

Pogues, Boat Train

I met with Napper Tandy and I shook him by the hand
He said hold me up for chrissake, for i can hardly stand
the most disgraceful journey on which i've ever been
the last time that i traveled on the boat train

i had a couple of drinks in town, a few more in the port
i puked up on the gangway but some kind folks helped me board
they sat me at a table, poured whiskey down my throat
sat me at a table and i lost my watch and coat

First we drank some whiskey
then we had some gin
then we had tequila i think that's what did me in
then we had some brandy and the women had a dance
the steward then announced that we could play the game of chance

we crowded round the table with our money in our hands
i landed on the other side without a penny in my pants
woke up in the toilet when we got to holyhead
the doors were all a-banging and i wished that i was dead

then we went through customs
a couple of credited thugs
first they looked for bombs and guns
then they looked for drugs
stuck a flashlight up my ass
told some Irish jokes
said "fuck off now paddy"
so i headed for the smoke
on the boat train

we got on board the train and then we had a drink or two
started playing poker but the booze ran out at crewe
some people started sleeping, others looked for duty free
some bastard started singing "little cottage by the lee"
he then sang "paper roses," "boolavogue," "eileen aru";
somebody started slagging off the Pakis and the Jews
found a bottle of whiskey
found a bottle of gin
i sat down in the corner and i read the daily news
first i drank the whiskey
then i drank the gin
i tried to make the toilet
but i broke my fucking shin
the next thing that i knew i was in london in the rain
staggering up the platform on the boat train