

# The Pogues, The Sun And The Moon

The snakes they can crawl  
And the cheetahs they can bawl  
And their ghosts can wait for the hereafter  
But if you are so proud  
As to say that's not allowed  
We will get sick and choke ourselves with laughter

And the girlfriends that you knew  
To whom you promised to be true  
We'll have their sisters  
Hanging from the rafters  
And every dirty shade will rise rotting from the grave  
Tomorrow will be just like the day after

And this bitter desert wind  
Will come ripping through your skin  
And everything that's calm will turn to madness  
And all of your fake tears  
Will come whirling down the years  
And what was kind and warm will come to sadness

And the sun and the moon  
Will come begging at your door  
The stars will turn to rust  
And drop from the skies  
And everybody will soon be asking you for more  
And everybody will be telling lies

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To whom you promised to be true  
We'll have their sisters  
Hanging from the rafters  
And every dirty shade will rise rotting from the grave  
Tomorrow will be just like the day after