

The Pogues, Sit Down By The Fire

(Shane MacGowan)

Sit down by the fire
And I'll tell you a story
To send you away to your bed
Of the things
You hear creeping
When everyone's sleeping
And you wish you
Were out here instead

It isn't the mice in the wall
It isn't the wind in the well
But each night they march
Out of that hole in the wall
Passing through on their way
Out of hell

They're the things that
You see when you wake up and scream
The cold things that follow you
Down the Boreen

They live in the small wing of
Trees on the hill
Up at the top of the field

And they dance on the rain
And they dance on the wind
They tap on the window
When no-one is in
And if ever you see them
Pretend that you're dead
Or they'll bite off your head
They'll rip out your liver
And dance on your neck
They dance on your head
They dance on your chest
And they give you the cramp
And the cholic for jest

They're in the things that
You see when you wake up and scream
The cold things that follow you
Down the Boreen

They live in the small wing of
Trees on the hill
Up at the top of the field

They play on the wind
They sing in the rain
They dance on your eyes
They dance in your brain

Remember this place
It's damp and it is cold
The best place on earth
But it's dark and it's old
So lie near the wall
And cover your head
Good night and God bless
Now fuck off to bed