

# Heather Nova, Straight To Hell

If you can play on the fiddle  
How's about a british reel?  
Speaking in quotation  
As railhead towns feel the steel  
Water froze

Clear as winter ice  
This is your paradise

There ain't no need for you  
There ain't no need for you  
Go straight to hell boys  
Straight to hell boys

You wanna join in a chorus  
Of the amerasian blues  
When it's christmas in ho chi minh  
Oh poppa san take me home  
See me got a photograph of you mamma-san  
Oh poppa san take me home

Oh take me home

Straight to hell  
Go straight to hell  
Go straight to hell boys  
Straight to hell

Can you cough it up loud and strong  
The immigrants  
Wanna sing all night long  
It could be anywhere  
Could be any hemisphere  
And no man's land  
And there ain't no asylum here  
King solomon he never lived 'round here

Go straight to hell boys  
Go straight to hell boys  
Straight to hell  
Straight to hell boys