

The Pogues, How Come

How come when I got the ace of hearts
Ya always draw the ace of spades
How's it when your best friend
Brings you lillies on your birthday

Hey how come, hey how come
Well I ain't superstitious, but well these things I see
How come, how come
I ain't a superstitious fella, but it worries me

How come when your local clergy calls
He tells me that you shouldn't wear black
What kind of bread are you gonna' bake
With that hemlock in your spice rack

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The spider's run, the cobwebs gone
Did you eat it when the moon was new
I drowned your cat, what do you say about that
I've even broken up your broom

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