

# Josh Rouse, Straight To Hell

(words by The Clash)

If you could play on the fiddle  
How's about a British jig and reel?  
Speaking King's English in quotations  
As railheads pound  
The steel mills rust  
Water froze  
In the generation  
Clear as winter's ice  
This is your paradise  
There ain't no need for ya  
There ain't no need for ya  
You go straight to hell boys  
You go straight to hell boys

Wanna join in a chorus  
Of the Amer-Asian blues  
When it's Christmas down in Ho Chi Minh City  
Kiddie say Papa Papa Papa Papa Papa-san  
Take me home  
See me got photo photo photograph of you  
And Mamma Mamma Mamma-san  
Of you and Mamma Mamma Mamma-san  
"Let me tell you 'bout your blood bamboo kid  
It ain't Coca-Cola, it's rice"

Straight to hell boys  
You go straight to hell boys  
You go straight to hell boys  
You go straight to hell boys

Oh Mama-san  
Please take me home  
Oh Papa-san  
Everybody they wanna go home  
So Mamma-san says

So you wanna play a mind-crazed banjo  
On the doggy-drug-drag time USA  
In Parkland International  
Junkiedom USA  
Where procaine proves the purest rock man groove  
And rat poison  
The volatile Molotov says

You go straight to hell  
You go straight to hell boys  
You go straight to hell boys  
You go straight to hell boys  
You go straight to hell boys  
You go straight to hell boys  
You go straight to hell boys  
Yeah you go straight to hell boys