

Lily Allen, Straight To Hell

If you can play on the fiddle
How's about a British jig and reel?
Speaking king's English in quotation
As railhead towns feel the steel mills
rust water froze
In the generation
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
Go straight to hell boys
You wanna join in a chorus
Of the Amerasian blues?
When it's Christmas out
in Ho Chi Minh city
Kiddie say papa papa papa papa-san
Take me home
See me got photo photo photograph of you
Mamma mamma mamma-san of you
and mamma mamma mamma-san
Lemme tell ya about your blood bamboo kid.
It ain't Coca-Cola it's rice.
Go straight to hell boys
Go straight to hell boys
Go straight to hell boys
Go straight to hell boys
Oh papa-san, please take me home
Oh papa-san, Everybody they wanna go home
So mamma-san says
(So mamma-san says) (repeat)
You wanna play mind-crazed banjo
On the druggy-drag ragtime U.S.A.?
In parkland international
Hah! junkiedom U.S.A.
Lily Allen Lyrics on <http://www.lyrics-celebrities.anekatips.com/>
Where procaine proves
the purest rock man groove
And rat poison
The volatile molotov says
(Go straight to hell boys)
Can you cough it up loud and strong
The immigrants they wanna sing all night long
It could be anywhere
Most likely could be any frontier
Any hemisphere
It's 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
Go straight to hell boys
Go straight to hell boys
Go straight to hell boys
Go straight to hell boys
Go straight to hell!