

The Pogues, Bottle Of Smoke

(Shane MacGowan / Jem Finer)

Thanks and praises
Thanks to Jesus
I bet on the Bottle of Smoke
I went to Hell
And to the races
To bet on the Bottle of Smoke

The day being clear
The sky being bright
He came up on the left
Like a streak of light
Like a drunken fuck
On a Saturday night
Up came the Bottle of Smoke

Twenty fucking five to one
My gambling days are done
I bet on a horse called the Bottle of Smoke
And my horse won

Stewards inquiries
Swift and fiery
I had the Bottle of Smoke
Inquisitions and suppositions
I had the Bottle of Smoke
Fuck the stewards
A trip to Lourdes
Might give the old fuckers
The power of sight
Screaming springers and stoppers
And call out coppers
But the money still gleams in my hand like a light

Bookies cursing
Cars reversing
I had the Bottle of Smoke
Glasses steaming
Vessels bursting
I had the Bottle of Smoke
Slip a fifty to the wife
And for each brat a crisp new five
To give me a break on a Saturday night
When I had the Bottle of Smoke

Priests and maidens
Drunk as pagans
They had the Bottle of Smoke
Sins forgiven and celebrations
They had the Bottle of Smoke

Fuck the Yanks
And drink their wives
The moon is clear
The sky is bright
I'm happy as the horses shite
Up came the Bottle of Smoke