyola
Father Joe's got the clap again
He's drinking Coca-Cola
Down on Rain Street

Bless me Father I have sinned
I got pissed and I got pinned
And God can't help the state I'm in
Down on Rain Street

There's a Tesco on the sacred ground
Where I pulled her knickers down
While Judas took his measly price
And St Anthony gazed in awe at Christ
Down on Rain Street

I gave my love a goodnight kiss
I tried to take a late night piss
But the toiled moved so again I missed
Down Rain Street

I sat on the floor and watched TV
Thanking Christ for the BBC
A stupid fucking place to be
Down Rain Street

I took my Eileen by the hand
Walk with me was her command
I dreamt we were walking on the strand
Down Rain Street

That night Rain Street went on for miles
That night on Rain Street somebody smiled